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THE WAR:

FROM THE

LANDING AT GALLIPOLI TO THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

BY W. H. RUSSELL,

CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY

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NOTICE TO THE READER.

THIS volume contains the letters of *The Times* Correspondent from the seat of war in the East. Except a few omissions and some slight alterations, they appear here precisely as they appeared originally in *The Times* newspaper. The reader will consequently understand that he is not presented with a connected history of the war, but simply with a journal recording the knowledge and opinions of the writer. He himself being still engaged in the scenes which he has here portrayed, the work has not enjoyed the advantage of his own revision. Some inaccuracies may therefore be found, which his more perfect knowledge would have corrected, and to which the indulgence of the reader will no doubt be extended.

THE EDITOR.

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THE WAR.

MALTA.

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CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Malta—Farewell to Old England—The Guards at sea—Perplexing duties and unspeakable sufferings—Pipes and seagulls—The domestic pudding of sea life—Jack Firelock and Jack Tar—"Three cheers for the jolly old whale!"—Arrival and disembarkation of the Coldstreams—Delight of the Maltese—Mismanagement commences—The commissariat and the contractors—Who's to blame?—Arrival of the "Himalaya"—Scarcity of beef and mutton—A seasonable relief—Accumulation of stores—Preparations for the campaign.

MALTA, *March* 6, 1854.

THE ease, celerity, and comparative comfort with which the greater part of the brigade of Guards and the 28th Regiment have been conveyed to Malta, in some measure justify the enormous praise which we have bestowed on ourselves as a great maritime State, with vast steam locomotive power. The 28th Regiment, in the "Niagara," made a remarkably fine passage, and suffered but little discomfort; not any, indeed, beyond that which invariably attends on some 800 "men at sea," who are imprisoned for the time being, with the Johnsonian alternative of being drowned; and the 62nd, who made a run of sixteen days from Cork with the aid of canvas alone, had no reason to complain, even though they were not quite so rapidly conveyed as if they had been impelled by steam. In fact, but for the uncertainty respecting the "Manilla," which has not yet arrived, the whole of the little flotilla may be said to have been very fortunate, and the captain of the former, with her cargo of 300 men, will not be much disappointed, it is said, if he does not reach Malta before the sixteenth day after his departure from Southampton, seeing that his vessel is only of sixty-horse power (auxiliary screw), and has to convey a large freight. Ever since the troops sailed from Southampton, the wind, that great and indomitable friend or foe or progress, according to the quarter from which he has set and to which you want to go, has offered nearly all the opposition in his power to their arrival at Malta. At one time he has toyed with

them over the beam or quarter, in the hope that unwary skippers would set sail, and next moment he has blown right in their teeth and flapped the figure-head in the face with all his wings. There is this, then, to be said, that had the Guards, who left Southampton-water on Thursday morning, February 23, been stowed on board sailing vessels instead of steamers, they would have met a constant current of baffling winds, which were too light frequently for effective tacking, and were obstinate enough to defeat plain sailing; that they would with these same winds have taken fourteen days to get to Gibraltar alone, and that their further voyage to Malta would have required about as many days more! The "Leander," a 50-gun frigate, has been thirty days going from Gibraltar to Malta ere this under similar circumstances. The only disadvantage attendant on steamers is the heat to which the men on the main deck, about the engine, are necessarily exposed, and the reduction of accommodation *pro rata* in consequence of the space required for the machinery; but this is more than counterbalanced by the certainty of getting through the water in a shorter time.

Never did a set of finer fellows leave Old England for the good and glory of their country than the brigade of Guards which has just arrived. It is not of the *personnel* of the men—great British Anakim as they are—that this is said, but of the spirit, cheerfulness, and good humour they displayed on the passage. Imagine those comfortably fleshy and rather adipose giants, accustomed to the easy indolence of London taps, the unrestrained case of Winchester bars, and the social military elegancies of Windsor, vying with the police itself in the intensity of their *entente cordiale* with the female servantry of London, living in large, airy, dry barracks, and provided with abundant well-cooked food, suddenly exposed to much discomfort and partial privation of luxuries, condemned to a rupture of all friendly ties—to the abnegation of pleasant Sunday dualities in bearskin cap and full-dress cane at Hampstead-heath or Highgate;—imagine them, too, penned, cribbed, and by no means "cabined," though certainly confined, between decks, so densely that they could scarcely turn when attacked by all the fantastic contortions of the *mal de mer*, with uncertain and not always palatable meals, rendering tribute to their unrecognised monarch Neptune, aiding in pulling at perplexing ropes, obliged to keep unintelligible watches over nothing but the stars and seawater, mustered and "exercised" on unsteady planks, and debarred from any exercise, except scrambling for their daily bread; and then know that this flight of fancy was short of the truth, and that these "Household troops" suffered and did all this, and more, and you will scarcely refuse the praise bestowed on them by all who witnessed their behaviour and demeanour.

The huge swarm of red-coats which settled on the decks of the "Ripon," the "Orinoco," and "Manilla" on Wednesday, the 22nd of February, and which buzzed and bustled about so actively nearly all that night, after the day of marching, of excitement, of leave-taking, and cheering and hunger, was hived, ere morning,

in hammock or blanket for the most part, as the vessels rode quietly amid the heavy rain in the waters of the Solent. They had been accompanied to their moorings off the Leap Buoy by the Guernsey steamer, filled with friends, if not "sweethearts and wives," and when darkness set in they were left alone even by those. Soon after daylight anchors were tripped, and with full steam off dashed the little fleet. The "Ripon" was off by 7 o'clock a.m. Thursday, followed closely by the "Manilla," and soon afterwards by the "Orinoco." They ran past the Needles at 8 15, and were soon bowling along with a fresh breeze on the bow (N.W.), in weather which sailors, by some strange perversity of the usual terms relating to the state of the atmosphere, denominated "moderate and fine," right from the land, and making straight for the Bay of Biscay. The breeze was, with all deference to naval authority, strong and blusterous, but, with the excitement and novelty of the situation, the mind ruled the stomach, and the men were not sick, even though there was a long swell from westward, and they evinced the usual degree of anxiety as to the time for eating and drinking, which shows that the nastiest and most antigastric of all maladies had not seized them. The crews of the ships busied themselves swinging hammocks for the men. Fourteen inches is man-of-war allowance, but eighteen inches were allowed for the Guards. The hammocks were not strictly luxurious; they consisted of the hammock canvas, one blanket, and the military overcoat if they liked to use it. Knapsack stowing was wondrous work for the time, but even it palled after an hour or so, and there was nothing but looking at seagulls, smoking pipes, watching each other smoke, and "wondering if they were going to be sick." Good beef, the domestic pudding of sea life, consisting of large quantities of flour and infinitesimally small portions of plums, compressed by culinary skill into adamantine hardness, and excellent bread, with pea-soup every second day, formed very substantial pieces of resistance to the keen appetites of the men. The only unpopular article of diet was the pudding, and to the unprejudiced observer it did appear that there was some reason in the remark of an old "salt," who was looking in at the little edible rotundities—"Well, I'm blowed if them plums is within hail of one another!" Half a gill of rum to two of water was served out once a day to each man. On the first day it appeared that, in the fulness of his heart and emptiness of his stomach, Jack Firelock was rather too liberal on board one of the ships to his brother Jack Tar, and gave him an extra allowance. On the next occasion of serving grog the very big and ponderous Sergeant-Major of the Grenadiers, anxious to prevent such a proof of affection from one service to the other, presided over the grog-tub, and is reported to have delivered the following oracular order, "Men served; two steps to the front, and swallow!" Whether it was obeyed or not this deponent says not, but he thinks as to the latter part of the order there were strong *primâ facie* proofs that the men were not insubordinate. On Friday, the long swell from the westward began to tell on the troops. The

figure-heads began to plunge deeply into the waters, and the heads of the poor soldiers hung despondingly over gunwale, portsill. stay, and mess tin, as their bodies bobbed to and fro with the creaking tumbling tabernacle in which they were encamped. It was satisfactory to see that the paroxysms of the complaint were more characterized by resolute torpor and a sullen determination "to do or die," than by the ecstatic misery of the Frenchman, or the prostrate inanity of the German. Even at night they brightened up, and when the bugle sounded at nine o'clock, nearly all were able to crawl into their hammocks for sleep. On Saturday the speed of the vessels was increased from nine-and-a-half to ten knots per hour; and the "Manilla" was left by the large paddle-wheel steamers far away buffeting with the swell and head-winds. On Sunday all the men had recovered to a great extent, and when the ship's company and troops were mustered at half-past ten for prayers, they looked as fresh as could be expected under the circumstances. In fact, as the day advanced, they became as lively as ever, and the sense of joyfulness for release from the clutches of their enemy was so strong that they cheered "a grampus," which blew close alongside, in reply to a stentorian demand for "three cheers for the jolly old whale!" Monday was passed with the usual observances of cleaning decks, cooking, eating, steaming, but at four p.m., in lat. 36° 43', long. 8° 9' west, all hands roused up to look at a strange vessel with a dismasted galliot in tow. The "Ripon," which came close to the stranger, hoisted her ensign, whereupon the stranger, who had lost bowsprit and jibboom, and seemed to have been in collision with the towee, ran up Russian colours. The Guards on board burst into a hearty cheer, but why it would be hard to say, unless that they drew breath at the first sight of the dubious enemy, and continued gazing on her, and the poor log of a Dutch galliot, which she dragged after her, till she was lost in the distance. On Tuesday the "Ripon" passed Tarifa, at fifty minutes past five a.m., and anchored in the quarantine ground of Gibraltar to coal, half-an-hour afterwards. In consequence of the quarantine regulations there was no communication with the shore, and the "Orinoco" passed, without stopping, through the Straits, but the soldiers in garrison lined the walls, and the men of the "Cruiser" manned yards, and as the "Ripon" steamed off at half-past three p.m., after taking on board coals and tents, and tent-poles, they burst into hearty cheers, which were replied to with goodwill by the soldiers. The voyage continued with fine weather but head winds, and on Thursday a target was run up to the fore-top-gallant-stunsail-boom of the "Ripon," for practice with the Minié rifle. By some extraordinary chance it turned out that this target was painted like a Russian soldier, and in half-an-hour it was so thoroughly riddled as to be useless. Running along at the rate of ten knots an hour, the "Orinoco" reached Malta on Sunday morning, at ten a.m., and the "Ripon" on Saturday night, soon after twelve o'clock. The Coldstreams were embarked from the former in the course of the day, and the Grenadiers were all ashore from the

"Ripon" ere Monday evening, to the great delight of the Maltese, who made a little harvest from the boat excursions of the "plenty big men" to and from the town.

March 7.

The arrival of the "Manilla" this morning, after her long voyage of eighteen days from Southampton-water, completes the list which will be found at length in another portion of these pages. Tedious as the officers and men of the Guards who were on board may think the passage when compared with that of their comrades on board other ships, it must nevertheless be taken into consideration that, had they been embarked in a sailing-vessel, the odds are they would not have yet set foot on the shores of Malta, and that even the auxiliary screw, which was worked by their little engine of sixty-horse power, enables them to make fair head against adverse breezes for a portion of the time. It were well, indeed, if things on shore were as well managed as they have been at sea; but, strange as it may appear, some of the men left their floating prisons only to relinquish comforts to which they had a right, and have had to "rough it" on *terra firma* with greater patience and endurance than they were called upon to exercise while on board the steamers. To speak the truth, "somebody" is to blame for placing any of Her Majesty's forces in such a position that they have had to endure some of the minor *désagrémens* of warfare before their time. Complaints are made that such a regiment was left without coals—that another had no lights nor candles—that another has suffered from exposure to cold at night under canvas, when they ought to have been under cover of a more substantial nature—that in some cases that terrible calamity, short commons, actually fell upon a portion of the men, and that forage was not to be had for the officers' horses. The commissariat are blamed for these deficiencies, but they are said to declare that they received no proper instructions to prepare for the force. On the other hand, it is argued that the contractors here are bound always to have supplies ready for the fleet, and that had Admiral Dundas come in here some fine morning, he would have brought with him a force greater than that which has been added to the population by the arrival of the military. It is a delicate matter to deal with, particularly as the "authorities" keep the matter very close; but they cannot keep the grumblings of officers and men from the public ear. The despatch of these troops was determined on several months ago; the precise mode and the very time of their arrival could be calculated to a day or two; and therefore, if the complaints to which I have alluded are well founded, serious blame rests in some quarter or other, and there is no use in trying to evade it by shifting it from shoulder to shoulder. Soldiers are apt to make much of petty grievances; and therefore, when the men of the 50th growl good-humouredly about the impropriety of their being compelled to sleep in hammocks in the sailors' barracks in the dockyard, no one pities them very profoundly, but it becomes a more serious matter when they are left without lights, or coal,

or wood. With great deference, I would suggest that it would have been a very good plan to send out a commissariat officer with each vessel, instead of keeping a number of these useful officers boxed up in a room in Whitehall. As each vessel arrived, the commissary could have acquainted the head of the department on shore with the amount and nature of the articles required for the use of the troops when they landed, and it would not have been possible for any excuse to be made for neglecting such a requisition. As a pendant to this subject, I may add that, acting on the old formula of half a century back, when transports took eight weeks on an average to sail to Malta, the authorities of the Admiralty very liberally supplied the steamers, which make the passage in about as many days, with eight weeks' store of what are called "medical comforts," such as port wine, &c., for the use of the men. As may be readily conceived, there was a large quantity of these articles returned to store here on the arrival of the troops. There is a report current to the effect that the next division from England will not disembark at Malta, but will proceed to the East direct. It is to be hoped the rumour is correct, or that the first division will leave the island before the second arrives. As it is, every regiment that comes in must encamp, and, despite the heat of the midday sun, the month of March in Malta has its bitter cold nights and sharp winds to smite the host with catarrhs and rheumatics, and of all the ludicrous sights to gods or men a rheumatical warrior is, to my mind, the most painfully conspicuous. By a rigid interpretation of orders, the officers of the 93rd were debarred from bringing more than 90lb. weight of baggage per man. Many of them omitted beds, canteen and mess traps; and so they must have been rather horror-struck when they were politely invited, kilts and all, to pitch their tents on the ravelin outside Valetta, and "make themselves comfortable."

The arrival of the "Himalaya" before midnight on the 7th, after an extraordinary run of seven days and three hours from Plymouth, with upwards of 1,500 souls on board, is another striking proof of our resources as a belligerent Power. It would have taken at least six weeks for three ordinary troop ships to carry that mass of men here against the winds which prevailed during the voyage of this steamer, and of course it would have cost the Government a proportionate sum for their maintenance all the time they were idly knocking about on the ocean. The only inconvenience attendant on this great celerity is, as I have hinted, that it throws so many human creatures, with the usual appetites of the species, on one spot, that the supplies can scarcely be procured in time to meet the demand. The vast and sudden increase of meat-consuming animals at Malta has nearly produced the effects of a famine; at least, we had a prospect of being run to a disagreeably low ebb in the current of beef and mutton to the markets. On Monday last there were only 400 head of cattle left in Malta and its dependencies, and, with a population of 120,000—with a brigade of guards and eleven regiments in garrison, and the crews of three frigates to feed, it may easily

be imagined that "the lovers of flesh" would have been in a bad way at the end of the week. On Tuesday morning, however, the "Vectis," which had been sent over to Tunis, returned with the joyful news that there was a good stock of cattle about the country, and with the still more welcome reality of 188 Moorish oxen on board. Mr. Powell, captain of the "Vectis," finding that the means of transport were not abundant at Tunis, with commendable activity stored his decks with this live provision, and returned here, leaving the "Research" cutter and an officer of the commissariat there to provide for the future supplies. The commissariat have been very active lately; but it may be imagined that their energies are hardly taxed to meet this influx of hungry men. However, the direction to which their efforts tend is not mistakeable. We are preparing our supplies for taking the field in Turkey. On Sunday, March 5, a commissariat officer, who had only arrived the previous night from England, Mr. Deputy Commissary-General Turner, was sent with all haste off to Constantinople, and Messrs. Brownrigg, Mitchell, Darling, and others of the same department, lately arrived from England and Gibraltar, are busily engaged in providing stores for the use of the troops. The biscuit-mills are baking 30,000lb. of biscuit per day. Bills in English and Italian are posted in every street of Valetta, informing "parties desirous of joining the commissariat department, under the orders of Commissary-General Filder, about to proceed with the force to the East, as temporary clerks, assistant storekeepers, interpreters, &c.," that they may "freely apply to Assistant Commissary-General Strickland;" and there is this very significant addition,—"those conversant with English, Italian, modern Greek, and Turkish languages, or the Lingua-Franca of the East will be preferred;" and all sorts of warlike mechanics, armourers, farriers, wheelwrights, baggage-waggon equipment and harnessmakers, are in much request.

The Guards commenced the Minié practice March 7; but, as the range was very short, there is no use in doing more than mentioning the fact. They are exercised from 8 A.M. till 2 P.M., at targets placed at 250 yards' distance. Brigadier Bentinck hopes to be able to get a more ample and less disturbed range, and the experiments will be continued till they are able to send a full report to Government. It is most gratifying to state that the conduct of this large body of men has been on the whole very good. Making allowance for the great temptations to which they were exposed on landing, they resisted them like so many St. Anthonies, and, after the first night, have behaved in the most exemplary way, and the line regiments have also exhibited the utmost good order and subordination. The captains and officers of the various ships which served as transports speak in the highest terms of the soldiers while on board, and the most perfect *entente cordiale* reigned between them and their numerous guests. Captain Kellock received on his arrival here a very gratifying address from the officers of the Rifles and 93rd, to which he replied in suitable terms. I am informed that Government is taking

steps to strengthen the fortifications of Malta. Some years ago it was determined that Gibraltar and this island should be placed in a condition to enable them to meet the increased weight of metal of men-of-war. Gibraltar was, in consequence, rendered all but impregnable. Malta was left untouched for some years, but recently efforts have been made to render the works more suitable to the importance of the place and the improvements in gunnery. The old iron gun-carriages, so apt to splinter or break down altogether if struck by a shot, have been removed from time to time, and wooden carriages have been put in their place. Long 56's have been mounted at St. Elmo and St. Angelo, in lieu of 24 and 32 pounders, and an importation of 76 heavy guns of similar calibre is expected from England. To an inexperienced eye those long lines of white stone curtains—those tiers of bastions, with their huge iron guardians peering above them—those serrated walls, all armed with grinning embrasures, which stretch all around the harbours and town of Valetta, and command the sea in every direction—appear calculated to defy the greatest navy that could be brought against them, but modern science has discovered that they are vulnerable, and is now busy in strengthening that which is weak, and in making that which is strong still stronger. Wherever you go outside the town, the eye of a cannon is gravely and steadily fixed on you. Take a walk down that tempting slab of rock down by the seaside, an 8-inch howitzer is investigating your proceedings from that embrasure, and if you turn round you will face his brother looking at you out of another window directly opposite.

The 33rd Regiment, by the "Emu," and the 2nd Rifles, by the "Vulcan," came into port yesterday.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival of General Canrobert—Inspection of the Guards—Friendly feeling between the French and English troops—Valetta—Hints on military administration—The Zouaves—Arrival of Sir George Brown and Sir John Burgoyne—Embarkation of the troops for Gallipoli.

MALTA, *March* 17.

As the supply of practice-ammunition for the Minié has been exhausted, the daily exercise of the men with the rifle has been suspended for the present, but it is expected that a large quantity of cartridges will be received from England in a few days, and the progress made by the Guards, after a few days' experience, justifies the hope that such a report will be received by the authorities as will justify them in ordering the permanent use of the rifle by a certain number of each regiment for active service. At first the men were rather awkward in loading; but as these mistakes are rectified day after day, and the true nature of the impediments to the rapid handling of the arm discovered and removed, its vast powers are developed and its capabilities understood. The last day's practice of the Guards, at 250 yards, showed

some excellent work, a large proportion of the balls going right through the target. In order to give the rifle fair play, the judicious course of training the men as to distances has been fully carried out. The officers of the Guards take out their men to the broken ground by the sea-shore, and each captain instructs his company in estimating the distance of men who are sent out in front and placed at intervals, so that the soldier may form a tolerably accurate conclusion as to the proper adjustment of the *stadium* in actual service. Thus it is pointed out to them that, at fifty yards, the features of the man, the buttons on his jacket, the band and star on his foraging cap, can be plainly recognized; while at 100 yards the lineaments can no longer be discerned, the buttons seem to form a continuous line; the star is scarcely separable from the band; and at 150 yards the buttons are quite invisible, and the face looks like a whitish ball under the line of the cap. As the *stadium* is only regulated for distances of 100 yards, beyond this distance it is explained how they are to use it at the ranges between the hundreds. A number of military instructors in rifle practice have also joined the army. Drill exercise and parade duty are closely attended to, and the heads of the force are indefatigable in seeing that discipline, even in such matters as the dress of officers in the streets, is preserved. The arrival of the "Orinoco" with the 44th has added to the number of troops under canvas; but, though the nights have been cold, and heavy rains have fallen lately, the men are in excellent health and spirits. The commissariat is well attended to, and complaints are almost unheard of; and therefore, in spite of wet and want of beds, the encampments are healthy.

March 24.

Last night, before dusk, the "Christophe Colomb," French Government steamer, having on board Lieutenant-General Canrobert, Lieutenant-General Bosquet, Lieutenant-General Martimprey, 45 officers, 800 soldiers, and 50 horses, the French transport "Mistral," with 27 soldiers and 40 horses, towing, hove in sight, and ran into the grand harbour of Valetta, about six o'clock. As she passed St. Elmo, the artillerymen and men of the 3rd Buffs and 62nd Regiment manned the walls, and gave a thundering round of cheers, which were returned by their gallant allies. The French soldiers, indeed, continued cheering all the time the vessels proceeded up the harbour whenever a boat with a red-coat in it came in sight, and seemed in excellent spirits. These vessels left Marseilles on the 19th, and conveyed the first portion of the French contingent. It is understood that at least one steamer will arrive here on alternate days till the whole force has passed. General Canrobert, so well known as one of the most dashing and energetic leaders of the *armée d'Afrique*, landed in the course of the evening, and was received by the authorities with all the respect due to his rank and mission. He went to the opera, and was the object of much observation.

The "Kangaroo," with the 77th Regiment (Colonel Egerton) on board, arrived this morning from Liverpool.

The happy arrival of the "Simoom," after a voyage of sixteen days from Portsmouth, while it eased the anxiety of the timid, deprived many of an interesting subject of censure and speculation; we now learn that her detention was caused by the utter dislocation of her machinery, every bit of which came undone, went wrong, or got out of gear, that could by possibility do so. She came into harbour with the Scotch Fusileer Guards on Saturday night (18th inst.), and the troops were disembarked the following day, and landed at their quarters in the Lazaretto. When one reflects on the passages made by the "Himalaya," the "Orinoco," the "Cambria," the "Ripon," the "Emeu," and even by the little "Manilla"—by every vessel, in fact, which had not the honour of flying Her Majesty's pendant—and compares them with the voyage of the "Simoom," he cannot but lament that the engineers, mechanics, and artisans of the Royal dockyards do not learn a lesson or take a hint from our great public companies. Of course, it is scarcely fair to compare vessels like those above-named with a ship like the "Simoom," which is a man-of-war as well as a transport, carries guns, &c., but there is no sound reason why the engines of a man-of-war transport should be always breaking; nor do the considerations suggested by a reference to the express object for which these vessels were built completely account for the exceedingly great disparity between Her Majesty's ships and those of the Peninsular and Oriental and other companies. More than one screw must be loose to cause all this delay.

The Fusileers disembarked in excellent order, so have all the regiments which form this first part of the expeditionary army. The horses were rather fresher than the men; for, although the accommodations of the "Simoom" were good and spacious, the latter felt the confinement, heat, and want of exercise. The Lazaretto, which is a pile of low stone buildings running along the edge of the waters of the Quarantine Harbour, constructed with all the attention to shade and ventilation required for the end originally intended, and formed with abundance of casements, sheltered terraces, piazzas, and large arched rooms, is now completely filled. The brigade of Guards occupy the Lazaretto, now, happily, used no longer as a plague hospital, and Fort Manoel, close by, while a small detachment holds Fort Tigre on the spit of rock running from Hiema to the sea. All these quarters are excellent; the rooms, built of solid stone, being large and generally well-ventilated, with open spaces and squares between the blocks of buildings, and also between them and the walls and fortifications of these strongholds. The men, in spite of the local derangements caused by their "liberty" carousings in acid wine and fiery brandy on their arrival, enjoy good health, though the average of disease has been rather augmented by the results of an imprudent use of the time allowed to them in London to bid good-bye to their friends.

The inspection of the brigade of Guards, of the 33rd Regiment,

the 93rd Regiment, and of the Rifles, which took place on the 23rd, on the Floriana, at twelve o'clock, was in reality a very imposing review. General Canrobert, General Bosquet, General Martimprey, and a number of other officers attached to the French expeditionary columns, were present, and expressed to General Ferguson and to Brigadier-General Bentinck their complete satisfaction and delight at the splendid appearance of the men, their steadiness in marching, and the perfect discipline of the force. Several French non-commissioned officers and privates were on the ground, and most of them seemed particularly struck by the costume of the 93rd Highlanders. The most perfect good feeling pervades the allies. The most sensitive of Frenchmen could see nothing in our covered ensigns to revive the least feeling of bitterness or international hatred. It was pleasant to witness the meeting of two armies which have never yet had a friendly rencontre. On the soil of Malta, French and English troops here stood for the first time without preparing for the shock of battle, and the cheers which are now ringing from shore to sea, till the rocks re-echo, are no longer ominous of conflict. When the "Christophe Colomb" and the "Mistral" came in last night the cheering never ceased as long as there was the smallest pretence for it. Our bands played "*Partant pour la Syrie*" and several French airs, and the bands of our allies returned the compliment with "God Save the Queen."

The "Africaine," screw, came in from Marseilles at half-past twelve this day, and is now lying off the Lazaretto. She anchored just as the Guards were marching into their quarters, and the interchange of civilities at once commenced, and is now being busily proceeded with. The allies seemed insatiable in gazing on each other, wondering perhaps why they were ever such enemies, or what their forefathers fought for so rancorously.

As I write, a large French transport is in sight. The French Generals are at the Palace. The enthusiasm is so great that the men of the "Ripon," Peninsular and Oriental steamer, stokers and all, cheer the French as loudly as their military friends on shore.

March 31.

For the last week Valetta has been like a fair. The constant arrival and departure of men-of-war, packets, transports, and troops, and the innumerable preparations required by men about to undertake a campaign, keep the townspeople in incessant activity. Money is circulating in profusion: It is so plentiful, that the people, though they grumble at the high prices of provisions, feel no real inconvenience from them. Every tradesman is busy, morning, noon, and night, and the intense pressure of demand has raised the cost of supply enormously. Saddlers, tinmen, outfitters, tailors, shoemakers, cutlers, all the followers of the more useful and practical arts, are in great request, and their charges have crept up till they have attained the dimensions of the West-End scale. Boatmen, and all the amphibious harpies who prey on the traveller in seaports, reap a copper and silver harvest of great

weight, and will, it is to be feared, acquire an exaggerated notion of the value of their labours. It must be said for these Malta boatmen, however, that they are a hardworking, patient, and honest race; the latter adjective must be understood as applied comparatively, and not absolutely. They would set our Portsmouth or Southampton boatmen an example which would be rather wondered at than followed. If the sum they receive is at all near the proper price, even if below it, there is no grumbling or remonstrance; they take it in silence. Should it be ten times too much, the same judicious reticence is observed. The venders of oranges, dates, olives, apples, and street luxuries of all kinds, enjoy a full share of public favour, and it speaks much for the fine digestive apparatus of our soldiery, to say that hitherto their lavish enjoyment of these delicacies has been unattended by physical suffering. So much cannot be affirmed of the more tempting articles for sale in the *trattores* and wine-shops. A thirsty private, who has been munching the ends of Minié cartridges for an hour or so, on a hot pitch on the rocks at the sea side, sends to the rear and buys four or five oranges for a penny from the swarthy and half-naked Maltese who always attend on the firing parties. He eats them all with incredible rapidity and relish, trifles with an apple or two afterwards, and feels no inconvenience. Duty over, he rushes across the harbour, or marches off to Valetta. A cool dark *café*, with its tarnished gilding and mirrors shining out on the street more radiant than all the taps of country quarters in the most favoured districts put together, invites him to enter, and a quantity of alcoholic stimulants is supplied to him at the small charge of one penny, quite sufficient to encourage him to spend twopence more on the same stuff, till he is rendered insensible to all sublunary cares, and brought to a state which is certain to introduce him to the attentions of the guard and to a raging headache in a very few hours. As they are fond of saying, "I can live like a Duke here—I can smoke my cigar, and drink my glass of wine, and what could a Duke do more?" But the cigar is villanous, being compounded of bad tobacco by very dirty manufacturers, who may be seen sitting out in the streets and compounding them of the leaves of the plant, sticks, straw, and saliva, and the wine endures much after it leaves Sicily. As to the brandy and spirits, they are simply abominable, and their great cheapness renders them still more objectionable. The officers of regiments have a good deal of annoyance from this cause at first, but the men are soon "choked off" when they find that indulgence is followed by punishment worse than that of the blackhole or barrack confinement.

Every military man is delighted at the news that the army is to be supplied with good English porter when in camp. It is to be hoped the contract will be entered into and carried out with fidelity. At one of the best hotels here, a wretched watery stuff, bad and bitter—bitter bad, indeed—is sold at 2*s.* a bottle. It is certainly a libel on one of our ale kings to say he made it, but it was

furnished to some French officers as "best English ale," and the grimaces they made on tasting it would have made Grimaldi die of envy. The comfort of a sound wholesome drink in a country where water is bad and scarce, and all other potables of a like character, cannot be exaggerated, and a supply of good porter is, in a sanitary point of view, most important to an English army placed under such circumstances.

It may naturally be expected that every kind of useful quadruped is dear when so great a demand is created for anything in the shape of beasts of burden. Horses are scarcely to be had at all. There are some old garrison hacks left, and some small country horses; but everything over fourteen hands high has been carried away at high prices. Animals which would have been sold six weeks ago for 15*l.* are now considered cheap at 35*l.*; and mules (if they increase in value at the present ratio) will soon be "worth their weight in gold." I saw two fine mules sold yesterday to an officer for 65*l.*; five weeks ago they could have been had for 40*l.*

The "Ardent" (Lieut. Grylls), which went over to Tunis with Major le Marchant and Captain Powell, R.N., returned on Monday with rather an unfavourable report. The officers were kindly received by the Bey, and saw his horses, as well as those belonging to dealers inland. All these animals were in wretched condition, in consequence of the famine. The officers rode for three days through the country, and found immense numbers of barbs, which could be rendered well fitted for cavalry and artillery; but the contagion of high prices had spread from Malta, and the Moors asked 25*l.* and 30*l.* for the veriest bundles of skin and bone that were ever fastened together by muscle and pluck. It is hoped, however, that as these horses are full of spirit, courage, and docility, we may get a supply from Tunis, and fatten them up into something like decent working order. Even in their present miserable state they are very hardy, and do astonishing work when put to it.

Every exertion has been made by the authorities here to enable the expedition to take the field in the completest possible form. General Ferguson, the commander, and Admiral Houston Stewart, have received the expression of the Duke of Newcastle's satisfaction, on behalf of the Government, at the manner in which they have co-operated in making "the extensive preparations for the reception of the expeditionary force, which could only have been successfully carried on by the absence of needless departmental etiquette,"—a virtue which we may expect to become more common after this official laudation. This expression of satisfaction was well deserved by both these gallant officers, and his Excellency Sir W. Reid has emulated them in his exertions to provide for the comfort of the troops. The General is busy enough with all the work of a large garrison—an army, in fact, thrown on his hands. Inspections, almost daily, of the different regiments, reports, all the detail connected with the reception and distribution of such a body of men suddenly added to the force of the

place, and the provisioning of their camps and quarters, as well as providing for their creature comforts, food, &c., more or less devolve upon him or the departments under his control. The very trifling *désagrémens*, mentioned in my letter of the 12th, to which a few of the troops were exposed, were the result of mistakes unavoidable in the hurry of preparation. It is not true that any of them have been ever without their full allowance of food, and their first small privations were of short duration. As to the Admiral, early and late he is working with his usual energy and spirit. He has a favourite *modus operandi*, which has the effect of making the conditional mood be understood by all his *employés* and by all under his orders as meaning the imperative, and the result is magical. Soldiers are stowed away in sailors' barracks and penned up in hammocks under its potent influence; and ships are cleared of their freight, or are stowed with a fresh one, with extraordinary facility. Not only has our excellent Admiral to attend to affairs of our own services, to look to complaints, or consider requests made by them, but he is beset by French, Prussian, and Yankee skippers in distress for water or coals, and has to keep up conversations in foreign tongues and be polite to the numerous naval people who call in at Malta for curiosity, pleasure, or duty at this exciting period. Half an hour's experience of the duties devolved on one of these high officers would make most of us a little less censorious of official peccadilloes. While on this subject of military conveniences, it may be as well to say that a general opinion in favour of white cap covers, with flaps hanging down at the back of the head, has been expressed by the officers of the expedition who have served in India. These covers add little to the weight of the cap, and form an excellent protection to the head against the heat of the sun. A supply would be very welcome, only let it come in time. As to shaving, it seems quite certain that till the army is actually engaged in the more active operations of war they must rasp and tear their skins with bad razors, and leave a surface of raw chin and lip for the sun and wind to exasperate. The generals will have it so. Even on board the steamers and transports, where the men have been penned like sheep, with scarce room to turn, with no place to wash or dress in, they were obliged to appear shaven to a nicety. To our modern commanders the *imberbis* Apollo appears the *beau ideal* of a soldier. We all know of the despair of our gallant old generals long ago, when they heard that pigtails were doomed, and that long gaiters, with three dozen buttons down the side, were no longer to be considered indispensable to the equipment of the British warrior. The same prejudices exist now against beards. Unquestionably a well-trimmed and shaven regiment looks neat and clean on parade, but when you look into the details —when you see private Brown with an awful gash on his chin, Corporal Jones wincing from the irritation of an expanse of unwholesome stubble, and examine the effect produced by the use of the razor, you will be led to doubt whether this neatness and cleanliness of appearance is not purchased at the cost of comfort.

It is said that Sir George Brown and Brigadier-General Bentinck are so much opposed to any change in this respect that the officers and men under their command cannot hope to let their beards and moustaches grow. I am very certain that both those distinguished and excellent officers believe they are preserving a certain distinctive character to the British Army in this respect; but if they find the disadvantages of the present practice are manifest in actual campaigning they will readily consent to a temporary alteration. In the same way, doubtless, the Highland regiments engaged in this campaign will be compelled by sanitary considerations, as well as regard for decency and comfort, to abandon the kilt, or, at all events, to follow the example of Zouaves and Albanians, and protect their legs from the sun and from brambles and thorns in a close country by wearing some covering on the leg.

One word more. The ingenuity and good taste of the authorities should be exerted to devise a dress for the officers of the line regiments more comfortable and less unbecoming than the shell jacket, which has all the stringency of the stiff regulation coatee without any of its advantages in point of appearance, and which exposes the wearer to ridicule wherever he appears for the first time. A major of eighteen stone, in all the unprotected boldness of his scarlet schoolboy's attire, is an object too serious for laughter and too dignified for pity, but at the same time he is extremely uncomfortable—buttoned in where he desires ease, and exposed where he requires covering, without pockets to put anything into, and conscious that he is rather wondered at than admired. A man in such a dress does not look like a soldier, though he feels anything but peaceably disposed after a promenade through a gaping crowd, and even the most Antinous-like of ensigns can scarcely aver that he considers the shell either useful or elegant.

However, in this, as in many other things, necessity is the best teacher. With our men well clothed, well fed, well housed (whether in camp or town does not much matter), and well attended, there is little to fear. They are all in the best possible spirits, and fit to go anywhere, and perhaps to do anything. But inaction brings listlessness and despondency, and in their train follows disease. What we have most to fear in an encampment is an enemy that musket and bayonet cannot meet or repel. We have a fearful lesson in the records of the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828-9, in which 80,000 men perished by "plague, pestilence, and famine," and let any one who has the interests of this army at heart just turn to Moltke's history of that miserable invasion, and he will grudge no expense, and spare no precaution, to avoid, as far as human skill can do it, a repetition of such horrors. Let us have plenty of doctors. Let us have an overwhelming army of medical men to combat with disease. Let us have a staff—full and strong—of young and active and experienced men. Do not let our soldiers be killed by antiquated imbecility. Do not hand them over to the mercies of ignorant etiquette and effete seniority, but give the sick every chance which skill, energy, and abundance

of the best specifics may afford them. The heads of departments may rest assured the country will grudge no expense on this point, or on any other connected with the interest and efficiency of the *corps d'élite* which England has sent from her shores. I believe, indeed, that the Home authorities are alive to the importance of this portion of military administration. There are already three first-class staff-surgeons at Constantinople—Messrs Dumbreck, Linton, and Mitchell, and others are daily expected. At Malta we have several medical officers of reputation—Dr. Burrell, at the head of the department; Dr. Alexander, who served during the Caffre war; Dr. Tice, late of the cavalry depot at Maidstone; Mr. Smith; and a great accession to their ranks is expected every day from England. The commissariat department is becoming more efficient every day, and, as far as I can judge, every possible effort is made to provide for the creature comforts of the troops. However, this is a matter which will best be tested in the field. The few complaints made as yet do not deserve much notice, and are likely to be obviated in future.

On Tuesday last (28th) the "Montezuma," with 800 Chasseurs de Vincennes, some Zouaves, and about fifty horses, and the "Albatross," with more infantry and horses, arrived from France in the great harbour of Valetta. I visited in the course of the day, in company with a captain, our navy, and had an opportunity of inspecting the quarters of the men, which was readily afforded to me by the courtesy of the captain and officers. The "Montezuma" is an ugly, stiff-built, paddle-wheel steam-frigate, with great breadth of beam and wall sides, On gaining her quarter-deck and looking forward, the deck seemed literally covered with men, packed closely together, and only broken by the rows of horse-boxes, by the funnel and deck cabooses. Descending on the spar deck, I found it was just possible to move through, and nearer inspection enabled me to see they were remarkably compact, muscular, and soldier-like looking fellows. The Zouave (who was an object of some curiosity to us all) wears a sort of red fez cap, with a roll of cloth at the base to protect the head; a jacket of blue cloth, with red facings, decorated with some simple ornaments, and open in front so as to display the throat; and a waistcoat, or under coat, of red comes down to the hips. Round his waist a broad silk sash is folded several times, so as to keep up the ample pantaloons and to support the back. The pantaloons, of scarlet cloth, fit close over the hips, and then expand to the most Dutchman-like dimensions, till they are gathered just below the knee in loose bagging folds; so that they look almost like a kilt. From the knee to the ankle the leg is protected by a kind of greaves, made of stout, yellow, embroidered leather, laced (with black stripes) down the back and descending over the shoe. The whole costume is graceful, easy, and picturesque. The men (natives of France, and not Arabs, as many suppose) are young smart fellows, about five feet six inches in height, burnt to a deep copper tint by the rays of an African sun, and wearing the most luxuriant beards, moustaches, and

whiskers; it is, however, hard to believe these fierce-looking warriors are Europeans. Their amusements were simple enough. Every moment we had to stop till we could move around the card players who, squatted in groups on the deck, pipe in mouth, were earnestly engaged in the excitement of the contest to be determined by inscrutable-looking cards, of a dark mahogany colour. The stakes were almost nominal, and those who were not engaged in play, or in looking on, were busy around the horses, all of which seemed full of spirits and briskness. These were placed in pairs in boxes about four and a half feet high, roughly made of wood, in two rows running fore and aft, and nailed and clouted to the deck. The horses had neither slings below nor cover of any kind above; and if one slipped down in bad weather there seemed little chance of his ever getting up alive; but, strange to say, they were all well, unhurt, and uninjured. The quarters of the men were not as good as our own by any means. A considerable number of the men had to sleep on deck, as there was no room for them below, and in rain or sea-way they must have suffered from wet. Their kit seemed very light. As to the officers, they are apparently unprovided with many necessaries, and the average weight of their luggage does not come to more than 50lb. or 60lb., while we are grumbling at being restricted to 90lb. They are all in the highest spirits, and look forward with great anxiety to their first brush with the Russians in company with the English. We subsequently visited the United States corvette "Levant," lying near, and were received with great kindness by the officers. She is a "box of guns," and would be a dangerous and crank craft in bad weather, owing to the size of her masts and spars and the weight of her armament. Nothing could exceed the exquisite cleanliness of the ship in every part. Her crew were fine, stout, sailor-looking fellows, and the eye was caught at once by the becoming dress of the marines—Prussian blue, with bright yellow facings, and an old English shaped shako. Discipline seemed very smart on board. The Frenchmen sailed this evening, On the 29th the "Valetta" arrived with Sir George Brown on board, and every one knew that there was but little chance of idling after that took place. The Rifle Brigade and two companies of Sappers and Miners, who had received orders to be in readiness, were embarked on board the fine screw steamer "Golden Fleece," belonging to the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, the following morning. Early on Thursday, 30th, Sir John Burgoyne arrived from Constantinople in the "Caradoc." No inspection of troops or public show of any kind took place, and nothing remarkable occurred in Valetta, except the usual fraternization of French and English troops. The "Pluton" and another vessel arrived yesterday with Zouaves from Africa and the usual freight of horses, and the streets were full of men in scarlet and blue uniforms walking arm and arm together in uncommunicative friendliness, their conversation being carried on by signs, pointing to their throats and stomachs, to express the primitive sensations of hunger and thirst. In most cases the men

saluted the foreign officers as if they were their own, and the greatest cordiality existed among them. They sailed the following day for Gallipoli.

Notwithstanding some statements which have appeared in the local journals, I must be permitted to say that the most entire good feeling seems to have pervaded the whole population of Malta towards the expeditionary army. Several of the higher classes of the native inhabitants have made themselves remarkable for the *empressement* with which they have received the troops, and I have heard of cases where the palaces and country mansions of the nobility and gentry were freely placed at the disposal of the officers by their owners. One gentleman at Sliema gave up the whole of his house, completely furnished, to the officers of the Scotch Fusileer Guards, and other instances of the same kind are not wanting; but these generous offers have been gratefully declined.

April 12.

Since the arrival in Malta of the declaration of war, the embarkation of troops for Gallipoli has continued with unremitting assiduity, and the excitement produced in the island is almost indescribable.

In either harbour crowds of people assembled, the crash of military music being almost drowned in the enthusiastic cheers of the soldiers; the leave-taking by the officers and men of their wives and families forming a painful contrast to the joy which otherwise so generally prevailed. As the vessels moved slowly from their buoys, dense masses of people lined the batteries, and yet more dense crowds of soldiers the forts—those of St. Angelo and Ricasoli, in the great harbour, and those of Manoel and Tigné, in the quarantine, and St. Elmo, between both—cheering their comrades as the vessels moved along, the cheers from one fort being taken up by the troops in the others, and as joyously responded to from on board.

GALLIPOLI.

CHAPTER III.

Departure of the "Golden Fleece"—A comet in the heavens—Monotony of life at sea—First sight of the Morea—Desolate appearance of the coast—Classical recollections suggested by a storm in the Ægean—Vatica Bay—The Isles of Greece—Gulf of Athens—Mount Ida—The Dardanelles—Arrival at Gallipoli.

GALLIPOLI, *April* 8.

THE "Golden Fleece," which entered the Dardanelles on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th of April, and anchored off Gallipoli, left Malta on Friday, the 31st of March, at 5 a.m., with the

first portion of the British expeditionary army. There were very few persons up to witness the departure of the noble ship with her living cargo. The morning was dark and overcast. A few fishermen, the boatmen in the great harbour, and a solitary sentinel perched here and there along the long lines of white bastions, were, perhaps, all who saw the departure of the advanced guard of the only British expedition that has ever sailed to the land of the Moslem since the days of the Great Plantagenet. The blue Mediterranean assumed an indigo colour, stippled with patches of white foam, and was at times altogether lost to view to windward, as heavy squalls of wind and drenching rain flew over its surface. The showers were tropical in their vehemence and suddenness, so that, ere noon, the men on deck and the watch were thoroughly wet; and, as they had no means of drying their clothes, or of washing their linen while on board, some of the Rifles and Sappers were thus rendered rather uncomfortable for the day. Nothing was visible all day except a few wretched-looking gulls flapping in our wake hour after hour, in the hope of some unintentional contributions towards their livelihood from the ship, and some dilapidated old coasters running as hard as they could scud for the dangerous shelter of the land. Indeed, Jason himself and his crew, in a gale of wind, could scarcely have looked more uncomfortable than the men did for some hours, though there was small resemblance indeed between the cruiser in which he took his passage and the "Golden Fleece," in which our troops were embarked. The Rifles looked as sombre as fate, huddled up on deck to the lee of any available shelter, and "It all comes of sailing on a Friday," said a grumbling forecastle Jack. However, the anticipations of the tarry prophet were not as fully developed as he might have expected—there was no shipwreck or serious calamity. On the contrary, towards evening, the wind, rising gently, blew clouds and vapours away; the sky cleared, the fine sharp edge of the great circle of waters of which we were the black murky centre, revealed itself; and ere night closed in, the sun rushed out of his coat of *cumuli*, all bright and fervent, and sank to rest on a sea of fire. Even the gulls brightened up and began to look comfortable, and the sails of the flying craft, away on the verge of the landscape, shone whitely in the distance. The soldiers dried their coats, and tried to forget sloppy decks and limited exercise ground, and night closed in on the ship with peace and comfort on her wings. As the moon rose, a wonder appeared in the Heavens—"a blazing comet with a fiery tail," which covered five or six degrees of the horizon, and shone through the deep blue above. Here was the old world-known omen of war and troubles. Many as they gazed on it felt the influence of the ancient tales creep over them, and associated this ominous apparition with the errand of the British force to the East, and with the convulsion which impends over Europe, though Mr. Hind and Professor Airy and Sir J. South may prove to demonstration that the comet aforesaid was born or baptized in space, hundreds of years before Prince Menschikoff was ever thought of.

At last the comet got lost in the moon's light, and the gazers put out their cigars, forgot their philosophy and their fears, abandoned vague astronomical surmise, and went to bed. The accommodation on board the splendid ship was ample, the fare excellent, the servants attentive, and so the first day passed pleasantly, in spite of the rain. It is a pity almost that so much comfort and convenience should have anything to mar it, but the officers did complain a little that they were not allowed sheets to their beds, as the 4th regiment had been provided with them in their passage out in the same, to Malta, and the wines and beer were only middling, though, in being so, they had much the advantage of the spirits, which were downright execrable. Saturday (1st April), the next, passed as most days do at sea in smooth weather. The men ate and drank, and then walked on deck till they were able to eat and drink again, and so on till bed time. No land was visible, but curious little brown owls, as if determined to keep up the traditions of the day, flew on board, and were caught in the rigging. They seemed to come right from the land of Minerva. In the course of the day many small birds fluttered on the yards, masts, and bulwarks, plumed their little jaded wings, and after a short rest, impelled by an inscrutable instinct, launched themselves once more across the bosom of the deep. Some of them were common titlarks, others little grayish buntings, others yellow and black fellows whom I have not seen in Europe. They were agreeable visitors, and served to afford much entertainment to Jack and the soldiers. Three of the owls and a titlark were at once introduced to each other in a cage, and the ship's cat was thrown in by way of making an *impromptu* "happy family." The result rather increased my admiration for the itinerant zoologist of Trafalgar-square and Waterloo-bridge, inasmuch as pussy obstinately refused to hold any communication with the owls—they seemed in turn to hate each other, and all evinced determined animosity towards the unfortunate titlark, which speedily languished and died. Saturday and the following day made amends for the wetness of its predecessor. There was, however, a head wind, which did not permit the ship to carry sail. There was no land in sight all day, and the only object worthy the attention bestowed on it was a French paddle-wheel steamer with troops on board and a transport in tow, which was conjectured to be one of those that had left Malta some days previously. The men were paraded at half-past 10 o'clock, and between various duties and the indulgence of the keen appetites fostered by the sea air, managed to get over the time very pleasantly. After dinner, when the band had done playing, the men of the Sappers assembled on the quarter-deck, and sang some glees excellently well, while the Rifles in another part of the ship had a select band of vocal performers of their own, who sang comic and sentimental songs with very great applause. Some of them, *àpropos* of the expedition, and rather hard on the Guards and their bearskins, displayed considerable wit and sense of the ludicrous. At night the Frenchman and his consort were well down below the horizon.

At daylight the land was visible N. by E.—a heavy cloud-like line resting on the grey water. It was the Morea, and the deck was speedily covered with officers rushing up to gaze on the old land of the Messenians. If not greatly changed, it really is wonderful what the Spartans could have wanted with it. Tyrtæus must have been sadly puzzled to have made anything attractive out of it. A more barren-looking coast one need not wish to see. It is like a section of the west coast of Sutherland in winter. The mountains—cold, rocky, barren ridges of land—culminate in snow-covered peaks, and the numerous villages of white cabins or houses dotting the declivity towards the sea did not succeed in depriving the place of a certain air of savage primitiveness which little consorted with our ideas of its antiquity and ancient fame. About 9 40 we passed Cape Matapan, which seemed to have concentrated in itself all the rude characteristics of the surrounding coast. Although the old reputation of the Cape was not sustained by our annihilation, still the sea showed every inclination to be troublesome, and the wind began to rise every moment. After breakfast the men were mustered, and the captain read prayers. At this time we were passing between the Morea and Cerigo. One could not help wondering what on earth could have possessed Venus to have selected such a wretched rock as Cytherea now appears to be for her island home. Verily the poets have much to answer for. Had steamers existed in those days we had lost many fine bits of poesy. Not the boldest of them all—Horace, Ovid, or Anacreon—would have dared to fly into ecstasies about the terrestrial landing-place of Venus had he once beheld it. The fact is, the place is like Lambay, or Ireland's Eye, pulled out and expanded a little. When prayers were over, we had a proof that the Greeks were tolerably right about the weather. Even bolder boatmen than the ancients might fear the heavy squalls off those snowy headlands, which gave us a very bad idea of sunny Greece in early spring. The ancients always attached a considerable amount of danger to the performance of a voyage round Capes Matapan and Malea; and, indeed, if the best of triremes was caught in the breeze encountered by the "Golden Fleece" hereabouts, the crew would never have been troubled to hang up a votive tablet to their preserving deity. From 10 o'clock till 3 30 p.m. the ship ran along the diameter of the semicircle between the two Capes which mark the southern extremities of Greece. Cape Malea, or St. Angelo, is just such another bluff mountainous and desolate headland as Cape Matapan, and is not so civilized looking, for there are no villages visible near it. However, in a very rude hut on its south-east face resides a Greek hermit, who must have enormous opportunities for improving his mind, if Zimmerman is at all trustworthy. He is not quite lost to the appetizing calls of nature, and has a great tenderness for ships' biscuit. Hence he generally hoists a little flag when a vessel passes near, and is often gratified by a supply of hard-bake. Had we been so minded as to administer to his luxuries, we could not have done so, for the wind when we came off this angle of the

Cape rushed at us with fury, and the instant we rounded it we saw the sea broken into crests of foam making right at our bows. In fact, we had some reason again to find that the old mariners were not without warranty when they advised "him who doubled Cape Malea to forget his home." We had got right into an Etesian wind—one of those violent Levanters which the learned among us said ought to be the Euroclydon which drove St. Paul to Malta. Its violence was considerable, and sheltered as we were to eastward by clusters of little islands, the sea began to get up and roll in confused wedges towards the ship. She behaved nobly, and went over them buoyantly and with great ease, but with her small auxiliary steam power she could scarce hold her own against the breeze. As it increased we were driven away to leeward, and did not make much headway. The gusts came down furiously between all kinds of classical islands, which we could not make out, for our Maltese pilot got frightened, and revealed the important secret that he did not know one of them from the other. The men bore up well against their Euroclydon, and emulated the conduct of the ship, and night came upon us, labouring in black jolting seas, dashing them into white spray, and running away into dangerous unknown parts without caring the least for the consequences. At daylight on Monday morning the sight was most unpromising; the clouds were black and low, the sea white and high, and the junction between them on the far horizon was of a very broken and promiscuous character, so that one could scarcely be known from the other. We had run thirty miles to leeward of our course, making not the smallest progress, but horribly buffeted about, the figure-head sluiced with spray and sea. Grey islets with foam flying over them lay around us indistinctly through the driving vapour which exhaled from the Ægean. To mistrust of the pilot the fear of accident was added, and the helm was put up, and we wore ship at 6 30 a.m. in a heavy seaway. Falconero was north, and Milo south at daybreak, and the gale increased subsequently, till at 8 a.m. even sailors in their log considered it deserved to be called "stormy, with heavy squalls." We saw a little screw-steamer beating away on our port quarter through the heavy sea, and at 9 30, just ere we bore away, we made her out to be the "Cape of Good Hope." As we ran back, she followed our example. The heavy sea setting in on our starboard quarter as we ran down towards Cape Malea the ship rolled very much—the deck was now and then inclined at so sharp an angle that the men could only hold on by tight grip of the stays and ropes, and the seas breaking over afforded them a very protracted material for merriment as they saw themselves and their officers well drenched by some great lumbering water lout who tossed himself in over the bulwarks. By 3 30 p.m., having run past St. Angelo once more, the ship cast anchor in Vatika Bay, in the Morea, in twenty fathoms, the water being nearly smooth. Here lay a French steamer and brig—doubtless the same as those we passed on Saturday—but they lay in close to shore, and we held no communication. We cheered them vigorously, but the men

could not hear. Some time afterwards the "Cape of Good Hope" and a French screw-steamer also ran into the bay for shelter and anchored near us. This little flotilla evidently alarmed the inhabitants very much, for the few who were fishing in boats fled to shore, and we saw a great effervescence at a distant village of good stone houses. We had run forty-four miles from the point of return to the bay in three hours and a half, and no doubt the apparition of such a force, flying the tricolor and the union jack, in the bay, so hastily assembled, frightened the people. They could be seen running to and fro along the shore like ants when their nest is stirred. At dusk our bands played the popular dance music of the day, and the mountains of the Morea for the first time since they rose from the sea to watch the birth of Venus echoed the strains of "God save the Queen." The people lighted bonfires as if by way of signal on the hills, but the lights soon died out. At six o'clock on Tuesday morning the "Golden Fleece" left her snug anchorage in Vatika Bay, and ran past the old ground of South Morea and Cape St. Angelo, running by Poulo Bello at 10 45 a.m., with light wind and sea quite gone down. The Greek coast, trending away to the left, showed in rugged masses of mountains capped by snowy peaks, and occasionally the larger towns—clusters of white specks on the dark purple of the hills—were visible; but ere the evening the ship, having run safely through all the terrors of the Ægean and its islands, dashed away right for the entrance to the Dardanelles. At 2 a.m. on Wednesday morning, however, it began to blow furiously again, the wind springing up as if "Æolus had just opened bag No. 2, and put on fresh hands at the bellows," to use the nautical simile. The breeze went down with the same rapidity with which it rose, and smooth seas accompanied the ship as she steamed past Mitylene. On the left lay the entrance to the Gulf of Athens—Eubœa was on our left hand—Tenedos was before us —on our right rose the snowy heights of Mount Ida—and the Troad (atrociously and unforgiveably like "the Bog of Allen!") lay stretching its flat brown folds from the sea to the mountain side for miles away. Athos (said to be ninety miles distant) stood between us and the setting sun—a pyramid of purple cloud bathed in golden light; and, as if to complete the utter confusion of ideas, and the dislocation of all association, the "Leander" frigate showed her number and went right away down from the very waters that lay between Sestos and Abydos, past the shadow of the giant mountain, stretching away on our port beam till lost to sight. At 9 30 the ship passed the Castles of the Dardanelles. She was not stopped nor fired at as of yore, but as she ran up higher the sentinels on the European side screeched horribly and showed lights, and seemed to execute a convulsive *pas* of fright or valour on the rocks. Our only reply was the calm sounding of the tattoo on our bugles—the first time that ever the blast of English light infantry trumpets broke the silence of those antique shores. After midnight we arrived at Gallipoli, and anchored for the night. Morning showed us a collection of red-roofed barns,

with tall white minarets rising up among them. These minarets are very like Irish round towers, renovated and whitewashed, with large extinguishers clapped on top by way of ornament.

The breadth of the Dardanelles is about five miles opposite the town, but the Asiatic and the European coasts run towards each other just ere they expand into the Sea of Marmora, so as to give the straits here the appearance of a bay. The country behind the town is hilly, and has not yet recovered the effect of the late very severe weather.

Unless there is danger of the forces of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias getting by some means or other down on the very shores of the Dardanelles, the advantage of fixing our position at Gallipoli does not strike the unprofessional critic very forcibly. The place is a wretched collection of hovels, with 10,000 inhabitants, Turks, Jews, and Greeks, on the European side of the Dardanelles, at the north-western extremity of the strait, where it begins to expand into the Sea of Marmora. It is exposed to much of the sun's rays; but a range of hills running parallel to the coast-line affords considerable facilities for pitching a healthy encampment. As the crow flies it would appear to be about 120 miles from Constantinople across the Sea of Marmora. The geographical accidents of Gallipoli would lead one to think the army placed there is intended for occupation and defence. It would be within such a distance of Constantinople that, if the capital were in the smallest danger, the troops could be sent there in a few days, artillery, baggage, and all, while it effectually commands the Dardanelles and the entrance to the Sea of Marmora, and makes it a *mare clausum* as it lists. But there are other considerations not to be overlooked, and which become significant enough when it is recollected that a small town, on a spit of land opposite the mouth of the Maritza, on the coast of Turkey to the north-east of Samothrace, was surveyed and examined for an encampment by French and English engineers. I mean the town of Enos. It is obvious that if some daring Muscovite general forcing a passage across the Danube beat the Turks and crossed the western ridges of the Balkan, he might advance southwards with very little hindrance to the very Ægean; and a dashing march to the south-east would bring his troops to the western shores of the Dardanelles. An army at Gallipoli could check such a movement, if it ever entered into the head of any one but the person who is now writing of it. Gallipoli is in effect situate on almost the narrowest portion of the tongue of land or peninsula which, running between the Gulf of Saros on the west and the Dardanelles on the east, forms the western side of the strait. An army encamped here commands the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora, and can be marched northwards to the Balkan, or sent across to Asia or up to Constantinople with equal facility.

On Thursday morning early a boat came off from shore, with two commissariat officers, Messrs. Turner and Bartlett, and an interpreter. They informed us that the Consul had gone up the Dardanelles to look for us, but that he would return in the course

of the day, and added the unwelcome news that horses were not to be had at any price, that provisions were not very cheap, and that the French, being the first comers, had got hold of the best part of the town, and of the best quarters as well. The French mail steamer for Marseilles just put in at the moment, and started so soon afterwards that we could scarcely get the General's letters and despatches on board. After breakfast, Lieutenant-General Brown, Colonel Sullivan, Captain Hallewell, aid-de-camp, and Captain Whitmore, aid-de-camp, started for the shore in the ship's boat, accompanied by the captain of the vessel and the commissary officers. Sir George proceeded to visit the Pasha of Adrianople (Rustum Pasha), who had arrived here expressly by the orders of his Government to facilitate the arrangements and debarkation of the troops. He is an officer of high standing, and is said to be a man of great energy and ability. After their return, about half-past two o'clock, Lieutenant-General Canrobert, accompanied by one aid-de-camp, in full uniform, came on board, and was received by the Lieutenant-General. They had a long and animated conversation, and Sir George led him down the hold of the ship that he might have an opportunity of seeing how the troops were stowed, and their arms, &c., carried. The visit lasted an hour, and was marked at its close with greater cordiality, if possible, than at the commencement. After making the necessary arrangements, the troops were disembarked to-day, and marched out to their camp, eight miles and a half north of Gallipoli.

CHAPTER IV.

Receipt for creating a Turkish town—First come, best served—Want of preparation for the reception of the troops—French activity and English apathy—Inefficiency of the transport system—A hunt for quarters—Scarcity of provisions, and absence of medical comforts.

GALLIPOLI, *April* 10.

TAKE dilapidated outhouses of farmers' yards in England—remove ricketty old wooden tenements of Holywell-street, Wych-street, and the Borough — catch up, wherever you can, any seedy, cracked, shutterless structures of planks and tiles that have escaped the ravages of time in our cathedral towns—carry off sheds and stalls from Billingsgate, and add to them the huts along the shores of the Thames between London-bridge and Greenwich—bring them all to the European side of the Straits of the Dardanelles, and having pitched on the most exposed portion of the coast, on a bare round hill, sloping away to the water's edge, with scarcely tree or shrub, tumble them "higgledy piggledy" on its declivity, in such wise that the streets may resemble, on a large scale, the devious traces of a bookworm through some old tome—let the roadway be very narrow, of irregularly varying breadth, according to the bulgings and projections of the houses, and filled with large round slippery stones, painful and hazardous

to walk upon—here and there borrow a dirty gutter from a back street in Boulogne—let the houses in parts lean across to each other so that the tiles meet, or that a few planks thrown across from over the doorways unite and form a sort of "passage" or arcade—steal some of our popular monuments, the shafts of various national testimonials, or Irish round towers—surround them with a light gallery about twelve feet from the top, put on a large extinguisher-shaped roof, paint them all white, and having thus made them into minarets, clap them down into the maze of buildings—then let fall big stones all over the place—plant little windmills with odd-looking sails on the crests of the hill over the town—transport the ruins of a feudal fortress from Northern Italy, and put it in the centre of the town, with a flanking tower extending to the water's edge—erect a few buildings of wood by the waterside to serve as *café*, custom-house, and government stores—and, when you have done this, you have to all appearance imitated the process by which the town of Gallipoli was created. The receipt, if tried, will be found to answer beyond belief. To fill it up you must, however, catch a number of the biggest breeched, longest bearded, dirtiest, and statcliest old Turks (to be had at any price in the Ottoman empire); provide them with pipes, and keep them smoking all day on little wooden stages or platforms about two feet from the ground, by the water's edge or up the main streets, as well as in the shops of the bazaar (one of the "passages" or arcades already described); see that they have no slippers on, nothing but stout woollen hose (their feet gear being left on the ground below), shawl turbans (one or two being green, for the real descendant of the Prophet), fur-lined flowing coats, and bright-hued sashes round the waist, in which are to be stuck silver-sheathed yataghans and ornamented Damascus pistols; don't let them move more than their eyes, or express any emotion at the sight of anything except an English lady; then gather a noisy, picturesque, and active crowd of fez-capped Greeks in baggy blue breeches, smart jackets, sashes, and rich vests—of soberly-dressed Armenians—of intellectual-looking Jews, with keen flashing eyes—Chasseurs de Vincennes, Zouaves, British Riflemen, *vivandières*, Sappers and Miners, Nubian slaves, camel-drivers, commissaries, officers, and sailors, and direct them in streams through the streets round the little islets in which the smoking Turks are harboured, and you will do much to populate the place. It will be observed there are no women mentioned, but children are not by any means wanting—on the contrary, there is a glut of them, in the Greek quarter particularly, and now and then a bundle of clothes, in yellow leather boots, and covered at the top with a piece of white linen, may be seen moving about, which you will do well to believe contains a woman neither young nor pretty. Dogs, so large, savage, tailless, hairy, and curiously-shaped, that Wombwell could make a fortune out of them if aided by any clever zoological nomenclator, prowling along the shore and walking through the shallow water, in which stands a herd of bullocks and buffaloes waiting

till the araba, or cart, is ready for them—six French steamers, and three French transports, with the tricolor flying, and the paddlebox boats full of troops on their way to land—a solitary English steamer, with the red ensign, at anchor in the bay—and some Greek polaccas, with their beautiful white sails and trim rig, flying down the straits, which are here about three and a half miles broad, so that the villages on the rich swelling hills of the Asia Minor side are plainly visible,—all these must be added, and then the picture is tolerably complete. In truth, it is a wretched place—picturesque to a degree, but, like all picturesque things or places, horribly uncomfortable. The French came first, and like all first-comers, they are the best served. When the "Golden Fleece" came in on Thursday night there was no pilot to show her where to anchor, and it was nearly an hour ere she ran out her cable in nineteen fathoms water. No one came off to her, for it was after midnight, and there was something depressing in this silent reception of the first British army that ever landed on the shores of these straits. As we entered the portals of the Dardanelles, and rushed swiftly up between its dark banks, we tried to discern the outline of the villages on its shores. The sentinels on the forts and along the ridges challenged loudly—shouting to each other to be on the alert—the band of the Rifles all the while playing the latest fashionable polkas, or making the rocks acquainted with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." But all these things ceased at Gallipoli, and when morning came we only felt sorry that nature had made it a desirable place for us to land at. The tricolor was floating right and left, and the blue coats of the French were well marked on shore, the long lines of bullock carts stealing along the strand towards their camp making it evident that they were taking care of themselves. As it happened, our active, intelligent, and able Consul had gone down to the towers of the Dardanelles to look for us, but we had escaped him in the dark. The first thing that happened after the visit of the commissaries was characteristic. The General desired to send for the Consul, but the only way of doing so was by water, and the only vessel available for the purpose was a small Turkish Imperial steamer near us. The Consul's dragoman, a grand-looking Israelite, prepared to go on the expedition, but the engineer on board had just managed to break his leg. He therefore requested the loan of our engineer, as no one could be found to undertake the care of the steamer's engines, and, after a successful cruise, he returned in the evening with the Consul, Mr. Calvert, on board. Now, will it be credited, that no instructions whatever were sent to the Consul to prepare for the reception of this force at Gallipoli? The only steps taken by the authorities were to send two commissary officers, without interpreters or staff, to the town a few days before the troops actually landed, to make provision for them. These officers could not speak the language, nor were they furnished with any facilities for making themselves intelligible; their proceedings, therefore, in all matters of purchase, hire, or contract, were necessarily very slow, and,

considering the pressure of the French demands, it is very wonderful they were so successful. However, the English Consul was, fortunately, a man of energy; he came to Gallipoli, and found the French had literally got hold of the town from the Turkish Council. It is affirmed here, indeed, that so vigorously did General Canrobert speak in making requisitions for his army, that the Pasha asked him whether the French were come as allies to assist, or to treat them as a conquered province. The story further goes that General Canrobert next day sent an aid-de-camp to the Pasha, to say that he was a soldier, and in command of an army, and had perhaps spoken too warmly; and that the Pasha (Roostum) replied, that he too was a soldier, and had been in command of an army, but that he never could have considered these circumstances justified the use of such language. This by way of parenthesis. Mr. Calvert went to the Turkish Council, reminded them that there were British troops yet to come, and succeeded in having half of the quarters in the town reserved to him for their use. Next day he visited and marked off the houses; but on his return the French authorities said they had made a mistake as to the portion of the town they had handed over to him, and he of course had to yield and give them up. They have the Turkish part of the town, close to the water, with an honest and favourable population; the English have got the Greek quarter, further up the hill, and perhaps the healthier, with dexterous tradesmen, and a population which hates them bitterly, and regards them as foes quartered on them by force of arms. Mr. Calvert was aided considerably in his efforts by an officer of Royal Engineers, the Hon. Captain Wrottesley, who has been surveying this neighbourhood and the surface of the isthmus since the departure of Sir J. Burgoyne. I have great hesitation in expressing an opinion on a subject of such difficulty as the selection of a position for an army of occupation or defence, but in one or two important particulars the site (said to be fixed upon by Sir J. Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent) seems in my eyes unfavourable. It is obviously difficult to get supplies to the men defending it from the country—they must be brought by sea or across from Asia Minor. Next, it is not well provided with water; and, thirdly, there is a want of wood as well as of shelter. The line of intrenchments which are to be thrown up across the neck of the isthmus will take three months for our disposable force to make. Some alterations in the original plans are said to have been proposed in General Vaillant's office in Paris; but it is understood that at or near the line passing right across the front of the British camp from the Straits to the Gulf of Saros are to be erected a series of field works and intrenchments of considerable magnitude. The camp I speak of is that occupied by the Rifles and Sappers and Miners, within three miles of the village of Bulair (or Blejar). It is on a gentle slope of the ridge which runs along the isthmus, and commands a view of the Gulf of Saros, but the Sea of Marmora is not visible from it. Sanitary and certain other considerations may have rendered it advisable not to

select this village itself, or some point closer to it, as the position for the camp; but as far as I can see, the isthmus is narrower at Bulair, could be more easily defended, would not require so much time or labour to put it into a good state of defence, and is better adapted for an army as regards shelter and water than the position chosen at present. Of course I say this with great deference to the opinion of the very high authorities who chose the ground, and I would not express it at all were I not emboldened to do so by the fact that I heard it stated that Sir John Burgoyne was not engaged more than ten minutes examining the spot. Bulair is ten and a half miles from Gallipoli, so the camp is about seven and a half from the port at which its supplies are landed, and where its reinforcements arrive. However, they are talking of building some works on the coast, so as to enable troops to disembark within a couple of miles from the camp; and the engineers have also drawn out a plan for a new pier at Gallipoli, at which boats could come close up and land men and horses with greater facility than at present.

Sir George Brown, commanding the First Division of the British Expeditionary Army, Colonel Sullivan, Assistant-Adjutant-General, Dr. Alexander, first-class Staff-Surgeon, Captain Whitmore, Aid-de-Camp, &c., the Rifle Brigade, and two companies of Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant-Colonel Victor, arrived, as we have seen, on Wednesday night (Thursday morning), but it was mid-day on Saturday ere the troops were landed and sent to their quarters. Why was this? Because nothing was ready for them! The force consisted of only some thousand and odd men, and small as it was, it had to lie idle for two days and a half watching the seagulls, or with half-averted eye regarding the ceaseless activity of the French, the daily arrival of their steamers, the rapid transmission of their men by the paddle-box boats of their vessels to shore, and the admirable completeness of all their arrangements in every detail—hospitals for the sick, bread and biscuit bakeries, waggon trains for carrying stores and baggage—every necessary and every comfort, indeed, at hand, the moment their ships came in. On our side not a British pendant was afloat in the harbour! Our great naval State was represented by a single steamer belonging to a private company. Well might a Turkish boatman ask, "Oh, why is this? Oh, why is this, young man? By the beard of the Prophet, for the sake of your father's father, tell me, O English Lord, how is it? The French infidels have got one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ships, with fierce little soldiers; the English infidels, who say they can defile the graves of these French (may Heaven avert it!), and who are big as the giants of Asli, have only one big ship. Do they tell lies?" (Such was the translation given to me of my interesting waterman's address). It is all very well to talk about the fine moral effect of developing the energies of the country and relying on the effects of private enterprise, but the thing is not understood abroad (perhaps not much at home either), and experience convinces me, as it has convinced every one who has seen the system

at work, that it would be far better for the Government, even at an increased expense of some thousands a year, to keep up an efficient steam transport navy in time of peace than to derange the operations and channels of commerce, and disturb the communications and workings of our great mercantile associations, by seizing on their ships in time of war. Soldiers suffer by it—sailors complain of it—the officers of the ships don't like it—and the companies grumble internally, and talk about the damage and loss they sustain in consequence of their best vessels being engaged as transports. The soldiers suffer by the system, because they never are so well provided with sleeping and other accommodation on board the very best and largest of these vessels as they are on board the Government ships built on purpose to convey them. They are stowed away in these vessels in the spaces left unoccupied by cargo, provisions, coals, &c., instead of being placed between decks with plenty of hammock room; and the comfort of the officers in fine saloons and ample berths is only gained at the cost of the men. In the same way, whenever the soldiers are obliged to land, they are subject to the delay, discomfort, and even danger, of ill-managed shore boats, instead of being carried drily and comfortably in paddle-box boats, or in men-of-war launches. Then the sailors complain of being penned up by the men, and of the great increase of labour in washing and cleaning the vessel, as well as of many other things which the marine habit of fault-finding with "sojers" will suggest to the active fancy. A dandy new ship, all brass work and paint, with gold and maple and *papier-maché* drawing-rooms, is certain to suffer when employed as a transport for 1000 men, with ammunition and arms. If Government dockyard engineers could only build engines that would keep in order now and then, or if the Government would always employ men like Penn, Maudslay, or Napier, they might maintain a fleet of twelve good steamers to act as transports. There will be plenty to be done with them as long as we have colonies and distant empires to manage. We have always troops at sea, troops coming home or going out, and a powerful maritime nation like ourselves should take shame to see other nations doing that which we are unwilling to effect. At this very moment there is a good deal of anxiety felt here concerning the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade, who sailed in the "Sir George Pollock" sailing vessel the other day from Malta. No one would be at all uneasy if it were known they had embarked in a man-of-war, even though it was the Simoom. The French, however they manage it, are able to send very much greater numbers of men, though they pack their ships too much and have small and insufficient vessels in use.

On Thursday there was a general hunt for quarters through the town. Mr. Calvert, the consul, attended by dragoman and a train of lodging seekers, went from house to house; but it was not till the eye had got accustomed to the general style of the buildings and fittings that any of them seemed willing to accept the places offered them. The General got a very fine place in a

beau quartier, with a view of an old Turk on a counter looking at his toes in perpetual perspective. Colonel Sullivan and staff were equally successful. From one learn all:—The hall door, which is an antiquated concern—not affording any particular resistance to the air to speak of—opens on an apartment with clay walls of about ten feet high, and of the length and breadth of the whole house. It is garnished with the odds and ends of the domestic deity—with empty barrels, with casks of home-made wine, buckets, baskets, &c. At one side a rough staircase, creaking at every step, conducts one to a saloon on the first floor. This is of the plainest possible appearance. On the sides are stuck prints of the "Nicolaus ho basileus," and of the Virgin and Child (after the Greek school), with wonderful engravings from Jerusalem. There is no furniture. It may be observed that as the schism between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches arose out of the discussion of an intricate question on the subtlest point of theology, they fight bitterly on matters of very fine distinction yet. Thus the Greeks are iconoclasts, and hate images, but they adore pictures. A yellow Jonah in a crimson whale with fiery entrails, is a favourite subject for these artists, and doubtless bears some allegorical meaning. From this saloon open the two or three rooms of the house—the kitchen, the divan, and the principal bedroom. The floors are covered with matting, but, with the exception of the cushions on the raised platform round the wall of the room (about eighteen inches from the floor), there is nothing else in the rooms offered for general competition to the public. Above are dark attics. *Voilà tout!* My apartment would form a study for Dr. Reid or Mr. Gurney. If they want to understand the true principle of keeping up a current of fresh air everywhere, let them at once come out to Gallipoli, and become my successors in the possession of this remarkable chamber. True, the walls are of mud and straw, and the staircase has been devised expressly for the purpose of entrapping the first heavy Turk who may happen to stride up. It is the thinnest woodwork possible. Water is some way off, and the philosophers, if not provided with servants who can speak the language, and an allowance of rations from her Majesty's stores, may be seen soon after their arrival stalking up the street with as much dignity as is compatible with the circumstance of their carrying a sheep's liver on a stick in one hand, some lard in the other, and a loaf of black bread under their arms—at least, your correspondent the other day had to adopt that course or die of hunger. There is not such a thing as a pound of butter in the whole country, meat is very scarce, fowls impossible, but the country wine is fair enough, and eggs are not so rare as might be imagined from the want of poultry. Lieutenant-General Brown is in one of these houses; Colonel Sullivan and staff in another. Officers coming out here should know what they have to expect. Let them provide themselves with everything they are likely to want, for they will find nothing at Gallipoli. The nights and mornings are cold even yet, and the thermometer in the shade does not

mark beyond 57°. Indeed, the spring is not nearly so far advanced as it is in England, and the trees and shrubs are only just beginning to bud. There is no chance of getting horses at present for love or money—indeed, comfort or necessary accommodation is out of the question. In every respect the French can teach us a lesson in these matters. While our sick men have not a mattress to lie down upon, and are literally without blankets, the French are well provided for. We have no medical comforts—none were forwarded from Malta—and so when a poor fellow was sinking the other day, the doctor had to go to the General's and get a bottle of wine for him. The hospital sergeant was sent out with a sovereign to buy coffee, sugar, and other things of the kind for the sick, but he could not get them, as no change was to be had in the place. After this it is annoying to visit the French hospital and see them so well prepared. Everything requisite is nicely made up in small packages, so that they can be carried on mules' backs, and marked with labels, so that one can lay his hand on what is wanted in a minute. The French are very troublesome in getting what they want, and already some little difficulties have arisen from their desire to lay hold of everything. Dr. Alexander has managed to get beds for about 200 patients in different houses, and he goes down to-day with Mr. Calvert to the Dardanelles to look at the building which is destined for the principal medical establishment.

At night the cold is severely felt. Lady Errol, who accompanies her husband, and lives under canvas with him, was an object of great curiosity and wonder to the Turks as she rode off from the beach.

All the neighbouring hills are dotted with the tents of the French. As M. Sabatier has given it as his opinion that there is only water at Bulair and the lines for a brigade, General Canrobert has proposed that the works should be carried on by three regiments from each army at a time, the English to be relieved by the French, and so on.

CHAPTER V.

Privations and sickness in the camps—Charges against the commissariat—General confusion and bewilderment—Superiority of the French arrangements—English and French foragers—Sir George Brown's *penchant* for hard fighting, close shaving, tight stocking, and light marching.

GALLIPOLI, *April* 13.

THE camps in the neighbourhood of this town extend and increase in numbers every day, and with the augmentation of the allied forces the privations to which the men are exposed become greater, the inefficiency of our arrangements more evident, and the excellence of the French commissariat administration more strikingly in contrast. There are two cases of smallpox in hospital, which came from the "Golden Fleece," and, as she had some cases of the same disease on board before she sailed from

Malta, it is to be hoped the medical officers there will purify her before she returns here with more men. The soldiers attacked are going on favourably, and the disease is not spreading. A private of the Rifle Brigade committed suicide in camp, and died on the 10th. No cause is assigned for the act. Amid the multitude of complaints which meet one's ear from every side, the most prominent are charges against the commissariat; but I am satisfied that the officers here are not to blame. The persons really culpable are those who sent them out without a proper staff, and without the smallest foresight or consideration. Early and late I meet them toiling amid a set of apathetic Turks and stupid araba drivers, trying in vain to make bargains and give orders in the language of signs, or aided by interpreters who understand neither the language of the contractor nor contractee. And then the officers of a newly arrived regiment rush on shore, demand bullock-carts for the luggage, guides, interpreters, rations, &c., till the unfortunate commissary is quite bewildered. There are only four commissary officers here, all deputy-assistant-commissaries-general —Messrs. Turner, Bartlett, Thompson, and Smith, and they are obliged to get on as well as they can with the natives. It is said the authorities have sent to Constantinople for interpreters. Surely it was rather a late thought at this time of day! The French have a perfect baggage train, and carry off all their stores and baggage to their camps the moment they land, while we are compelled to wait till a proper number of araba carts have been collected, instead of having an organized administration and train department to do what is required. From the Lieutenant-General downwards every one does his best. The Engineer officers are particularly active and indefatigable, and yet little seems to be done. Some of the men of the regiments recently landed affirm that they have had no meat rations since they came on shore, and the soldiers of the 93rd are said to have fed on some bullocks which drew the waggons that brought their baggage to the camp.

The men suffer exceedingly from cold. Some of them, officers as well as privates, have no beds to lie on. None of the soldiers have more than their single regulation blanket. They therefore reverse the order of things, and dress to go to bed, putting on all their spare clothes and warm clothing before they try to sleep. The worst thing I have to report is the continued want of comforts for the sick. Many of the men labouring under diseases contracted at Malta are obliged to stay in camp in the cold, with only one blanket under them, as there is no provision for them at the temporary hospital. Mr. Alexander, the senior staff surgeon, with commendable activity, succeeded in getting hold of some hundreds of blankets by taking on himself the responsibility of giving a receipt for them, and taking them off the hands of the commanding officer of one of the regiments from Malta on Wednesday last. This responsibility is a horrid bugbear, but no man is worth his salt who does not boldly incur it at such a time as this, whenever he thinks the service is to be benefited. It would be lucky if

we had a greater supply of people of desirable recklessness, and things would go on much better.

Independent of previous arrangements, there is no disguising the fact that the French get on much better than we do. Why? Because they bully the natives where we try to carry our point by soft sawder. Thus, General Canrobert treats them very much *à la Kabyle*, and is respected accordingly. The French *Commandant de Place* has posted a tariff of all articles which the men are likely to want on the walls of the town, and regulates the exchanges like a local Rothschild. A Zouave wants a fowl; he sees one in the hand of an itinerant poultry merchant, and he at once seizes the bird, and, giving the proprietor a franc—the tariff price—walks off with the prize. The Englishman, on the contrary, more considerate and less protected, is left to make hard bargains, and generally pays twenty or twenty-five per cent. more than his ally. These Zouaves are first-rate foragers. You may see them in all directions, laden with eggs, meat, fish, vegetables (onions), and other good things, while our fellows can get nothing. Sometimes our servant is sent out to cater for breakfast or dinner: he returns with the usual "Me and the colonel's servant has been all over the town, and can get nothing but eggs and onions, Sir;" and lo! round the corner appears a red-breeched Zouave or Chasseur, a bottle of wine under his left arm, half a lamb under the other, and poultry, fish, and other luxuries dangling round him. "I'm sure I don't know how these French manages it, Sir," says the crestfallen Mercury, and retires to cook the eggs. But the French have established a *restaurant* for their officers, and at the "Auberge de l'Armée Expéditionnaire," close to General Bosquet's quarters, one can get a dinner which, after the black bread and eggs of the domestic hearth, appears worthy of Philippe. To show the reckless way in which the French treat their allies I may mention, that within view of the miserable room in which I write there lies a burial-ground, with its white headstones shining brightly in the sun amid the greensward. Right through the centre of this a fatigue party from a French regiment is driving a road to their camp, while horror-stricken Greeks, Moslems, and Jews stand by with upraised eyes and arms. There is no people on earth who pay such reverence to the departed as these Orientals; and it is scarcely possible to imagine what their feelings are as they see these stout, active little men, with pipe in mouth, shovelling away the bones and skulls of their ancestors to some favourite air of a popular camp opera. I have visited the spot, and have seen the mass of shattered skeletons sticking up through the black earth thrown up by the side of the new road. Whether any official notice has been taken of this act or not I am unable to say, but I know that in our general orders the greatest stress is laid on treating the Turks with proper respect, and both officers and men are strictly enjoined to pay every deference to "the most ancient and faithful of our allies." The soldiers appear to act in strict conformity with the spirit of these instructions. They buy

everything they want, but if any one takes a walk into the country he will see the fields dotted by stragglers from the French camp, tearing up hedgestakes, vines, and sticks for fuel, and looking out generally with eyes wide open for the *pot à feu*. The few wretched sheds here which are dignified with the names of "shops" are rendered all but useless by the number of holy days kept by the Greek church, for, the bulk of the shopkeepers being members of that body, there are closed shutters in the bazaar at this season four days out of the seven. With the exception of the *vivandières*, the French bring no women whatever with them. Will it be credited that the Malta authorities, acting, of course, on orders from home, have had the egregious folly to send out no less than ninety-seven women in the "Georgiana" to this desolate and miserable place, where men are hard set to live? The General, however, does not seem inclined to let them land, and it is to be hoped this indiscretion will not be repeated. They are now on board the ship, which is at anchor off the town. Two children were born during the voyage. The Lieutenant-General commanding the division is evidently actuated by a sincere desire to do all in his power for the comfort of the men, but he is also determined to secure their efficiency. If Sir George Brown had his way, however, I greatly fear that Rowland, Oldridge, and the whole race of bears'-grease manufacturers and pomade merchants, would have scant grace and no profit. No one under his command need dread the fate of Absalom. His hatred of hair is almost a mania. "Where there is much hair there is dirt, and where there is dirt there will be disease." That is an axiom on which is founded a vigorous war against all capillary adornments, and in vain engineers, exposed to all weathers, and staff-officers exhibit sore and bleeding lips; they must shave, no matter what the result is. The stocks, too, are to be kept up, stiff as ever. On the march of the Rifles to their camp at least one man fell out of the ranks senseless; immediate recovery was effected by the simple process of opening the stock. The General will not allow the little black pouches hitherto worn on the belt by officers. They are supposed to carry no pockets, and are not to open their shell jackets; and the question they very naturally ask is, "Does the General think we are to have no money?" By the new orders more stringent regulations are to be enforced about baggage, &c. Commanding officers of regiments are ordered to return to store all tents beyond the number of 90 which may be in their possession; the effect of this is that there will be no tent for either the advance or rear guard, and it would appear, too, that the subalterns do not receive the accommodation to which they are entitled according to the regulations of the army. But the order which has given the greatest dissatisfaction is that which provides that each officer must carry his own tent. They are warned to provide mules for that purpose, and to carry their baggage, but mules are not to be had at any price. The *arrière pensée*, in giving this order, may be to diminish as much as possible the weight of baggage, and, indeed, the General dispels any delusions

on this head with great vigour and precision. For hard fighting, close shaving, tight stocking, and light marching, commend me to Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown. A kinder man to the soldiers, or one who looks more to their rights, does not live, and I have no "but" to add to this praise.

The works at Bulari (Plajar), which are now being proceeded with by the troops, were planned by the French and English engineer officers before and at the time of Sir John Burgoyne's visit, with modifications suggested by General le Vaillant. Their character may be easily explained. The general outline of the Chersonese resembles the longitudinal section of a pear, the broad end being southwards, facing the Isle of Imbros and the Ægean Sea, the narrow end tapering away at Bulari till it swells into the continent north of Jasily, on the Sea of Marmora, and Kawak, on the Gulf of Saros. Along the centre of this peninsula a ridge of hills runs north and south as far as Bulari, where it terminates somewhat abruptly. The isthmus is here about two miles and three-quarters broad from the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Saros. Intrenchments and strong earthworks of a formidable nature will be cast up across this neck of land, so as to secure the Dardanelles completely against any *coup de main*, or any assault, except the successful advance of a regular army, with trains of artillery, &c. In the centre of these lines, within a short distance from the village of Bulari, it is intended to erect a strong pentagonal fortification to crown the works, and cover the flanks towards the sea. The Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Gulf of Saros, are all open to these works, and a very small force could hold them against an invading army, which would run the risk of having its communications cut off in the rear, and could be hampered on every side by an enemy in command of the sea.

SCUTARI BARRACKS, CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 15.

The "Himalaya" came into Gallipoli bay or harbour on Thursday last. Captain Kellock had his usual good fortune, and made a passage from Malta to this port of sixty-two hours. Just hear what she carried. Of the 33rd Regiment, she had 839 men; of the 41st Regiment, 799; of the crew, about 150—in a word, she bore within her iron ribs—men, women, and officers—a burden of more than 2100 souls.

The land as far as it could be seen was glittering white. The wind was keen to a degree, and we had but a sorry notion of the bulbul and the rose for living in such a climate. Nothing could be done in such weather, but the troops were gladdened by the news that, instead of encamping at Unkiar Skelessi, they were to be quartered in the splendid pile of buildings across the Bosphorus —the new barracks at Scutari.

The troops were landed this morning. Brigadier-General Adams was received by the Pasha with every mark of distinction, troops under arms and band playing, &c.; and all the Turkish soldiers were at once set to make pilaff for the new comers.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival of fresh transports and troops—Dear provisions, and cheating dealers—Picture of a bazaar—Military aspect of the town—French and English uniforms—Djemil Pasha—A Turkish constitutional reformer—Perilous adventure of "Our Own Correspondent."

GALLIPOLI, *April* 21.

ON Sunday last (16th April) the "Indus" and "Cambria" arrived off the Seraglio Point, Golden Horn, at ten, A.M., and after running up and down across its mouth proceeded to Unkiar Skelessi up the Bosphorus, about nine miles from Constantinople, not having received any orders from the authorities to land their troops, and acting in obedience to the general instructions of Sir George Brown to disembark the men at that latter station. As soon as it was known they had gone up, Captain Adams, Aid-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Adams, started after them, and succeeded late in the day in communicating with the ships, and commanding their return to Constantinople. The "Cambria" arrived the same evening at her moorings off the barracks at Scutari; but the "Indus," being disabled, did not reach the mouth of the Bosphorus till the following day. The regiments these vessels have on board, namely, the 77th and the 49th, will take up their quarters at the Scutari barracks. The "Niagara," with the 88th on board, reached Gallipoli on the morning of the 18th, and, on receipt of orders from the General, started for Constantinople also. The troops landed on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus are the 33rd, 41st, 49th, 77th, and 88th. We have at Gallipoli the 4th, 28th, 44th, 50th, 93rd, and Rifle Brigade, in all about 5000 men.

The French have been pouring in their troops in swarms. At present they must have 22,000 men in the neighbourhood of this place, and the narrow streets are almost impassable from the crowds of soldiers going and coming with ceaseless tramp. The Zouaves, from their picturesque costume, quite throw our men into the shade—all but their heads and shoulders, which rise in unmistakeable broadness above the fez caps of their Gallic allies. Even the Zouaves yield the prize of effectiveness to the Chasseurs Indigènes, or French Sepoys. These troops wear a white turban, loose powder-blue jackets, faced and slashed with yellow, embroidered vests with red sashes, and blue breeches, extremely wide and loose, so that they look like kilts falling to the knees, where they are confined by a band; the calf of the leg is encased in greaves of yellow leather with black stripes; and white gaiters, falling from the ankle over the shoe, complete this very striking uniform.

Provisions are dear, but in sufficient quantity, for the country begins to feel the pressure of the demand from without, and the pashas are indefatigable in providing for the wants of the army as far as possible. Every day long strings of camels laden with skins of coarse strong wine, raki, and corn may be seen stalking along

the dusty roads and filing through the dingy bazaar, and wild-looking countrymen with droves of little shaggy ponies troop in hour after hour to sell the produce they carry and the beasts that bear it. They are corrupted already, and have quite lost the simplicity of their mercantile notions. Instead of piastres they begin to demand lire, shillings, pounds, and Napoleons, and they display ingenuity in the art of selling horses and doctoring them that would do honour to Yorkshiremen. The coarse brown bread of the country is to be had at the bakers' shops early in the morning by those who are not so fortunate as to have rations, and after a little preparatory disgust is not quite uneatable. Wine, which was formerly two or three piastres (4d. or 5d.) a bottle as an outside price, is now sold for 1s. 6d. or 2s. Meat is bad and dear, the beef being very like coarse mahogany; the mutton is rather better, but very lean. Eggs are becoming scarce and dear, in consequence of the razzias of the army on the producing powers. Milk is an article of the highest luxury, and only seen on the tables of the great; and the only attempt at butter is rancid lard packed in strong-smelling camel's-hair bags. It is really wonderful that no Englishman has had sufficient enterprise to come out here with a stock of creature comforts and camp necessaries. One man has set up a shop, at which bad foreign beer is sold as English ale at 1s. 6d. a bottle; a hard old Yankee ham fetches about 20s.; brandy is very dear, scarce, and bad; bacon is not to be had, except by great good fortune and large outlay; and Dutch cheeses are selling at 8s. each. A stock of saddlery would be at once bought up at very remunerating rates to the importer; and there is scarcely an article of common use in England which could not be disposed of here at very considerable profit. The bazaar, which is a narrow lane, twisting and twining through the town, presents a curious scene from an early hour in the morning till sunset. This lane is lined on each side by wretched wooden houses, with the "front parlours" open to the street; overhead there is a covering of loose planks and staves of wood about twelve feet above the ground, and through the chinks and holes in this roof the sunlight falls brightly in patches on the variegated crowd below. So numerous are the holy days of the Greek church, which rivals in this respect the liberal arrangements of its Latin competitor, that on an average three-fourths of these parlours are closed every day, so that the number of shops open is comparatively few. Around those who are in a condition to carry on traffic there are assembled in their picturesque costumes motley groups of camp followers, Jews, Armenians, Greeks of the islands, Zouaves, Africans, riflemen, sappers, chasseurs, artillerymen, and soldiers' wives, engaged in varied purchases and intricate monetary arrangements. As change is very scarce, there is great difficulty in obtaining articles of small value, and I have seen a sum of 19s. made up in piastres, half-piastres, gold pieces of 5, 10, 20, and 50 piastres each, francs, soldi, lire, halfpence, sixpences, and zwanzigers, collected at several shops up and down the street. Imagine Mr. John Robinson, Patrick

Casey, or Saunders Macpherson, of her Majesty's 50th Regiment, suddenly plunged into such a mass of cheats and sharpers, who combine the avidity of the Jew with the subtlety of the Greek, and trying to purchase some little article of necessity or luxury with his well-saved sovereign, and you may guess how he suffers. "I expect at last they'll give me a handful of wafers for a sovereign," said a disconsolate sapper the other day, as he gazed on the dirty equivalent for a piece of English gold which he had received from an Israelite. The French by their tariff save the pockets of the men very considerably. We have no such arrangement, and suffer accordingly. Towards evening, when raki and wine have done their work, the crowds become more social and turbulent, and English and French may be seen engaged in assisting each other to preserve the perpendicular, or toiling off to their camps laden with bags of coffee, sugar, and rice, and large bottles of wine. At sunset patrols clear the streets, and take up any intoxicated stragglers they may find there or in the *cafés*, and when the brief twilight has passed away the whole town is left in silence and in darkness, except when the barking and yelping of the innumerable dogs which infest it wake up the echoes, and now and then the challenge of a distant sentry, or the trumpet calls of the camp fall on the ear. The little bay is alive with French shipping and boats. At this moment there are five line-of-battle ships and two steam frigates anchored in the roads, and more are expected to-morrow.

There seems to be a general impression among the French soldiers that it will be some time ere they leave Gallipoli or the Chersonese. They are in military occupation of the place. The tricolour floats from the old tower of Gallipoli. The *café* has been turned into an office—*Direction du Port et Commissariat de la Marine*. French soldiers patrol the town at night and keep the soldiery of both armies in order; of course we send out a patrol also, but the regulations of the place are directly organized at the French head-quarters, and even the miserable house which served as our *Trois Frères* or London Tavern, and where one could get a morsel of meat and a draught of country wine for dinner, is under their control. A notice on the walls of this *Restaurant de l'Armée Auxiliaire* informs the public that, *par ordre de la police Française*, no person will be admitted after seven o'clock in the evening. Officers arriving at a certain post on the quay are obliged to dismount by the sentries. Strict as their regulations are there is a good deal of drunkenness among the French soldiery, though perhaps it is not in excess of our proportion, considering the numbers of both armies. They have *fourgons* for the commissariat, and all through their quarter of the town you see the best houses occupied by their offices. On one door you read *Magasin des Liquides*, on another *Magasin des Distributions*. M. l'Aumonier de l'Armée Française resides on one side of the street; l'Intendant-Général, &c., on the other. Opposite the commissariat stores the other morning I was rather amused to see a score or two of sturdy Turks working away at neat little handmills

marked *Moulin de Café—Subsistence Militaire. No. A., Compagnie B.*, &c., and roasting the beans in large rotatory ovens,—these Mussulmans thus, with their usual gravity, preparing this refreshing preparation for the infidel Franks; and the place selected by the latter for the operation being a burial-ground, the turbaned tombstones of which seemed to frown severely on the degenerate posterity of the Osmanli. In fact, the French appear to act uniformly on the sentiment conveyed in the phrase of one of their officers, to whom I spoke about the veneration in which the Turks hold the remains of the dead—"*Mais il faut rectifier tous ces préjuges et barbarismes!*" Their engineers are working with great energy on the lines at our Chersonesian Torres Vedras at Bulari, and take the direction out of the hands of our officers to a greater extent than is quite agreeable to the latter. Indeed, I should not be surprised if we become tired of playing second fiddle here, and either make an effort to put in an extra string or two, or gracefully yield the field altogether to our gallant ally. The officers certainly would not dislike either of these changes. The force of French in and about Gallipoli amounts to 22,000 men. The greater number of these, such as the Chasseurs de Vincennes (1st and 3rd Regiments), the Zouaves, the Tirailleurs Indigènes (native Zouaves), and the Marines, of whom there are about 2000, are armed with rifles *à bal forcé*. Some little annoyances about horses and quarters arise now and then, for the French say our officers spoil the market by giving too much money for the poor animals brought in for sale from the country. Their own way of dealing in these matters is rather peculiar. If they want a place for any purpose of the army, a building, enclosure, or house, they go to the Turkish commission, and demand that it shall be given over to them, leaving the commissioners to arrange with the proprietors as they please. Thus the *café*, which is now turned into an office for the management of the harbour, was surrendered to them at discretion—the owner was turned out, and only receives a compensation of 800f. a month. The difficulties regarding quarters have chiefly arisen in the case of hospital accommodation. I mentioned in a former letter that Dr. Alexander had succeeded (by the aid of the Consul, Mr. Calvert) in obtaining very eligible buildings for the medical department, close to the Château d'Asia, on the Dardanelles. He brought down a guard of a corporal and four privates to keep possession; but it appears that the French authorities having a key which opened the back door of one of those buildings, turned the sentry out, and held it on the plea that Sir George Brown consented to surrender it to them. It remains yet to be seen who are the real owners of these premises. The French would have hoisted the tricolor but for the expostulation of the Consul. The greatest cordiality exists between the chiefs of the armies. Sir George Brown and some of his staff dine one day with General Canrobert; another day with General Martimprey; another day the drowsy shores of the Dardanelles are awakened by the thunders of the French cannon saluting him as he goes on board Admiral Bruat's flagship to accept the hospi-

talities of the naval commander; and then on alternate days the dull old alleys of Gallipoli are brightened up by an apparition of these officers and their staffs in full uniform, clanking their spurs and jingling their sabres over the excruciating rocks which form the pavement as they proceed on their way to the humble quarters of "Sir Brown," to sit at return banquets. The natives very much prefer the French uniform to ours. To their eyes there can be no more effeminate object than a warrior in a shell jacket, with closely shaven chin and lip, and cropped whiskers. He looks, in fact, like one of their dancing troops, and cuts a sorry figure beside a great Gaul in his blazing red pantaloons and padded frock, epaulettes, beard *d'Afrique*, and well-twisted moustache. The Pashas think much of our men, but they are not struck with our officers. The French make an impression quite the reverse. The Turks see nothing in the men, except that they think the Zouaves and Tirailleurs Indigènes dashing-looking fellows; but they consider their officers superior to ours in all but exact discipline. It must be admitted one sometimes is astonished at the way in which the privates in the streets behave before their officers. The other day, as a man of the 4th was standing quietly before the door of the English Consulate, with a horse belonging to an officer of his regiment, some drunken French soldiers came reeling up the street before me; one of them kicked the horse, and caused it to rear violently; and, not content with doing so, struck it on the head as he passed. Several French officers were close beside me, and never offered to interfere; but one of them, speaking to the soldier, exclaimed, "Why did not you cut the brigand over the head with your whip when he struck the horse?" The Englishman was not a master of languages, and did not understand the question; but when it was explained to him, he said with the most sovereign contempt, "Lord forbid I'd touch sich a poor drunken little baste of a crayture as that!"

The Turkish commission have a troublesome time of it. All kinds of impossible requisitions are made to them every moment. Osman Bey, Eman Bey, and Kabouli Effendi, are the martyred triumvirate, who are kept in a state of unnatural activity and excitement by the constant demands of the officers of the allied armies for all conceivable stores, luxuries, and necessaries for the troops, as well as for other things over which they have no control. One man has a complaint against an unknown Frenchman for beating his servant—another wants them to get lodgings for him—a third wishes them to send a cavass with self and friends on a shooting excursion—in fact, very unreasonable and absurd requests are made to these poor gentlemen, who can scarcely get through their legitimate work, in spite of the aid of numberless pipes and cups of coffee. I was present the other day when one of the medical officers here went to make a requisition for hospital accommodation, and I must say they got through the business very well. When it was over, the President descended from the divan. In the height of your delusions respecting Oriental magnificence and splendour, led away by reminiscences of *Tales of the*

Genii and the *Arabian Nights*, do not imagine that this divan was covered with cloth of gold or glittering with precious stones. It was clad in a garb of honest Manchester print, with those remarkable birds of prey or pleasure in green and yellow plumage depicted thereupon, which are familiar to us from our earliest days. The council chamber is a room of lath and plaster, with whitewashed walls; its sole furniture a carpet in the centre, the raised platform or divan round its sides, and a few chairs for the Franks. The President advanced gravely to the great Hakim, and, through the interpreter, made him acquainted with particulars of a toothache, for which he desired a remedy. The doctor insinuated that his Highness must have had a cold in the head, from which the symptoms had arisen, and the diagnosis was thought so wonderful it was communicated to the other members of the Council, and produced a marked sensation. When he had ordered a simple prescription, he was consulted by the other members in turn; one had a sore chin, the other had weak eyes, and the knowledge evinced by the doctor of these complaints excited great admiration and confidence, so that he departed, after giving some simple prescriptions, amid marks of much esteem and respect. Djemel Pasha, who commands the pashalic of the Dardanelles, and who is here at present on the business of the army, is a very enlightened Turk, and possesses a fund of information and a grasp of intellect not at all common among his countrymen, even in the most exalted stations. He is now busily engaged on a work on the constitution of Turkey, in which he proposes to remodel the existing state of things completely. He has been much struck by the notion of an hereditary aristocracy, which he considers very suitable for Turkey, and is quite fascinated by our armorial bearings and mottoes, as he thinks them calculated to make members of a family act in such a way as to sustain the reputation of their ancestors. Talking of the intended visit of the Sultan to Adrianople, he said, the other day, that it was mere folly. If the Sultan went as his martial ancestors—surrounded by his generals—to take the command of his armies and share the privations of his soldiers, he granted it would be productive of good, and inflame the ardour of his soldiery; but it would produce no beneficial result to visit Adrianople with a crowded Court, and would only lead to a vast outlay of money in repairing the old palace for his reception, and in conveying his officers of State, his harem, and his horses and carriages to a city which had ceased to be fit for an imperial residence. He is very much of the opinion of General Canrobert, who, at the close of a splendid reception by the Pashas, at Constantinople, in which pipes mounted with diamonds and begemmed coffee-cups were handed about by a numerous retinue, said, "I am much obliged by your attention, but you will forgive me for saying I should be much better pleased if all these diamonds and gold were turned into money to pay your troops, and if you sent away all these servants of yours, except two or three, to fight against your enemy!" Djemel Pasha declares there is no good in tanzimats or in new laws, unless steps be taken to carry

them out and administer them. The Pashas in distant provinces will never give them effect until they are forced to do so, and therefore it will be necessary, in his opinion, to have the Ambassadors of the great Powers admitted as members of the Turkish Council of State for some years, in order that these reforms may be productive of good. The Koran he considers as little suitable to be the basis and textbook of civil law now in Turkey, as the Old Testament would be in England. It will be long indeed ere the doctrines of this enlightened Turk prevail among his countrymen, and when they do the Osmanlis will have ceased to be a nation. The prejudices of the true believers are but little shaken, notwithstanding recent events. The genuine old green-turbaned Turk views our intervention with suspicion, and attributes our polluting presence on his soil to interested motives, which aim at the overthrow of the faith. You see it in their leaden eyes as they fall on you through the clouds of tobacco smoke from the *kahns* or *cafés*. You are still a giaour, whom Mahomet has forced into his service, but care must be taken that you do not gain any advantage at the hands of the faithful. One of the Beys here was greatly puzzled the other day with respect to a very simple matter. He was told that chaplains had arrived for the forces, and soon afterwards a reverend gentleman happened to pass by his window riding quietly down the street. It was explained to him that this was the Protestant chaplain. Soon afterwards a gentleman in a wide hat, with a revolver in a broad black belt, and his legs cased in long patent leather riding-boots, mounted on a handsome charger, and attended by a cavass, pranced past, and the Pasha was informed this was the Roman Catholic chaplain. His astonishment was great, nor was it at all satisfactory to be forced to illustrate the difference between the creeds by a reference to the distinction existing in the Mahomedan faith between Sunnees and Sheahs. These things are inexplicable to the Turks, but they are so suspicious a people that it is better to attempt any kind of answer than to baffle or evade their questions. If their professions are to be relied on, they prefer us very much to the French, which is natural; for the latter are far the most numerous, and therefore give the Turks more trouble than we do. They yield very readily, however, to the French authorities, and evince great alacrity in complying with their requests. The commission, indeed, appear to look on the management of our allies as very cognate to the established Turkish rule of the old time. If a native brings in a horse, the French *remonte* officers settle the price, and the owner is compelled by the commission to accept it, whatever it may be. In this way a horse for which an English officer was bargaining last week was taken away by our allies, and put into their stable, at a sum lower than that which the former had offered. These are necessary evils and very small ones, nor are they to be considered as in any great degree detracting from the value of the excellent understanding and perfect military co-operation of the two armies.

The life of an "Own Correspondent" is not all *couleur de rose*

here. He is not always living in a fine chamber, well ventilated through the floor and walls, with extended views of the country through the holes in the sloping roof. He has not always a breakfast of nice brown bread and goat's milk, and of strong eggs, to be had after a little forage through the town, and a few struggles in languages with the merchants, nor does he feast sumptuously every day on ethereal beef and ration biscuit, washed down with raki. I will just relate, in the simplest possible language, what happened last Palm Sunday to a special correspondent on the waters of Gallipoli. The "Golden Fleece" disembarked her cargo of troops on the previous Saturday, but the individual in question had not succeeded in routing an old Greek woman, five children, and an army of hens and very bellicose geese out of his chambers in time to occupy them, and for that and other reasons, some of them connected with a regard to his personal comfort, he slept on board the vessel. It was a wise man who first propounded the axiom that you should never sleep on board a ship when you can by any possibility sleep on shore. Especially true is it in these latitudes. After midnight a violent gale of wind arose from the north, and the "Golden Fleece" dragged her anchor, and ran down some miles from her moorings, till she brought up at a considerable distance below Gallipoli, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. Her captain, who had received orders from the General to return to Malta early in the morning, burned with all the ardour of a marine commander to make a speedy voyage. At five o'clock, A.M., therefore, when our special correspondent, who had been promised a boat to shore, came on deck, he was informed that the orders were that he was to be left on board the nearest vessel, as it would take a long time to send a boat to Gallipoli in the violent headwind and high sea prevailing at the time. It was not an agreeable announcement—the morning was bitterly cold, a strong breeze from the north tore up the surface of the Dardanelles in sheets of foam, and the heavy grey sky gave no promise of lull or sunshine. The white minarets of Gallipoli stood out far away behind the steamer against a mass of dark clouds; the shores on each side of the straits presented a line of foam; and in the roadstead were only a few small brigs and schooners, riding heavily, and plunging their bows into the waves till the spray rose in sheets over the deck. Close in shore and all snug were the French men-of-war, but they were two or more miles away, under the shelter of Gallipoli. The nearest vessel happened to be a stout brig, painted a bluish grey with gilt streak, which lay within a couple of hundred yards of the "Golden Fleece." The boat of the steamer had some difficulty in getting up to the ladder from under the counter, so strong were wind and sea; but at last her crew of lads got her up, and the correspondent and his baggage were embarked in her. A few minutes brought them alongside the brig—not a soul was to be seen. About six feet above the water, and as many from the top of her bulwarks, hung a crazy old boat over the side, and as soon as they had managed to get under her the men hoisted the correspondent's baggage into this

boat; he contrived to get in after them by watching the rise of the sea, and the jolly-boat, or whatever she was, made way to return to the "Golden Fleece." As the brig's boat held a good deal of water, the correspondent busied himself in arranging his property on the thwarts, and then applied himself to the task of climbing up from the boat into the vessel. The instant he laid hold of the rope to do so, it came slack into his hand—it had been loosed on deck—and at the same moment a villanous face was thrust over the side of the brig, the hideous mouth of which said—"We Greek! No Inglis! You go way! We in quarantin!" The correspondent called out to the officer in charge of the boat of the "Golden Fleece," which was struggling against the head-wind near the brig, and told him what the man said. He heard, and said he would tell the captain—his men gave way, and as he watched their progress the correspondent was the cynosure of the neighbouring eyes of some half-dozen of the most ill-looking dogs that ever came from the Morea, who peered at him malignantly as he stood shivering in the cold and spray, in the open boat, suspended 'twixt sky and water, over the ship's side, and pitching and tossing as she plunged to her anchors. He watched the boat most anxiously, and saw her pull under the stern of the "Golden Fleece" after a tough row; then came a delay full of suspense to the correspondent, and, judge his feelings, when he saw the tackles lowered and the boat hoisted away up to the davits! Still he could not think that any persons of ordinary feeling or humanity would leave a fellow creature in such a predicament without an effort, and the correspondent expected every instant to see the gig lowered away and a good stout boat's crew come to take him off. The shifting of the vessel as she rolled in the seaway hid the "Golden Fleece" at times from his sight, and each time that she was lost to view he imagined her hands busied in pulling a boat to aid him, but the next lurch showed her with her boats hanging from the davits, her men busied only in preparing for sea. When the Greeks saw the boat hoisted up and the signals of the correspondent disregarded, they became very insulting, putting out their tongues, pointing to the sea, and making believe they would tilt their boat into it, and at last, finding they were not minded in the smallest degree, they pulled in all the loose ropes and disappeared. This looked very ugly; the cold was intense—the sea water drenching—and so the correspondent, albeit rather stout, shinned up the davit tackle and got on the bulwark. He was stopped there, however, by a sailor in fur cap and sheepskin jacket, who plainly intimated he would not let him on board. As the fellow evidently relied on the assistance of six or seven others who were crouching about the deck, having been roused up, most likely, when the boat came alongside, the correspondent saw that force would not avail—his pistols, indeed, were, as they generally are when wanted, in an obscure recess of his portmanteau. It would never do to stand swaying to and fro in the cold on the top of a narrow bulwark. If Demosthenes, speaking very bad Italian, could have been urged to extraordinary eloquence

by such circumstances, he might have emulated the orations addressed to his countrymen on the present occasion by the luckless and shivering Briton. They were deaf to them all, however; but one practical ruffian at last asked "*Kew-antey volete darce?*" and the tender of a Napoleon for the privilege of leaping on the deck made in reply was accepted, after a delay of some minutes, which seemed hours to the sufferer. The money was given and the donor leaped down on deck; but it was only to find himself in greater danger, or at least in a more threatening position, for the Greeks thronged round him, and with the most murderous grins, intended for civil smiles, pressed lovingly around his pockets and felt the contents as well as they could by furtive passes, inviting him at the same time to descend by a hole in the deck down into their agreeable *salon* under the forecastle. As there could be but little doubt of the interested nature of their hospitality, these offers were firmly rejected, and the unfortunate party proceeded to make a last appeal to the "Golden Fleece," by climbing up on the bowsprit as well as he could in his famished and half-frozen state, and waving his handkerchief to the crew. The signal could be, and no doubt was, distinctly seen; but no notice was taken of it. All the time the unfortunate was displaying the little square of white cambric, the Greeks were clustered at the foremast watching whether a boat would be sent off or not. At length, a volume of spray flashed up from the stern of the "Golden Fleece"—it was the first turn of her screw—another and another followed, and the steamer, gathering way, shot athwart the bows of the brig, and made right down the Dardanelles for the sea. The Greeks muttered to each other, and one fellow, with a very significant sneer, pointing to the vessel as she rapidly increased her distance, said:—"No mind, John—come down—we good men! Bono! Bono!" As an illustration of the goodness of his men, the correspondent observed, however, that some of his compatriots were paying their addresses to a deal case which he had taken from the vessel full of things that could not be had at Gallipoli, and, as the top was frail, there could be no doubt of their success. Pillage looked badly, for no one can say where it ends, once begun; and so the proprietor descended from his elevated position on the bowsprit, and redoubled his entreaties for a boat to the shore. The Greeks shook their heads, and grumbled and grunted angrily, getting closer around him, till at last one very ill-looking dog, coming close up alongside, laid hold of the black leather case of the racing glass, which hung by a strap over the shoulder of their unwelcome visitor, evidently thinking that it contained arms. The correspondent, excited by the conversation he was carrying on with another of the crew, and indignant at such an outrage, shoved off the fellow with a thrust of his elbow, and, as the vessel gave a little heel over at the same time, sent him reeling up against the bulwark. He thrust his hand into his sash, and catching hold of his knife, made a rush at the Englishman, swearing horribly as he did so; but one of his companions caught him by the wrist. As there was an

evident disposition to take his part among the majority of the crew, and as the incident had produced a general and very disagreeable sensation among the seven or eight ruffians around him, our correspondent prepared for the worst. It suddenly occurred to him that it did not seem as if any man of a superior class who could command such a vessel was among the men, and he passed quickly through the crew, and walking aft with an eye well over his shoulder, made for the cabin. The crew followed, but as soon as he gained the companion, he dived below, and was greeted by the sight of the captain fast asleep in his berth. As he tried to explain to him the object and reason of his unceremonious intrusion in his best Italian, the correspondent was interrupted by the captain saying, in very fair vernacular, but little marked by a foreign accent, "Speak English, I understand better." He flew into a violent rage on being told the cause of the intrusion—said he was going to sea in half an hour—that he had been driven from Constantinople without papers by the help of the English and French, and might be seized as a pirate by any ship of war—that the English had ruined him and his men, had helped the Turks to murder them and oppress them, and yet called themselves Christians; that he would give no boat to the shore—had no boat to give, even if disposed to do so, and that the Englishman might get out of the ship his own way as he contrived to get into it, adding that if he (the captain) was an Englishman, he would sooner die a hundred deaths, or drown in the sea, than board a Greek vessel or ask aid from a Greek sailor. The prospect of being carried out to sea and knocked on the head *en route* to some classically barbarous hole, was now very painfully suggested. A few turns of the windlass, the gaskets cast off the foretopsail, and the brig would have flown down the boisterous Dardanelles like an arrow. Who could prevent it? Who could even tell what had become of the hapless Briton whom the captain of the steamer had sent on board a vessel anchored in the Dardanelles at half-past five o'clock one spring morning, in half a gale of wind? There was no eye but one to behold any tragedy that might have been enacted on the deck of that lonely brig, and it might have been perpetrated with the greatest impunity, for no human hand was near to stay it. As the captain had positively refused to have anything to do with the Englishman, and had gone so far in his rage as to spit on the deck and trample on it, when, in reply to questions, he said he had been in England, "Oh! too often! too often!" there was evidently nothing for it but to "await the course of events." The crew held a consultation among themselves, and one of their number came aft to the captain, and had an angry discussion with him. A steamer visible through the haze, running down from the Sea of Marmora towards Gallipoli, was frequently pointed to, and reference was also made again and again to the ships closer into the town by both captain and sailor, while the crew seemed to watch the result with much interest. The Englishman had not lost sight of the fact that some bottles of *his* sherry had disappeared from the case, and had evidently been drunk by

the crew, and there is no doubt but that he too evinced a good deal of anxiety as to the dialogue, in which both the actors tossed about their arms, rolled their eyes, and stamped their feet like madmen. As he was craning his neck to listen, the captain roared out, "Go forward there. What for you listen to me, eh?" This was too much, and so the correspondent, taking advantage of their evident dread of the steamers ahead, said, "Come, come, my good man, keep a civil tongue in your head; remember, there are English ships at anchor near (there was not one), "and that there are English soldiers on shore, and if you insult me it will be the saddest day you ever knew." The steamer from the Bosphorus was all this time coming down closer, and may be supposed to have entered into the calculations of these worthies, who were evidently influenced besides by the threat implied in our friend's speech, and by the quiet way in which he took a seat on the deck under the lee of the bulwark. The captain and the delegate walked forward to the men, and away went eyes, and feet, and arms again. At length the captain returned, and said that though he felt very much the affront of being boarded in that way without his consent by an Englishman, he had prevailed on his men to try and take me in the boat, which was small and bad for such a sea, to an Italian brigantine which lay anchored to leeward, and, though he would not touch a penny of money belonging to such a people, his men were poor and had no choice but to go, if they were well paid. The Englishman said he would give a Napoleon for the service (he would gladly have given ten if put to it at the time), and the Greek seemed to consider it liberal. After a fresh "row" with the men, some of whom absolutely refused to go with the boat, the captain succeeded in persuading four of them to go over the side; the Englishman followed with a heart full of thankfulness, though the boat was indeed small and bad, and the sea ran high, and after a hard struggle the crew pulled clear of the bows, and were battling with the full force of the short thick waves that broke on all sides. It was a fight for life, but anything was better than the brig and the prowling pirates on board her. Many times the men were about to give up and return to their ship, but the loss of the Napoleon and the fear of the shore deterred them, and after tumbling and plunging about for a much longer time than was pleasant the boat ran under the stern of the Italian brigantine, *La Minerva*, of Genoa. The captain, seeing a boat put off from the Greek, manned by four very unprepossessing-looking people (I don't know what the fifth, who sat in the stern of the wretched craft, drenched to the skin, cold, and hungry, looked like), became reasonably frightened, and shrieked frantically over the taffrail, "*Che mandate? Che volete, Signori?*" The principal signor was too much occupied with the desire to get on board to reply; a rope hung over the side, and, seizing hold of it as the boat rose on a wave, the correspondent, regardless of barked shins, swung himself off from her, and with desperate energy struggled up the side till he stood breathless and exhausted before the frightened master and his astonished crew. A few words

set all to rights. The good Italian received the stranger with open arms, and saw that instant steps were taken to secure his luggage from the boat. His boat, he said, would not live in such a sea, and indeed he had given the Greeks over several times, though conscious they were especially protected in a certain quarter, when he saw them descend into the trough of the sea; but though he was only waiting for the breeze to moderate a little in order to weigh anchor and sail for Genoa, he would remain there till the sea went down, and till a shore boat came off. He was very indignant, though not surprised, when he learned the way in which the Greeks had acted, and, taking down his glass, he made out the name on her side, in gilt letters—blank something Νικολαυς. As he was looking the Greek loosed his topsails, and, gathering way like a bird, flew lightly down the Dardanelles and was out of sight, round a point of land, in a few minutes. Heaven help the stranger who may ever fall into their hands, out of range of eye or in blue water! In the course of the morning the wind abated and the sea went down; the boat was manned with six stout Genoese, and the Englishman and good Captain Ogile parted on the deck of the "Minerva" as only old friends sever, and it was with a thankful heart the correspondent scrambled up on the crazy planks of the beach of Gallipoli, and sought the shelter and hospitality of the English commissariat.

CHAPTER VII.

Movements of the Allied troops—Fire in a Turkish town—Postal irregularities—The scenery around Gallipoli—Arrival of Lord Raglan and Prince Jerome Napoleon—Entrenched camp at Bulari.

GALLIPOLI, *April* 26.

SINCE the despatch of my last letter we have had several visits from Generals of Brigade on their way to the quarters at Constantinople, an increase of the French forces, a fire, the actual employment of the troops in casting up earthworks at Bulari, and a few cases of corporal punishment among the soldiery. Beyond Gallipoli we know nothing; and, so inert are the people and so limited the means of intercourse between us and them, that it is only by accident one hears anything at all, and one street is ignorant of what takes place in another.

The "Niagara," with the 88th Regiment, passed up to Constantinople last week, after a fair passage. On Friday, the 21st, the 7th Fusileers arrived on board the "Orinoco," and proceeded onwards to Constantinople, after stopping a short time to communicate with the General here. On the 22nd, Sir De Lacy Evans and staff passed on, after a short delay, on their way up the Dardanelles, in the "City of London." On Sunday, the 23rd inst., the "Emperor Nicholas" went by Gallipoli early in the morning, with Sir R. England and staff on board, on their way to Constantinople. Later in the day the "Trent," with the 23rd Regiment, the "Tonning," with Brigadiers Eyre, Sir C. Campbell, and Pennefather,

Captain Cunninghame and staff, and the "Medway," with the 95th Regiment, arrived, and after a short delay went on to Constantinople. Brigadier Eyre, Lieutenant Graham, Brigade-Major Hope and staff remain here, to act under Sir George Brown.

One most memorable social event, however, took place last Saturday morning. The previous Friday was the Good Friday of the Greeks, and they kept it as is their wont on a great festival, staying up late and feasting and revelling in much festivity. We were kept awake by their shouting for many an hour, for it was less musical and louder than the barking of the dogs. It was late, therefore—about 9 o'clock in the morning—when, in the middle of a comfortable sleep, we were awakened by Assistant-Surgeon Irwin, of the 28th, who slept in a den in the next room with Captain Mansell, of the same regiment, rushing in and exclaiming—"Get up! get up! Alexander's house is on fire!" The house in which the principal medical officer lived was on the other side of the street, about three houses lower down. On running to the window, Major Dickson, who shared the room of the lath and mud shed in which I lived, discovered that the alarm was only too true. Flames were issuing through the windows of Papa Zonani's residence, and the Greek population out of the lanes and miserable hovels of the town were gazing idly on the scene, while those who lived on either side of the wooden mansion were removing their effects as rapidly as possible. A fire in a Turkish town is no joke. The houses are like lucifer matchboxes, and the only thing that saved half the place, despite the efforts of the French, was the calmness of the morning. The Major in his excitement dashed his hand through a pane of glass, and shouted out, "Get up and bundle out your things, or we're done for." It was time indeed, for the fire seemed fed with oil, and blazed away fearfully. The Turks stroked their beards, and considered that the will of God was directly concerned in the destruction of the premises, while the Greeks wrung their hands, and did nothing more. A jump out of bed and a rush at the few spare articles of clothing lying about followed, and then commenced a rapid flight down stairs into a garden of onions and garlic at the rear of the house, which seemed especially formed for a refuge for us. There were in the house Mr. Irwin, of the 28th, Captain Mansell, the 28th, Major Collingwood Dickson, R.A., two soldiers of the 28th, servants of the officers, myself, an old woman, several children, cocks, hens, &c., and immediately a secession of *lares* and *penates* to this land of refuge was begun by all of us; beds, coats, trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, were hurled down the stairs, and fierce struggles took place for precedence in the narrow passage, while the old Greek and the children howled dismally as they flew about with pipkins and spinning reels and inexplicable chattels. In the middle of all our confusion a heavy tramp was heard in the street—the door of our house was burst open, and in rushed a body of French infantry in fatigue dress, shouting out, "*Cassez tous, cassez tous; il faut rompre la maison!*" However, it was explained to them that this necessity was not absolute, and that it would be much better for them to

devote themselves to saving our property. They at once assented, and, rushing on the various things in the room, transported them with incredible activity into the garden. Their comrades outside were as energetic as demons. They mounted on the roofs of the houses next to the burning mansion, smashed in the tiles, destroyed the walls, and left them a mass of ruins in as little time as it takes me to write these lines. The bravery, system, and agility of these fine fellows were beyond all praise. They saved the quarter of the town, for there was little water, and the few small hand-engines were of little service. The marines and sailors of the "Jean Bart" and "Montebello" were landed very speedily, and helped to extinguish the flames, and when our troops came into the town there was nothing left for them to do. The Doctor's house was burnt to the ground in less than half-an-hour, and two others, as well as the greater part of the hospital were destroyed. Several of the French soldiers were hurt severely in their gallant efforts, but no lives were lost. The fire originated in the apartments of the Greek priest. There was no pillage, as the French guards prevented it. The only mischief, beyond the destruction of property in the houses, the loss of twenty pounds' worth of Dr. Alexander's effects, and the fright, was that our room was rendered less habitable than before, and we are now living in a tent pitched on the onions, which would form a very agreeable residence for an enthusiastic entomologist, but is by no means agreeable, these cold and windy nights, to unscientific individuals.

May 1.

Since the arrival of Brigadier-General Eyre and staff, each of the regiments stationed here has been inspected on successive mornings. All of these inspections have been considered satisfactory, with the exception of that of the 28th Regiment, which was reviewed yesterday. Sir George Brown found fault with the regiment in several particulars, and ordered it to be paraded again for inspection at half-past 8 o'clock this morning. The "Vulcan," with the Coldstreams on board, arrived early yesterday morning, and proceeded up to Constantinople, after a very brief delay, to communicate with the authorities on shore. The Grenadiers and Fusileers have already gone on, as I stated in my last letter. Brigadier Eyre gives his men no rest. The 44th (to whom the General paid a compliment on their efficient condition), the 28th, and 4th are under arms daily at 5½ a.m. The Brigadier is always at the camp soon after dawn, and they may think themselves lucky if they get released after three hours' drill and marching. The men are getting into fine working order, in spite of the weather. It would be well, however, if there was a little more attention paid to their comforts by the home authorities. Where is all the beer at 3*d.* a quart, and pale ale for officers at 4*d.* a quart—where the preserved potatoes and potted meats, of which we have heard so much, and have seen so little, and have tasted nothing? The supplies of rum are very uncertain. Sometimes the ration beef is quite uneatable; it is so green and nasty the men have to throw it away, and their rambles through the

French camp, where they see plenty of coffee, sugar, rice, &c., make them discontented and grumbling. The post-office department, too, is very unsatisfactory, and shows very ill when compared with that of the French army, which is perfection. Just take an example:—A number of letters to various regiments arrives at Malta, each letter has been sent on there with a shilling postage paid or to be paid. At Malta a bag is up for the English camp and put on board a French steamer. It is carried on here in bulk, and the French authorities refuse to open the bag or to deliver the letters till the entire postage, of (say) 3*l.* or 4*l.* is paid. The Adjutant-General, in his kindness and desire to oblige the troops, pays the sum, and when the bag is opened it is found to contain a few letters and newspapers, the average postage on each of which is upwards of 2s. more. Recently a bag of this kind was taken on to Constantinople, and the letters were sent thence to Gallipoli back again. Old newspapers and circulars were delivered to the officers on payment of 1*s.* 7*d.* each, and letters on the payment of 3*s.* 2*d.* I know one gentleman who paid about 11*s.* for a bundle of old newspapers. Surely this is an evil that ought to be redressed at home.

Æolus must have taken up his abode somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli since he removed his Court from Lipari. The unseasonable rapidity with which he opens his bags, and the violence with which he sends forth the sharpest and most truculent of all the winds to sweep over the hills around this miserable spot, would satisfy Juno in her most indignant mood if the place was a Trojan colony. The extraordinary suddenness of these changes and the excessive variations of temperature are very trying to the men in camp, but it is gratifying to learn that the average of illness and disease is rather below that of most camps in ordinary circumstances. The sun rises, perchance, from behind the hills of Asia Minor without a cloud to mar his splendour; the Sea of Marmora, bounded by the faint blue lines of the highlands of Asia and the distinctive sweep of the European coast, spreads out towards the north-west like a sheet of burnished silver; the Dardanelles flows swiftly between the contracted channel as smoothly as the Thames in summer time by the pleasant meads of Chertsey. There is a rich sylvan look about the scenery, for at a distance the hills around Lampsaki, across the straits, appear to be dotted with verdant lawns and plantations; and the outline of the high grounds, rising tier after tier till they are capped by the lofty range which stretches along the background from Ida in the Troad, is subdued and regular. The villages built in the recesses of the hills and in the little bays and creeks of the straits, with all the enchantment of distance, look clean and picturesque —the dark groves of cypress casting into bright relief the white-wash of the houses, and the tall shafts of minarets standing out gracefully from the confused mass of roofs, gables, masts, yards, and sails by the seaside. Further south the coasts close in abruptly, and the straits look like a long Highland loch. The land around Gallipoli on the European side of the straits is more

bleak and more level. Indeed, for miles around the town (except towards the south, where there is a very small table land with patches of trees), and all the way across to the Gulf of Saros, the country resembles very much the downs about Brighton. It is nearly as destitute of wood or plantations. The soil, which is light but deep and rather sandy, produces excellent crops, but bears no trees, except a few figs and olives. The vines, which are planted in rows, not trailed as in Italy, are abundant, and the grape yields a rich, full, and generous wine which is highly esteemed. Into the soil, which is just scratched up by ploughs rather inferior to those described by Virgil 1800 years ago, the dejected, wretched rayahs are busied throwing the corn and barley seed; and as the slow steers or huge lumbering buffaloes pace along the furrows, they are followed by a stately army of storks, which march gravely at the very heels of beast and ploughman, and engage themselves busily in destroying the grubs and larvæ. On all the heights around glisten the white tents of French or English, and here and there the eye rests on their serrated lines on the slope of some pleasant valley, or lights on the encampment of some detached party posted in a recess of the hills. Faint clouds of dust, through which may be seen the glistening of steel and dark masses of uniform, blur the landscape here and there, and betray the march of troops along the sandy roads, which are exactly like those worn by the tramp of men and horses through Chobham-common, and have neither fence, boundary, metal, nor drainage. In an incredibly short time the whole aspect of the scene is changed. A violent storm of wind rushes over the face of the sea and straits, lashing them into fury, and sending the Turkish boats flying with drooping peaks to the shelter of the shore—the coast is obscured by masses of black clouds, which burst into torrents of rain resembling tropical water-spouts. The French men-of-war in the bay send down top-masts, and the merchantmen run out cable and let go another anchor; the rayahs plod across the fields, and crouch in holes and corners till the storm abates; and the luckless troops on their march are covered with mud in a moment by the action of the rain on the dust which has fallen upon them, and then they have to trudge along through slush and filth till they gain their tents. In such times as these canvas is a sorry shelter—the pegs draw from the loose soil, and let in wind and rain. On Saturday last tents were blown down by such a storm as this in all directions. In the two English camps about twenty were down at the same time, and exposed the men to all the drenching storm. Lady Errol's tent was one of these, and her ladyship had to crawl from under the dripping canvas through the slush in most sorry plight.

May 2.

Lord Raglan, accompanied by Lord de Ros, Quartermaster-General, and staff, Mr. Burrell, P.M.O., Dr. Tice, &c., arrived at noon in the Bay of Gallipoli, on board the "Emeu." Although expected for several days past, it so happened that no one was in

waiting to receive him. The General, Sir G. Brown, his Brigadier-General, Colonel Eyre, and staff, had gone out early in the morning to inspect the 28th and the other regiments of the Eastern camp. Colonel Sullivan, Deputy Adjutant-General, and Captain Halliwell, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, had also ridden out of the town to look after various matters connected with the arrangement of the camps. When Lord Raglan landed, therefore, he had full time to look about him, and form a notion of the capabilities of Gallipoli. He proceeded to the General's quarters, and when Sir George returned they had a long interview. Lord Raglan visited Admiral Bruat on board his flagship, and was received with the usual salute, which was repeated on his departure. He sailed that night for the Bosphorus. On Saturday Prince Jerome Napoleon arrived. The town was shaken by the Imperial salute of 101 guns from each of the five French line-of-battle ships. He left the ship for the shore in a storm of wind, under a similar salute, which frightened the Greeks out of their lives.

May 6:

The works at the intrenched camp at Bulari are progressing with such speed that our portion of them will be finished by this day fortnight at farthest. The emulation between the French and English troops at the diggings is immense, and at the same time most good-humoured. As was stated in a former letter, these lines are about seven miles long, and about two and three-quarters or three miles are executed by our men. They are at present simple field works, running along the crest of a natural ridge, from the Gulf of Saros to the Sea of Marmora. They consist of a trench seven feet deep; the bottom from scarp to counterscarp six feet broad; the top thirteen feet broad. There is then a berm of three feet wide, above which is the parapet of earthwork (which will be revetted in due course) of five feet thick, a banquette three feet six inches broad, and a slope inside of one in two.

Drunkenness continues to be the great evil of the allied army. In one company of the 93rd regiment upwards of twenty men were brought up on one morning at the camp to answer for this offence. A huge gaunt Highlander, who had been fraternizing with some Zouaves, presented a ludicrous appearance on coming up before his officers. He had, in the height of his convivial good fellowship, exchanged the greater portion of his dress with an African soldier, and when morning brought recollection he must have been rather horrified to find himself in a fez cap, a blue jacket embroidered with red worsted, a bright blue sash round his waist, and enormous Dutch-built scarlet pantaloons flapping about his legs. He had forgotten the yellow leather greaves, and when he was ordered up he displayed the plaid hose of his regiment beneath the gay nether garment of the French soldier. What became of the corresponding Zouave, who must have made rather a sensation among his comrades when he appeared before them in kilt and coatee, has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but the wo-begone, sheepish, and utterly prostrate look of the High-

lander, as he presented himself in his borrowed wardrobe, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The "fraternizing" is so vigorous and cordial that it is really rather a nuisance to commanding officers of regiments.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival of the Duke of Cambridge and Marshal St. Arnaud—Review of the French troops—Review of the English forces—Physical inconveniences—Efficiency sacrificed to precision—Turkish Spahis, wild, picturesque fellows.

GALLIPOLI, *May* 11.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived here in the "Caradoc" at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, the 9th. Marshal St. Arnaud arrived here on Sunday, the 7th inst., somewhat later in the day. Having chronicled these two facts, let us see what has been done since the date of my last letter. On May 6th, the Rifle Brigade and 93rd Regiment left this agreeable region, either for Scutari or the European side of the Bosphorus. Sir George Brown and staff also departed, leaving the force now encamped here under the command of Sir Richard England, with Brigadiers Sir J. Campbell and Eyre; Major Colborne and Captain Halliwell, Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master-Generals; Colonel Doyle, Assistant Adjutant-General; Brigade-Major Hope; Brigade-Major Wood, &c. The march of the troops in from the camp and their inspection that morning, presented many topics of observation. On the previous Sunday, Prince Napoleon, with General Canrobert and the whole of the French *état major*, reviewed all the disposable French troops quartered in this district, and the English General and staff attended on the occasion. For two or three hours in the morning long black columns of men might be seen marching through the corn-fields, and filing along the narrow lanes that intersect them, or toiling up the hilly ridges of land in apparent confusion, or at least without much visible order. The spectator who selects a high point of land on the undulating country round Brighton, and looks across the valley below, can form a tolerable idea of the terrain around Gallipoli. Crossing the hills around in all directions, and piercing the ravines between them, he must imagine the dark masses of French infantry advancing from their numerous encampments, formed for miles around on every sloping plateau. Presently the shrill trumpets of the Zouaves are heard sounding a wild and eccentric march, and these fierce-looking soldiers of Africa, burnt brown by constant exposure to the sun, with beards which easily distinguish them from the native Arabs, come rushing past, for their pace is so quick that it fully justifies the term. The open collars of their coats allow free play to the lungs; the easy jacket, the loose trouser, and the well-supported ankle, constitute the *beau ideal* of a soldier's dress; their firelocks and the brasses of their swords and

bayonets are polished to a nicety. Each man is fully equipped for the field, with greatcoat strapped over his knapsack, canteen by his side, a bill-hook, hatchet, or cooking-tin fastened over all. In the rear, mounted on a packhorse, follows the *vivandière*, in the uniform of the regiment, with natty little panniers and neatly-polished barrels of diminutive size dangling over the saddle; and then comes a sumpter-mule, with two wooden boxes fastened to the pack, which contains small creature comforts for the officers. The word is given to halt—stand at ease—pile arms. In a moment the whole regiment seems disorganized. The men scatter far and wide over the fields collecting sticks and brushwood, and it seems incredible that they have gathered all those piles of brambles and dried wood and leaves which they deposit in the rear of the lines in such quantity from the country that looked so bare. The officers gather in groups, light cigars, chat and laugh, or sit on the ground while their coffee is being boiled. From the moment the halt takes place, off come the boxes from the mule—a little portable table is set up—knives, forks, glasses and cups are laid out—a capacious coffee tin is set upon three stones over a heap of bramble, and in three minutes (I timed the whole operation) each officer could take a cup of this refreshing drink after his hot march, with a biscuit and morsel of cheese, and a *chasse* of brandy afterwards. The men were equally alert in providing themselves with their favourite beverage. In a very short space of time two or three hundred little camp fires are lighted, and send up tiny columns of smoke, and coffee tins are boiling, and the busy brisk *vivandière*, with a smile for every one, and a joke or box on the ear for a favourite *vieux moustache*, passes along through the haze, and fills out tiny cups of Cognac to the thirsty soldiers. Pipes of every conceivable variety of shape are lighted, and a hum and bustle rise up from the animated scene, so rich in ever-shifting combinations of form and colour that Maclise might look on it with wonder and despair. Regiment after regiment comes up on the flanks of the Zouaves, halts, and repeats the process, the only remarkable corps being the Indigènes, or native Zouaves, who are dressed exactly the same as the French, except that jackets, trousers, and vest are of a bright powder blue, trimmed with yellow, and their turbans or the fold of linen round the fez are of pure white. In an hour or so the crest of the hill on which we stand, and which extends in undulating folds for two or three miles, is covered by battalions of infantry, and they may be seen toiling up the opposite ridge, till before us there is nothing visible from its one extremity to the other but the broken lines of these stalwart battalions. There was a ready, dashing, serviceable look about the men that justified the remark of one of the captains—"We are ready as we stand to go on to St. Petersburg this instant." There was a vivacity, so to speak, about the appearance of the troops which caught the eye at once. The air of reality about this review distinguished it from sham fights and field days, and all holiday demonstrations of the kind. Ere twelve o'clock there were about 22,000 troops on the opposing ridges of hills—an

excellently appointed train of artillery of nine-pounder guns, with appointments complete, being stationed in the valley below. The columns taken lineally extended upwards of eight miles. Strange as such a spectacle must have been to Turks and Greeks, there was scarcely a native on the ground. Whether fear or apathy kept them away, it is impossible to say; but Gallipoli with its 15,000 inhabitants sent not a soul to gaze upon the splendid spectacle. If Horace be right, the Gallipolitans have indeed discovered the secret of the only true happiness. They absolutely revel in the most voluptuous indulgence of the *nil admirari*. While there are six or seven French men-of-war anchored in their waters, while frigates and steamers and line-of-battle ships are passing up and down in continuous streams, waking up the echoes of the Dardanelles with endless salutes, not a being ever comes down to glance at the scene. The old crones sit knitting in their dingy hovels; the men, if they are Grecks, slouch about the corners in their baggy breeches, and the pretty and dirty little children continue their games without showing the smallest sign of curiosity, though a whole fleet be blazing away its thunder in an Imperial welcome within a few yards of them. And as for the Turks, they sit so obstinately on their shelves and smoke their apathetic pipes so pertinaciously—they are so determined in resenting the impulses of curiosity—that one's fingers are perpetually itching to indulge in the luxury of giving them a slap in the face, and it is all but impossible to resist the impulse of trying what effect a good sound kick would have in disturbing such irritating equanimity. However, we must make the best of the fact. There were no Chobham crowds to break the uniformity of the lines of military, but great numbers of the English soldiery in their Sunday costume turned out and "assisted" at the ceremony. Shortly before twelve o'clock a brilliant staff—it did indeed literally blaze in gold and silver, brass and polished steel, as the hot sun played on rich uniforms and accoutrements—was visible coming up the valley from the direction of the town. They were preceded by four videttes, French dragoons with brazen helmets and leopard-skin mountings; the various staff officers in advance; then Prince Napoleon in the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and General Canrobert, in full dress and covered with orders, on one side, and Sir George Brown on the other, both somewhat in the rear. The effect of the *cortége* as it swept past, the vision of prancing horses and gorgeous caparisons, of dancing plumes, of gold and silver lace, of hussar, dragoon, artillery, rifle, Zouave, spahi, lancer, of officers of all arms, dressed with that eye to effect which in France is very just as long as men are on horseback, was wonderful. It flashed by like some grand procession of the stage, if one can so degrade its power and reality by the comparison. It was not gratifying to an Englishman to observe that the red coatee and cocked hat, the gold epaulettes and twist of the British officers, looked very ill amid all the variety of costume in which the French indulged, nor was it without reason that the latter complained they could not tell which was the general or which the captain by their uni-

forms. As the videttes came in view, the drums of each regiment rolled, the trumpets and bugles sounded, and all the men who had been scattered all over the ground in disorderly multitudes came running in from all sides, and dressed up, unpiled arms, and with great celerity fell into lines three deep, with bands, *vivandières*, mules, and smoking fires hastily extinguished in the rear. As General Canrobert came up to the first regiment he raised his cocked hat, and shouted lustily, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The officers repeated the cry, and three times it ran along the line of the regiment. The band struck up, the men presented arms, and the Prince rode past bowing and raising his hat in acknowledgment, and again the band, out of compliment to the English General, played "God Save the Queen." Then there was profound silence as the Prince approached the next regiment, till coming in front of its leading files the salutes were repeated. In this way the staff passed along the ridge of one hill till they came to the extremity of the lines, then descending, they passed the artillery in the valley, spurred up the opposite hill, and in like manner passed in front of the columns which crowned it. The inspection lasted two hours. The staff returned to Gallipoli, for the Prince wished to embark that night for Constantinople, and the troops breaking up into columns of regiments returned to their various camps, leaving traces of their presence behind them in crushed corn-fields and innumerable smouldering fires. With the exception of one man, who complained of being ill and lagged behind to rest, I did not see a single soldier fall out on the line of march, but those regiments who had a long way to go halted after a march of three or four miles, the sun being very powerful, gathered sticks, lighted fires as before, and regaled themselves with coffee.

On Saturday, the 7th, Sir George Brown had a similar inspection of the regiments under his command before his departure for Scutari. Soon after daybreak the tents of the Rifle Brigade, of the 50th Regiment, and of the 93rd Regiment, forming the working brigade at the camp of Bulari, were struck, and the whole encampment was broken up. At the same time the 4th Regiment, 28th Regiment, and 44th Regiment struck their tents at the Soulari encampment, about two miles from the town of Gallipoli, and proceeded on their march towards Bulari, there to take up the quarters vacated by the other brigade. The mass of baggage belonging to these regiments was enormous. The trains of buffalo and bullock carts, of pack horses and mules, and of led horses, which filed along the road to Gallipoli, seemed sufficient for the army of Xerxes. For seven or eight miles the teams of country carts piled up with beds and trunks, and soldiers' wives and tents, were almost unbroken, and now and then an overladen mule tumbled down, or a wheel came off, and the whole line of march became a confused struggle of angry men and goaded cattle. It so happened that two French battalions were moving out to fresh quarters (for, in the excellence of their sanitary arrangements, they change their camps nearly once a-fortnight), and it became perceptible at a glance that, *pro rata*, they carried much less *im-*

vedimenta than our regiments. There is considerable difficulty in accounting for this, because without a complete knowledge of the internal economy of both armies, comparison is difficult; but it may be fairly supposed that the absence of women and the small kit of the French officers, as well as the inferior size of the tents, go far to account for it. Another matter to be taken into consideration in the officers' baggage is, that Frenchmen live in their uniform, while we all know no real British soldier is quite happy without his mufti. He must have his wide-awake and shooting-jacket, and dressing-gown, and evening dress, and a tub of some sort or other, and a variety of gay shirting, pictorial and figurative, while the Gaul does very well without them. Leaving the baggage to its fate, let us climb up one of the hills, near the scene of the French review, and watch the march of our regiments. They came on solid and compact as blocks of marble, the sun dancing on their polished bayonets and scarlet coats with congenial fierceness. The gallant "—th" halt close by—all the men are as red in the face as turkeycocks—they seem gasping for breath—they are indeed sorely distressed, for a rigid band of leather rendered quite relentless by fibres and buckles of brass is fixed tightly round their throats, and their knapsacks are filled to the pitch of mortal endurance, so that it requires the aid of a comrade for each man to get his on his back; while the Frenchman, unassisted, puts his knapsack on in an instant. The coat is buttoned tightly up also to aid the work of suffocation, and belts and buckles compress the unhappy soldier where most he requires ease and the unrestricted play of the muscle. Regiment after regiment reaches the parade-ground, and falls into its place with admirable precision. The lines of these red and blue blocks seem regulated by plummet, and scarce a bayonet wavers in the long streaks of light above the shakos. The Rifles, too, stand compact and steady as a piece of iron. Thus they stand under the rays of the morning sun, till at nine o'clock Sir George Brown and staff, accompanied by the French General, and a number of officers, Mr. Calvert, our Consul, &c., ride along the lines, and, after a brief inspection, dismiss them. The Rifles and 93rd Regiment continue their march to the shore, where they are to embark for Scutari. The 50th follow to their new camp at Soulari, and if one follows them, he will see how men drop out, exhausted and half-smothered, and at what a vast amount of physical inconvenience all this solidity and rigidity of aspect are acquired. Take one fact:—In a single company which left Bulari forty-five file strong—ninety men—so many men fell out on the march to Soulari, a distance of six miles or thereabouts, that the Captain reached the camping ground with only twenty men—the rest straggled in during the forenoon. The halts were frequent for so short a march, and the rush to every well and fountain showed how the men suffered from thirst. On arriving at the beach they found all their troubles cease, for the French admiral had, with the greatest promptitude, sent the launches and boats of the fleet to the piers, and in about one hour the whole of the two regiments,

consisting of nearly 2000 men, were shipped on board the "Andes" and the "Golden Fleece;" their baggage took a longer time, and there was considerable difficulty in getting the horses on board. The "Orient" and "Sir George Pollock" transports conveyed the horses and baggage, under the active superintendence of Lieut. Rendell, R.N., the Admiralty agent. Sir George Brown and his staff went on board the "Golden Fleece," in which Colonel Lawrence, Major Norcott, Captain Ebrington, and the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade were embarked. The 93rd were stowed away comfortably in the "Andes," and the "City of London" having taken the two transports in tow, the little flotilla left their anchorage unostentatiously, and moved on at dusk to Constantinople. Dr. Alexander also went, on being relieved as principal medical officer of the troops here by Dr. Forrest.

The town is beginning to show some signs of activity on the part of the French traders. There are numbers of *magasins Français* established already, which sell all kinds of things except those most wanted by Englishmen; for an *entrepôt d'absinthe* or *chocolat perfectionné* is not exactly the place in which privates Jones and Robinson are likely to be found on a summer's afternoon. Upwards of 500 horses arrived here yesterday for the French cavalry, and there are also several troops of artillery encamped near us. But the most picturesque, if not effective, addition to their force consists of three or four squadrons of the 1st Regiment of Spahis. They are mere Bedouins: wild, fiery-eyed men, graceful and well proportioned, wrapped in flowing burnous of white and red, riding steeds as wild as themselves, stirrupless and saddleless: they may be seen scampering like madmen over the country, as if in mere wantonness, or stalking through the bazaars with such eager looks that the shopkeepers instinctively creep more closely to their treasured goods. The Duke of Cambridge and suite arrived here on the 9th, at half-past two o'clock. On the arrival of the "Caradoc," with the royal standard at the main, the French line-of-battle ships hoisted the union jack at the main, and thundered out a salute of 101 guns each, which shook the crazy old town to its foundation. Generals, aids-de-camp, consuls, *attachés* rushed off to dress themselves in full uniforms; guards of honour were sent for, and the French authorities set about to make preparation for the reception of his Royal Highness. But while all this commotion was going on, the Duke, dressed in a plain shooting coat and round hat, stepped on shore, attended by Major J. Macdonald, and having picked up an ensign of a marching regiment who happened to be lounging about, proceeded to pick out his way through the corkscrew lanes of Gallipoli towards the Generals. Mr. Brodie, the *attaché*, who came here a week ago from Constantinople to represent Lord S. de Redcliffe, met his Royal Highness, and all who were aware of his arrival hastened to pay their respects to him. The contrast between the landing of the Duke of Cambridge and of Prince Napoleon was most striking; but it may be doubtful whether the show and display of the latter's reception was not more calculated

to produce a proper impression on the minds of the Orientals. It is very hard to persuade the Turk or Greek that a quiet looking gentleman in a tweed jacket can command a division of an army, or represent as much power as a moustachioed, belted cavalier, with clattering sabre, plumes, and gold lace, in rich uniform.

After a short conference, his Royal Highness, accompanied by Sir R. England, Brigadier-General Eyre, and Sir John Campbell, and followed by the staff, went to the camp of the 50th Regiment at Soulari, about four miles from the town. He was conducted round the tents by Lieut.-Colonel Waddy, and was apparently much pleased with the manner in which the encampment was laid out. After tasting the soldiers' rations (which, by the way, are uncommonly good), his Royal Highness continued his ride a short distance into the country. He returned to Gallipoli, and immediately embarked under hearty cheering from the French vessels, to which the "Vulcan," which had just arrived from Constantinople, lent her aid.

SCUTARI.

CHAPTER IX.

Statements respecting the mismanagement of the expedition reiterated — Complaints of the postal system—Dr. Hall supersedes Dr. Burrell as inspector of hospitals—The Sultan's state dinner to the Duke of Cambridge —Omar Pasha's strategical views of the war.

SCUTARI, *May* 15.

I HAVE just seen a copy of *The Times*, of the 28th of April, containing a report of a discussion in the House of Lords, in which the Duke of Newcastle, in the course of a reply to a question from the Earl of Ellenborough, denies repeatedly certain statements contained in my letter of the 10th of April, respecting the arrangements, or rather non-arrangements, for the reception of our troops at Gallipoli. The statements in question were not put forward by me as counts of an indictment, they were made, in the discharge of my duty, as recitals of matters of fact. They are true in letter and in spirit, and, notwithstanding all that passed in that debate, I beg once more to reiterate them from beginning to end. I am not responsible for the construction that Lord Ellenborough or any one else may place upon my words; but I repeat that Mr. Calvert received no instructions to prepare for the troops, and that he acted on his own responsibility in all his very efficient and active services for the reception of the force. It is no answer to this to say, that Mr. Calvert knew generally the troops would be stationed at Gallipoli, or the Dardanelles, or somewhere or other in the neighbourhood, at some time or other,

and that he drew up an able report on the capabilities of the district. I also stated that the deputy-assistant commissaries-general sent to Gallipoli were not provided with interpreters or staff, that they were ignorant of the Turkish language, and that all their proceedings were necessarily slow and tedious. That statement cannot be denied; nay, more, they had no instructions, I am credibly informed, as to the time when the troops might be expected and the number to be landed. With respect to Assistant Commissary-General Smith and his preparations at Constantinople, I said nothing, for I was writing of Gallipoli, which is 120 miles distant. Neither the Duke of Newcastle nor the Earl of Ellenborough seem to have had any experience in the details of disembarking troops—or, at all events, could not have reflected and made use of it when they spoke of the boats of the "Golden Fleece" as being available for such a purpose, and started it as a matter of controversy whether she was provided with the proper number of boats or not. Any person of the smallest knowledge in such matters must be aware that the boats of a mercantile steamer, such as the "Golden Fleece," would be utterly inadequate for the disembarkation of 1300 men, their arms, and stores and equipments, even if she had crews to row them. What I referred to was the want of any proper boats for the purpose, and, though Gallipoli was not deficient in the required accommodation, nearly all the large boats were engaged by the French. If all our preparations were so complete, will any one answer this question? The Golden Fleece anchored at 12 o'clock on the night of Wednesday; the troops were not landed till Saturday. Why were they not sent on shore on Thursday? Why, at all events, were they not disembarked on Friday? Can it be possible that there were neither boats to take them nor rations to feed them? I fear, notwithstanding his Grace's incredulity, that several very "monstrous" occurrences of this kind will be found to have taken place. The next statement I made is that the sick men had neither beds, mattresses, blankets, nor medical comforts. The Earl of Ellenborough again raises a question with which I have nothing to do. His Lordship speaks of "hospital tents," and inquires if there were none of those "double tents used in India" sent out with the troops? I don't believe that any such tents were provided, but I believe the Rifles had their ordinary regimental hospital marquee with them. What I referred to was the want of proper accommodation and medical comforts for the sick men landed at Gallipoli, and placed in the general hospital as cases unfit for treatment in the field hospital marquees. Now, how on earth could such men be sent out to camp upwards of eight miles from the town, and, even if conveyances could have been found, how long would they have endured the bitter cold which was felt severely by the healthiest men? No, I repeat it, there were no blankets for the sick, no beds, no mattresses, no medical comforts of any kind, and the invalid soldiers had to lie for several days on the bare boards in a wooden house, with nothing but a single blanket as bed and covering. The Duke says he cannot but feel confident there

was a proper supply of hospital tents on board the "Golden Fleece;" and further says, he directed two sailing transports to proceed to Gallipoli from Malta, should there be insufficient hospital accommodation on shore. I am afraid his confidence has been misplaced in the first place. I am certain that in the second instance his directions were not complied with. These two sailing transports, with hospital accommodation, may be cruising somewhere in the Mediterranean, but up to my departure they certainly had not turned up at Gallipoli. But these two ships were, it appears, "independent of the arrangements made at Gallipoli for hospital accommodation." Why, I emphatically deny that there were any arrangements whatever of the kind made at Gallipoli. It was only on Friday, the day before the disembarkation, that the principal medical officer went round Gallipoli to fix on the houses to be used as hospitals, and we found the Greek families living in them in all their dirt, and not very well pleased at being disturbed. One would think from his Grace's speech that these houses had been fixed upon and prepared for the reception of the sick long ere the arrival of the troops, but the facts are as I have stated them. The buildings for the reception of the sick had not even been indicated, much less were any preparations made to get them into cleanly order; and when the sick were put into them they were unprovided with anything but one blanket—they had neither bedding, covering, medical stores, nor medical comforts. At that time money could not purchase them, and when a sick man was sinking from want of proper stimulus, no wine could be got for him until Sir George Brown heard of it, and immediately ordered him wine and arrowroot from his private store of creature comforts. The truth is, that not only were there no medical stores and comforts landed at Gallipoli, but up to the present moment at which I write, on this 15th day of May, 1854—the army at Scutari—this *corps d'élite* of sixteen of our best battalions—has not received its full share of them; and a portion of these stores —please to observe, only a portion of them—arrived within a few days, previous to which the army had not its requisite supply. The rest may be coming in the two sailing transports.

Great complaints are made by the officers of the heavy postages to which they are subjected. It seems very hard to charge 3*s.* 2*d.* for a letter from home, and yet I have seen several of ordinary size and weight for which that sum was paid. However, that is not so bad as 1*s.* 7*d.* for a newspaper. It is to be hoped the home authorities will take some steps to obviate the complaints which arise on this score. There is no postmaster at Gallipoli, nor any person to take care of our letters there. For example, if a letter is put into the post-office in England, directed to "A. B., British Forces, Gallipoli, or Constantinople, *viâ* Marseilles," it is put into the Gallipoli bag. The bag is opened by the French postmaster at Gallipoli, and the letters are left lying in a heap till called for. It is obvious that this is a hardship on the officers and men who have left Gallipoli and gone up to Scutari. I took charge of a large package of papers and letters the other day, and brought them

up to Scutari, having called Colonel Doyle's attention to the fact, but had I not seen them they might have lain for an illimitable term at Gallipoli. The French have with their usual powers of organization established an excellent post-office, with a number of clerks, messengers, &c., and no officer nor man can complain either of the detention of his letters or of the charges for postage. There is a post-office for our men at Scutari, but, as many letters will be directed to Gallipoli, it would be well to take immediate steps for the prevention of the very serious inconvenience in question. We have had several horse-races at Gallipoli, and on Saturday there was a foot-race at Scutari, between Captain Astly, of the Scotch Fusileer Guards, and a private of the 33rd Regiment named Hickey, who had "challenged the British army." The betting was 5 to 1 on the captain, who took the race at his ease, and won quietly. The other man never had a chance. Cricket has also been established, and there is fair reason to believe that several respectable Mussulmans have nearly lost their senses in mental efforts to comprehend the game.

May 18.

In a despatch forwarded by the French steamer which left Constantinople on Monday last, I ventured on some remarks in reply to the contradictions given in both Houses of Parliament to my statements respecting the circumstances under which our troops were landed in Gallipoli. It remains for me only to state, that I am informed on the best possible authority that Mr. Calvert, our able and indefatigable Consul at the Dardanelles, who is so justly praised by the Duke of Newcastle, never received any authority whatever to prepare for troops, and that he acted entirely on his own responsibility in his representations to the Turkish commission, and in all his exertions to secure a portion of the town of Gallipoli for the accommodation of the General and staff. I have already stated that he was obliged, even after he had made his first selection, to abandon it, as the French declared that in yielding the Turkish quarters to him they had made a mistake, and I have every reason to believe that statement to be correct. The communications made to Mr. Calvert by the authorities were of a general character, having reference to inquiries as to the accommodation for troops, not at Gallipoli alone, but at the Dardanelles and other places, and he received no instructions to make requisition to the Turkish commission for the houses he after much trouble succeeded in obtaining. The commissariat officers were not provided with interpreters, and, as some proof that the staff was not strong enough, I may mention that when I left Gallipoli the other day, there were nearly twice as many gentlemen of that department stationed there as when the troops arrived. As the number of troops is not greater now than it was a month ago, there were either too few then or there are too many now. I wish it to be distinctly understood that my letters describe the state of things at the date on which they were written. For example, when I wrote from Gallipoli on April 10, I did not venture on prophecy; I did not address my remarks to a future condition of

affairs, nor presume to describe what was to happen. We have now abundance of commissariat officers, plenty of interpreters, instead of the solitary dragoman, who must have had at least a couple of hundred tongues to have been of the smallest use, and whom I never saw, though I frequently met the stately Jew who is our Consul's dragoman, and who was, besides, the contractor for our supply of beef to the troops at Gallipoli. We have also a profusion of stores, and I believe the medical department is well supplied with beds, blankets, mattresses, necessaries, and comforts. While mentioning these matters, I may as well say, in reference to my former letter, that the officer who gave the sergeant a sovereign to buy some little comforts for the sick, which he was unable to get because there was no change in the place, was Mr. Balfour, of the Rifle Brigade; and that the gentleman who obtained wine for a sick man in the hospital from Sir George Brown, was Dr. Reynolds, then in charge of that establishment.

With regard to Sir John Burgoyne, nothing was further from my thoughts than to impute neglect or indifference to an officer so able, so active, and so distinguished; and when I ventured with much diffidence on a piece of military criticism, in which, however, many of more authority than myself agreed, I excused myself for an apparent boldness by stating that I had *heard* Sir John was on the *actual site* of our camp, near the lines, only ten minutes (the ground being, as I have since heard, covered with snow at the time). I never dreamt of charging the gallant officer with any error or neglect, civil or military, in selecting the isthmus of the Chersonese as a position, nor did I presume to undervalue his labours and exertions in surveying it at a very inclement season of the year. That complete identity of opinion with regard to the present position of the lines does not exist even among engineer officers, is notorious. The French engineers have altered our plans considerably, and we in some cases submit to, but do not altogether approve, those alterations; and Colonel Tripier has gone so far as to modify the plans sent from General Le Vaillant's office; while General Le Vaillant, as I am informed, modified the propositions of Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent. Indeed, if I am not greatly deceived, rather an unfavourable report as to the site of the camp of Bulari itself was sent home by the highest military authority, though it turns out that the apprehensions expressed of a deficient supply of water have not been realized. The water, though very muddy, is not bad, and the camp is tolerably supplied with it by the wells which have been dug by the allies.

A corps of interpreters has now been organized, for the most part under the direction of Major Collingwood Dickson, R.A., and several gentlemen of considerable attainments in Oriental languages have been engaged for the use of the generals of divisions and brigadiers, &c. It is not intended to provide them with any uniform, or give them any relative rank. The French, whether wisely or not, have a corps of interpreters in uniform, and have given them, I understand, some relative ranks.

Dr. William Henry Burrell, who has been hitherto principal medical officer to the expeditionary forces, retires from the army. He entered the service about forty years ago, and is well known to the public by an able report in one of the Parliamentary Blue Books a few years back on the subject of contagious diseases. On the 28th of March last he was gazetted as Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, and he had notice some time previously that his services would be required as principal medical officer of the expeditionary army which the Government were about sending to Turkey. He accordingly left Malta, where he was stationed as principal medical officer, and came out to Scutari about three weeks ago. A few days back he was informed by the head of his department that, in consequence of the increase of the numbers of the expeditionary army, it had been determined to appoint an inspector of hospitals as principal medical officer, and that his services would only be required as second in charge. Of course Dr. Burrell could not have found fault with this arrangement had it stood as a simple act of authority, but it was accompanied by what may be regarded as circumstances of a peculiar character, which I shall state, in order that a right conclusion on the point may be arrived at. The officer named to supersede Dr. Burrell as principal medical officer of the expeditionary army was Dr. John Hall, Inspector-General of Hospitals, at present stationed at Bombay. It so happens, however, that he entered the service the very same day as Dr. Burrell did, though he was gazetted as Inspector-General on the 28th of March, 1854—the date of Dr. Burrell's appointment as Deputy Inspector-General. As several officers of higher standing, as regards length of service, than Dr. Burrell had been passed over by the home authorities in their primary choice of medical officer, this appointment of Dr. Hall over the head of a man of the same standing seemed unusual and somewhat capricious. It is, of course, impossible to say whether the person most concerned thinks so or not; but as the circumstances are certainly rather exceptional, and as it is, above all, not customary to take officers from stations in India in order to employ them to supersede men of their own standing in the service by virtue of higher rank, it may be inferred that some unpleasant feeling of the kind exists. However that may be, Dr. Burrell retires from the service.

Since I last wrote, no further accession of troops to the army at Scutari has taken place; so that the Duke of Cambridge's division is still short of the 42nd and 79th Highlanders. The regiments here are the Guards, three battalions, the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 30th, 33rd, 41st, 47th, 49th, 77th, 88th, 93rd, 95th, and Rifle Brigade. At Gallipoli there are the 1st, 4th, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th; the 55th have not turned up either; and our cavalry force consists of Lord Lucan, his aids-de-camp, and a few staff officers. None of our cavalry have yet arrived, and I regret to say that the fine battery of artillery here is somewhat crippled for want of horses, as they lost so many coming out. The horses of the country are altogether too small for the service. A court-martial

has been held on a private of the 23rd Regiment for striking his sergeant, and the proceedings have been forwarded to head-quarters, but the result is unknown. The fact is undeniable, and, as the army may be considered as being in the face of the enemy, the sentence will no doubt be severe. Fraternization had one evil effect about it—men got very drunk to celebrate the *entente cordiale*, and though the effects may have been exaggerated, there is no doubt but that the drunkenness which disgraced both armies at Gallipoli and Bulari, in spite of patrols, picquets, and general orders, prevails less extensively at Scutari. There is, however, more wine and spirit drinking among the men than is good for them. Lord de Ros, who went up to Varna last week, returned yesterday (Wednesday, the 17th) in the "Banshee," early in the morning. From Varna he proceeded to Shumla, and had an interview with Omar Pasha, who is said to have urged strongly on his lordship the despatch of a British force to Varna. The Pasha received Lord de Ros with every mark of good feeling and distinction, and expressed the highest gratification at the arrival of Lord Raglan. Yesterday morning the Light Division, and the Duke of Cambridge's division, *minus* two regiments, were inspected at 7 30 a.m. by Lord Raglan, who was accompanied by his staff, by Lord Lucan, and all the Generals of Brigade, &c., not required on the field. To-day there was a board, or committee of field officers, to decide whether or not the men are to take their blankets or not, in case of a march. There are few or no baggage animals, so that it would be scarcely possible to move the troops, particularly as one brigade has not got its complement of tents. Lord de Ros has brought back a very unfavourable report respecting the condition of Varna.

The troops are paraded and inspected early in the morning, as the heats are becoming excessive.

Yesterday evening a state dinner was given to the Duke of Cambridge by the Sultan. Lord Raglan, the Ambassadors, St. Arnaud, &c., were present, and several speeches were made on the occasion. It is said that M. St. Arnaud, in the course of his speech, made an allusion to a third Power which would join France and England in the struggle. The Austrian Ambassador, who was present, did not utter any expression of opinion on the subject.

When the artillery were coming to the review yesterday, a bridge gave way beneath the first gun, and men and horses fell into the ditch below. As the road was narrow, all the artillery was stopped, and none were present at the inspection. The French, in sending artillery over such places in a strange country, always send piqueurs forward to report on the bridges and causeways.

May 19.

I have to record a sad event. A tremendous storm—lightning, thunder, and torrents of rain—broke over the camp last night. Two officers of the 93rd, Lieutenant W. L. Macnish and Ensign R. Crowe, set out from the barracks, about nine o'clock, to go to the encampment of their regiments. The distance is about a third

of a mile, and just outside the barrack-wall there is a small gully or inconsiderable ravine, of some few yards in depth, at the bottom of which there is usually a few inches of water, so narrow that a child might step across. The rain, which descended in sheets—one might say, in columns—of water, had, however, in the space of a few moments, filled this gully, and turned it into a swift watercourse, which rushed into the sea at the distance of a few hundred yards from the path to the camp. The night was pitch dark, and there was no friendly flash of lightning to reveal the dangers of the route to the officers. As they were groping along as well as they could, they suddenly plunged into the muddy current, far beyond their depth. Mr. Crowe, managed to get out and scramble up the bank, but his calls to his companion were unanswered. As soon as the news reached the camp, the men turned out and searched all along the stream for Mr. Macnish, but he was nowhere to be found. The search still continues, but up to the time at which I write, although the gully has been examined inch by inch, and the waters have subsided, there is no trace of the body, and there only remains the melancholy suggestion that it has been carried away into the sea. The occurrence has, it may well be imagined, cast a great gloom over the regiment, where Mr. Macnish was deservedly a favourite, and the whole of the encampment partakes of the feeling. A pitcous termination indeed to a career which promised honour and glory—to be drowned in a ditch!

The Duke of Cambridge did not accompany Lord Raglan on the 18th. Riza Pasha, Minister of War, and Mehemet Rebnesli Pasha, Minister of the Interior, went up the same day to Varna, in the steam frigate "Cheh-Per." Marshal St. Arnaud embarked with a brilliant staff on board the "Berthollet" for the same place, and it is expected that Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin will also go there, so that when Omar Pasha comes over from Shumla, he will be able to hold a Council of War with his own Ministers and with the French and English Generals, assisted by their engineer and artillery officers, as well as with the Admirals. Omar Pasha's wishes are well known. He is anxious for the arrival of an Anglo-French army to occupy the country between Varna and Shumla, and to feel their way in advance of that line, so as to menace the Russians from Chernaveda to Kostendje, while he pursues his successes, if, indeed, they are substantial, in Wallachia, and endangers their right flank, by pushing a large force on Bucharest. He places great reliance on the position of Varna. A general at the head of a large army, who keeps his own counsel, can, he conceives, paralyse the whole Russian invasion, when once he has got his men into the neighbourhood of this place, aided, as he must be, by the fleets. Omar Pasha is in great dread of Russian spies, and declares that unless a general keeps his own counsel, his plans are known to the Russians in twenty-four hours after he has mentioned them. But, presuming that the officer in command at Varna has a close mouth, there is, according to Omar Pasha, a moral and physical

strength in his possession which is almost irresistible. He may from that point move on Shumla and on the passes of the Balkan with equal ease; he can attack the right flank or the left flank of the Russians, or, by landing in their rear, covered by the fleet, he may break up their position in front of the Danube, and frustrate all their plans of campaign. With similar facility he can send an army across to the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea, to aid the Turkish army, or to attack the forces of Prince Woronzoff, or can direct his attention to the Crimea, so as to make an attempt on Sebastopol. What the real value of these opinions may be, I am unable to say, but assuredly no long time will elapse before Varna is occupied by our troops.

I regret to have to inform you it is very generally rumoured that Marshal St. Arnaud has expressed his determination to prevent any newspaper correspondent accompanying the army, and that he has been persuading Lord Raglan and Omar Pasha to come to a similar resolution. Such a course of conduct may be suited to the notions of military propriety entertained by our gallant allies, but it is not at all in consonance with the spirit of our institutions or with the feelings of the public in England. There can be no desire, on the part of any British subject, to pry into secrets, or to publish what ought to be concealed. All that a newspaper correspondent wants is to see what is done, and to describe it to the best of his ability.

CHAPTER X.

Preparations for marching to Varna—Lord Raglan's quarters—Apathetic character of the Turks—The English camps—Picturesque scenes—Jew and Armenian money-changers—The Guards parade "without stocks"—Improvements in military dress—Celebration of the Queen's birthday—Grand military spectacle—A countermand—Arrival of the 79th Highlanders.

May 25.

We are really going to do something at last, though our cavalry has not yet arrived, and our artillery has not its full complement of horses. The signs of marching become more numerous every hour, and it is no longer disguised that such of the troops as are ready will embark here on Saturday and proceed to Varna with all speed. The brigade of Guards and the Light Division will, in all probability, precede the rest of the army, but of the exact order of departure nothing is yet known publicly. The men are healthy, well fed, and in good spirits, and it is believed that stores of rifle and other ammunition have arrived to enable them to take the field. On Sunday, as I have already stated, the 55th Regiment disembarked. Yesterday, a steamer, with the remaining companies of the 30th and 55th, arrived, so that those regiments are now complete; she brought some artillery and waggons. Lord Cardigan also made his appearance yesterday, having come out in

the same vessel, just in time for the inspection, but his lordship went on foot, as his horses had not been landed. Three transports came in yesterday also, and one of them was sent on at once up the Bosphorus. A fleet of some thirty vessels, steamers and transports, is anchored off the barracks and camp. The humble quarters in which Lord Raglan lives seem endowed with enormous centripetal and centrifugal forces, for generals, brigadiers, colonels of regiments, commissary officers, and aids-de-camp are flying to and from them every moment of the day as fast as their horses can carry them. The Sappers are busy fitting up horse boxes on board the transports, and all the stores required for the troops have been already put on board. Looking away to the Sea of Marmora the white sails of transports and store ships making way against the current are visible in all directions, and the little wharf and landing-place at Scutari are alive with men working hard in loading boats with casks of provisions or munitions of war; while the air is shrill with the creaking and screaming of the wheels of buffalo carts toiling up and down the steep ascent to the barracks. In strange contrast to all this life and activity, the natives lie idly on the shore, scarce raising their heads to look at what passes around them; or take a very unobtrusive and contemplative interest in the labours of the soldiery as they watch them, chibouque in mouth, from their smoking perches in front of the *cafés* of the town, or of the sutlers' booths pitched along the shore. Lord Raglan's quarters seem to be an especial resort for them. The house, which is a low wooden building, very clean, and neatly painted and matted within, is situate on the beach, about three-quarters of a mile from the barrack. In front of it is a tolerably spacious courtyard, with high walls, well provided with little stone boxes for the sparrows and swallows to build in, and inside this court there is constantly a small stud of led horses and chargers belonging to the aids and officers on duty. Directly opposite to the entrance of the court is a wooded knoll with a few gravestones peering above the rich grass, and a Turkish fountain, in front of a group of pine trees, surrounded by water-carriers, is placed in the foreground. Groups of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, each distinct from the other, are generally to be seen reclining at the foot of these trees, and gazing listlessly into the courtyard, while they carry on monosyllabic conversations at long intervals between the puffs of tobacco smoke. The beach, which somewhat resembles that at Folkestone at high water, is bounded by a tolerable road, which is a favourite walk of the women and children of Chalcedon and the suburbs beyond it, but these animated bundles of bright-coloured clothing scarcely deign to look at the men in uniforms, or to turn their heads at the jingle of sword and spur. In the stagnant water which ripples almost imperceptibly on the shore there float all forms of nastiness and corruption, which the prowling dogs, standing leg-deep as they wade about in search of offal, cannot destroy. The smell from this shore is noisome, but a few yards out from the fringe of buoyant cats, dogs, birds, straw, sticks—in fact, of all sorts of abominable

flotsam and jetsam, which bob about on the pebbles unceasingly—the water becomes exquisitely clear and pure. The slaughter-houses erected by the sea-side do not contribute, as may readily be imagined, to the cleanliness of this filthy beach or the wholesomeness of the atmosphere. On a slope rising up from the water's edge, close to Lord Raglan's quarters, the camp of the brigade of Guards is pitched; a kind of ravine, about a quarter of a mile across, divides it from the plateau and valley at the back of the barracks, in which are pitched the camps of the other regiments and of the Light Division. Clumps of tall shady trees are scattered here and there down towards the water's edge, under which a horde of sutlers have erected sheds of canvas and plank for the sale of provisions, spirits, and wines, combined with a more wholesome traffic in cakes, Turkish sweetmeats, lemonade, and sherbet. The proprietors are nearly all Smyrniotes or Greeks from Pera, and do not bear the highest character in the world. The regular canteens established within the lines are kept by a better class of people, and are under the *surveillance* of the military authorities, but it is said that permission to erect some of these temporary canteens has been obtained through bribing the lower classes of native interpreters. Syces, or grooms, with horses for sale, ride about at full speed through the lanes and pathways leading to the camp, but the steeds they bestride are generally small bony animals with mouths like a vice, stuffed out with grass and green food, and not worth a tithe of the prices asked for them. These gentry are kept at arm's length, and are not allowed to come within the lines. All this scene, so full of picturesque animation—these files of snowy tents sweeping away in tier after tier over hillock and meadow, till they are bounded by the solemn black outlines of the forest of cypress—these patches of men at drill here and there all over the plain—these steadier and larger columns at parade—this constant play and glitter of bayonet and accoutrement as the numerous sentries wheel on their beaten tracks—this confused crowd of araba drivers, match sellers, fruit and cigar and tobacco vendors, of kamals or porters, of horsedealers and gaily-dressed rogues and rapparees of all nations, will disappear as if by magic in a few hours, and leave no trace behind, except the barren circle which marks where the tent once stood, and the plain all seared and scorched by the camp-fires. What is to become of the mushroom tribe which has started as it were from the ground to supply the wants of the soldiery, it is hard to say, and not very interesting to inquire; but it will not be long ere they will find their way to our outskirts again. Among the most amusing specimens of the race must be reckoned some Jew and Armenian money-changers—squalid, lean, and hungry-looking fellows—whose turbans and ragged gabardines are ostentatiously dirty and poverty-stricken—who prowl about the camp with an eternal raven-croak of "I say, John, change de monnish—change de monnish," relieved occasionally by a sly tinkle of a leather purse well filled with dollars and small Turkish coin. They evade the vigilance of the sentries, and

startle officers as they lie half asleep in the heat of the sun, by the apparition of their skinny hands and yellow visages within the tent, and the cuckoo-cry, "I say, John, change de monnish." Their appearance here at all is the greatest compliment that could be paid to the national character. The oldest Turk has never seen one of them near a native camp, and the tradition of ages affirms that where soldiers come the race disappears. Indeed, here they only show in the sun-time. They are a sort of day-ghost who vanish at the approach of darkness, and the croak and the jingle are silent, and they spirit themselves gently away ere twilight, and where they live no man knoweth. Any one who has seen Vernet's picture at Versailles of the taking of Abd-el-Kader's Smala will at once recognise the type of these people in the wonderful figure of the Jew who is flying with his treasure from the grasp of the French swordsman.

On Tuesday last, Lord Raglan returned from Varna, but nothing was allowed to transpire respecting his visit to Shumla, or as to the plans which had been concerted by the council of war. They sat two days with closed doors, and it will be seen that there was some show of reason on my side when I ventured to argue that Omar Pasha would insist on his favourite suggestion for the occupation of Varna by our armies.

Immediately on Lord Raglan's return, the various generals of brigade visited him, and received instructions to prepare for active operations. Major Dickson was ordered to return to Varna in the "Cyclops," and several transports were detached from the fleet to proceed up to the Black Sea with stores on the evening of the same day. The brigade orders for the Guards were distinguished by a great novelty. They were ordered to appear the following day on parade without— Muskets?—No. Coatees?—No. Epaulettes?—No. Cartouch-boxes?—No. Boots?—No. In fact, you would never guess it, good British reader, and least of all could you divine it who belong to our glorious army. Her Majesty's Guards were actually commanded to parade "WITHOUT STOCKS," and to march with unrestricted windpipes.

This great boon of "no stocks" was granted to the Guards to celebrate her Majesty's birthday, and I am certain that never since they were formed did the regiments give three more ringing, thundering cheers than issued from their throats yesterday, when they marched on the ground as erect and upright as ever, but not "caught by the throat" as before, to be inspected by Lord Raglan. While talking of orders, I may observe that the eccentric wide-awake hats, shooting-coats, and trousers, in which officers delight to appear when enjoying the pleasures of mufti, have received a severe snubbing from Sir George Brown; and he has expressed his dissatisfaction at the officers of the Light Division going across the water to Pera and Galata in dresses which, he conceives, would not be tolerated in England. There certainly have been some curious costumes, quite calculated to astonish the Browns of Stamboul and Pera, visible about the streets; but if mufti is allowed at all (and our uniform is so *mesquin* in undress, and so

heavy and uncouth in dress, that men fly from shell and coatee the moment they can), it will be found very hard to enact any satisfactory sumptuary laws respecting it; for the English gentleman, who is the very proper model adopted by Sir George Brown in all matters of attire, does certainly delight in sporting such varieties of cut and colour in hats and clothing for rowing, shooting, cricketing, and out of town generally, that he may be regarded by all kinds of Scutari delinquents as affording some authority for their garmental excesses. The General is equally averse to the white linen cap-covers found so serviceable in India; they are not becoming, but they certainly are very useful and pleasant this hot weather, and it is to be hoped that officers and men will be permitted to wear them. A few *coups de soleil* would be unwelcome arguments in their favour. One word more on this point, and I have done. I believe that the experience we gained at Chobham was unfavourable to the white duck trousers of the Guards. They are most charming to look at, but the trouble of washing them, the evils of putting them on wet, and the difficulties of pipe-claying them, more than counterbalance the advantages of their clean and showy appearance, even in England. It may easily be conjectured how all these difficulties will be increased in the Dobrudscha, or in the snipe grounds round the arms of the Danube, when the men are engaged in actual campaigning, and cannot defile to avoid a ditch or pick out the dry places, as they would on a review ground. Nevertheless, the white (soon to become whitey-brown, and then very brown) trousers are still retained. The new forage cap has as many enemies as friends, but the opinion of the better judges appears to be, that it is quite unsuited to this country in warm weather, as it is too close to the head, and does not defend the skull or face from the sun. Under other circumstances it is useful enough—in all, it is stupendously ugly.

The Queen's birthday was kept yesterday with all honour, and was celebrated by a splendid military spectacle. At a quarter to eleven o'clock all the regiments in barrack and camp were paraded separately, and afterwards marched to the ridge which bounds one side of the shallow but broad ravine of which I have already spoken as separating the camp of the brigade of Guards from the camp of the other brigades. The total force on the ground consisted of about 15,000 men, and for weight, stature, and strength could not be matched probably by a like number of any troops in Europe. As they marched from camps and barracks in dense columns, converging on the ridge, the eye refused to believe that they could be condensed into so small a space as that they were ordered to occupy.

The continued apathy of the Turks, which becomes absolutely disgusting to any more excitable race, was astonishing on this occasion. There were present some three or four gentlemen on horseback, with their pipe-bearers, and two or three native carriages full of veiled women; but though Scutari, with its population of 100,000 souls, was within a mile and a half, it did no-

appear that half a dozen people had been added to the usual crowd of camp followers who attend on such occasions. The Greeks were more numerous, and Pera sent over a fair share of foreigners all dressed in the newest Paris fashions; so that one might fancy himself at a fashionable field-day in England, but for the cypress groves and the tall minarets glancing above in the distance. At twelve o'clock, Lord Raglan, attended by Sir George Brown, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir De Lacy Evans, the Earl of Lucan, the Generals of Brigade Bentinck, Sir C. Campbell, Pennefather, Airey, Adams, Buller, their Aids-de-camp and Majors of Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Lagondie and Chef d'Escadron Vico, to the number of thirty or forty, appeared on the ground in a perfect blaze of gold lace and scarlet and white plumes. They were received by the bands of all the regiments striking up "God save the Queen," but not with that unanimity which would be desirable in order to give a perfect effect to the noble strains of our national anthem. Lord Raglan having ridden slowly along a portion of the lines, wheeled round and took his post in front of the centre regiment. After a short pause, just as the guns of the "Niger" were heard thundering out a royal salute from the Bosphorus, the bands struck up the national air again, and down at once fell the colours of every regiment drooping to the ground. The thing was well done, and the effect of these thirty-two masses of richly dyed silk encrusted with the names of great victories, falling so suddenly to the earth as if struck down by one blow, was strange and inexpressible. In another minute a shout of "God save the Queen" ran from the Rifles on the left to the Guards on the right, and three tremendous cheers, gathering force as they rolled on with the accumulated strength of a thousand throats from regiment after regiment, made the very air ring, the ears tingle, and the heart throb. Some of the regiments pulled off their shakos, and waved them in the air in accompaniment to the shouts; others remained motionless, but made not less noise than their fellows. After the cheering had died away, leaving, however, a strange sensation in many an English bosom, as we thought how soon their voice might be silenced for ever, the march past began in quick time. The Guards, who were in great good humour, possibly because their necks were free and all prisoners had been let out as an act of grace, marched magnificently. The Highlanders were scarcely a whit inferior, and their pipes and dress created a sensation among the Greeks, who are fond of calling them Scotch Albanians, and compare them to the Klephtic tribes, among whom pipes and kilts still flourish. Some of the other regiments did well, others not so well, and on leaving the ground all marched off to their respective camps, and the proceedings of the day were brought to a close, so far as the authorities were concerned. The Guards, however, had their games,—racing in sacks, leaping, running, &c., in the afternoon, and the regiments played cricket, and indulged in other manly sports, in spite of the heat of the day. In the evening, a

handsome obelisk, erected in the centre of the Guards' camp, and crowned with laurel, was surrounded by fireworks.

The body of poor Mr. Macnish, of the 93rd Highlanders, was found the same day, buried in mud in the ditch, close to the sea, and was brought up to the hospital with every mark of feeling and respect. It will be interred to-morrow. A deep contused wound on the forehead shows that the deceased must have been stunned by striking against a buttress as he was whirled round in the flood. A court-martial has been ordered on a Greek, who threw a stone at a man of the 88th, while bathing, and fractured his skull. No reason beyond innate ferocity can be assigned for the act.

The news of the loss of the "Tiger" has created a feeling here which it is hard to shake off, but I shall not trouble you with the particulars, as no doubt you have heard them long since.

May 28.

When I wrote on Thursday last, all the preparations for embarking the troops of the Light Division were proceeding with the utmost activity. News of some kind or other arrived on the same day, which had the effect of altering the minds of the chiefs, and all the despatch and hurry of packing up kits and arranging baggage for shipment were at once suspended. The horses of the whole of the staff of the Light Division, civil, military, and medical, had been already put on board the "Emperor," when the orders to prepare for embarking were countermanded; but at the same time commands were issued to keep these horses on board the steamer. All kinds of rumours are afloat respecting the reasons for this abrupt change.

The "Hope" screw steamer towed up a transport towards Varna yesterday, and several sailing vessels, laden with stores for the use of the troops, have since proceeded in the same direction. Thursday, the 79th Highlanders, who came in two days ago in the "Simoom," disembarked, and marched into camp, amid loud cheering from their old comrades, the Rifles, who were quartered beside them for some time in North America. The Rifles pitched their tents for their Scotch friends, so that they had no trouble in marching at once into their new quarters. In addition to the "Simoom," her Majesty's steamers "Vesuvius" and "Megæra" are lying off Scutari, the "Niger" having sailed to Malta for repairs. There are, however, several merchant steamers, such as the "Golden Fleece," the "Victoria," the "Trent," anchored here, with the transports "Wild Wave, "Orient," and numbers "6," "18," "19," "20," "22," &c., so that there is ample means of conveyance for the troops whenever they are inclined to move. The "Alcides" has come in with a store of beer for the commissariat, and with some ale and porter on private venture, which has gone off very well. There is great want of saddlery, pack-saddles, saddle-bags, and matters of that kind, and all the officers have found out that their fine London-made portmanteaus are utterly useless, and must be left behind. We hear that it has been

decided that the men are to leave their blankets and take their greatcoats in case of a march. This decision may be right, but it is opposed, I believe, to the opinion of Sir Harry Smith and of other military authorities, who have laid it down as a rule, "Should it ever come to a choice between greatcoat and blanket, take the latter." For the raw humid nights which may be expected up the Danube there can be no doubt, one would think, that the blanket is better than a greatcoat. Would it not be easy enough to roll up the men's coats or blankets, whichever they may be, in the tent canvas, and have them carried by the commissariat? If John Bull could only see the evil effects of strangling the services in times of peace by ill-judged parsimony, he would not listen so readily to the counsellors who tell him that it is economy to tighten his purse-strings round the neck of army and navy. Who was the wise man who warned us in time of peace that we should pay dearly for shutting our eyes to the possibility of war, and who preached in vain to us about our want of baggage and pontoon trains, and our locomotive deficiencies? No outlay, however prodigal, can atone for the effects of a griping penuriousness, and all the gold in the Treasury cannot produce at command those great qualities in administrative and executive departments which are the fruits of experience alone. A soldier, an artilleryman, a commissariat officer, cannot be created suddenly, no matter how profuse may be your expenditure in the attempt. It would be a great national blessing if all our political economists could be caught and enlisted in this army at Scutari for a month or so, or even if they could be provided with temporary commissions, till they have had some practical knowledge of the results of their system.

VARNA.

CHAPTER XI.

Embarkation of the Light Division—*Débris* of a camp—Slight delays and mishaps—Beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus—The Golden Horn—Constantinople—Water-side palaces and kiosks—A fairy scene—Night—Entrance into the Black Sea—Arrival and disembarkation at Varna—Resemblance of the town to Sandgate.

VARNA, *June* 1.

ON Sunday last, Sir George Brown left the barracks at Scutari, and proceeded to Varna in the "Banshee," and before his departure orders were issued that the men belonging to the Light Division under his command should embark early the following morning,—the baggage to be on board at six o'clock, the men at nine o'clock. Similar orders for their embarkation on the 26th of May had been given, as I already informed you last week, but owing to some change of plans on the part of the chiefs, they were

not carried out, and fears were entertained that the expedition might be delayed still longer at Scutari. However, the departure of the General looked promising, and this time the hopes and impatience of those who longed for action were to be satisfied. At daylight the reveille woke up the camp of the Light Division, and the regiments were ready for inspection at five o'clock. The Light Division, which is no doubt destined to play an important part in this campaign, and whose highest glory it will be to emulate the successes of the famous legion of the Peninsula whose name they bear, consists of the following regiments:—The 7th Fusileers, the 23rd Fusileers, the 19th Foot, the 33rd or Wellington's Regiment, the 77th Foot, the 88th Connaught Rangers, and the Rifle Brigade, second battalion, attached. Each regiment was placed in order of numbers by the side of its comrade, and the encampments of each were disposed in parallelograms one after the other, so that there was very little trouble or confusion in getting the division together. They formed in front of their tents, and after a rapid inspection were ordered to strike tents. In a moment or two file after file of canvas cones collapsed and fell to the earth, the poles were unspliced and packed up, the canvas rolled up and placed in layers on bullock carts, the various articles of regimental baggage collected into the same vehicles—ants in a swarm could not be more active and bustling than they were; they formed into masses, broke up again, moved in single files in little companies, in broken groups all over the ground, while the araba drivers looked stupidly on, exhibiting the most perfect indifference to the appropriation of their carts, and evidently regarding the Giaours as unpleasant demons, by whose preternatural energies they were to be agitated and perturbed as punishment for their sins. It would seem, indeed, very difficult to re-form this shifting, diffusive crowd of redcoats into the steady masses which were drawn up so rigidly a short time previously along the canvas walls, now fluttering in the dust or packed helplessly in bales. Their labours were, however, decisive, and in some half-hour or so they had transformed the scene completely, and had left nothing behind them but the bare circles of baked earth, marking where tents had stood, the blackened spot where once the camp-fires blazed, tethering sticks, and a curious *débris* of jam-pots, preserved meat cases, bottles, sweetmeat-boxes, sardine cases, broken delf, bones of fowl and ham, pomatum-pots, tobacco pipes, &c. A few words of command running through the toiling crowd, some blasts on the bugle, and the regiments get together once more as steady and solid as ever, with long lines of bullock carts and buffalo arabas drawn up between them, and winding slowly along over the sandy slopes which lead to the sea. Here the fleet of transports, of which I have so often spoken, lay anchored with their attendant steamers in long lines, as close in shore as they could lie with safety. The "Vesuvius" steam sloop, Commander Powell, the "Simoon" and the "Megæra" troop ships (screw steamers), sent in their boats to aid those of the merchantmen and steamers in embarking the men and baggage, and Admiral Boxer, aided by Captain Christie, Commander Powell,

and Lieutenant Rundle, R.N., superintended the arrangements for stowing away and getting on board the little army, which consisted of about 6,500 men. The morning was fine, but a little too hot. The men were in excellent spirits, and as they marched over the dusty plain, and wound down the sandy paths over the common. to the landing-places, they were greeted with repeated peals of cheering from the regiments of the other divisions. The order and regularity with which they were got on board the boats, and the safety and celerity with which they were embarked—baggage, horses, women, and stores—were creditable to the authorities, and to the discipline and good order of the men themselves, both officers and privates.

The "Victoria" (four-masted screw steamer) embarked the 33rd Regiment, 990 strong, and 12 horses; the "Andes" embarked the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers, 900 strong, and 12 horses; the "Megæra" embarked the 7th Fusileers, 950 strong, and 12 horses; the "Cambria" embarked the 88th Connaught Rangers, 950 strong, and 12 horses; the "Melbourne" embarked the 77th, 950 strong, and 12 horses; the "Medway" embarked the 19th, 950 strong, and 12 horses; the "Golden Fleece" embarked the Rifle battalion; the "Trent" embarked 300 pack horses; the "City of London" and "Emperor" towed up transport No. 4, artillery, and transport No. 18, staff-horses, &c.; the "Vesuvius," having lent her paddle-box boats to embark the men, moved off from her anchorage in the Golden Horn about twelve o'clock, when all the troops were on board, and proceeded up the stream of the Bosphorus to take in tow the "Sir George Pollock," with 60 horses belonging to the Rifle Brigade, &c., on board. The "Golden Fleece" was the first to start, and as she had no vessel in tow she made rapid way against the current, and was soon out of view in the bends of this salt-water river. Transports Nos. 44, 46, and 48 were laden with the men and horses of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, and lay out in the stream about two miles above Tophané. The "Victoria," which was to have towed No. 44, ran up alongside her, and made fast her hawsers to tow, but ere she could get her away the current caught her, threw her against a stubborn little Dutch galliot, which anchored dead in the way, and snap, snap, crash went bowsprit, and yard, and topmast, one after another, till the Hollander seemed as if he had just cut from Camperdown. Then the hawsers got round the screw of the steamer—they were cut or cast adrift in a twinkling, and the transport fetching stern way came right upon the shore, sorely discomposing a little body of Turkish philosophers who were smoking on a platform just where her counter came. The "Victoria" returned for aid to Scutari, and after a time came up with a Tug, and pulled off the transport. As she passed on with her prize, the men of the 33rd, who were on board, cheered the "Vesuvius" till the Bosphorus rang with echoes. The captain of the "Sir George Pollock" being on shore (for he had received no orders to be in readiness), a delay of three or four hours took place till the "Vesuvius" could get her to move. The artillery were embarked in transports Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, and were towed

by the "Medway," "Melbourne," "Cambria," and "City of London" respectively. The fleet was thus constituted of two steamers for staff officers and horses, seven for troops and 84 chargers, one for 300 pack horses, four transports for Horse Artillery, three transports for Hussars, two transports for Commissariat horses. Notwithstanding some little delays and mishaps, such as those alluded to above, the whole of the flotilla moved off with great punctuality, and commenced its course upwards with admirable order and quickness.

No voyager or artist has yet done justice to the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus. It has much the character of a Norwegian fiord. Perhaps the rounded outline of the hills, the light rich green of the vegetation, the luxuriance of tree and flower and herbage, resemble more closely the banks of Killarney or Windermere. For thirteen miles, the waters escaping from the Black Sea, now compressed by swelling hillocks to a breadth of little more than a mile, then expanding into sheets of four times that breadth, gush along in a blue flood, like the Rhone as it issues from the lake of Geneva, till they mingle with the Sea of Marmora, passing in their course by a succession of wood and dale, ravine and hill-side, covered with the profusest carpeting of leaf and blade, while kiosk and pleasure ground, bastion and loopholed curtain, gay garden, villa, mosque, and noble mansion stud the banks in unbroken lines from the very foot of the forts which command the entrance up to the crowning glory of the scene, where the imperial city of Constantine, rising in many-coloured terraces from the verge of the Golden Horn, confuses the eye with its masses of foliage, of red roofs, divers-hued walls, gables, and fretwork, surmounted by a frieze of snow-white minarets with golden summits, and by the symmetrical sweep of St. Sophia. The hills strike abruptly upwards to a height varying from 200 feet to 600 feet, and are bounded at the foot by a line of quays, which run along the European side, almost without interruption, from Pera to Bujukderé, about five miles from the Black Sea. These quays are very numerous on the Asiatic side also. The villages by the waterside are so close together, that Pera may be said to extend from Tophané to the forts beyond Bujukderé. The kiosks and residences of the pashas, the imperial palaces of the sultan and the retreats of opulence, line these favoured shores; and as the stranger passes on, in steamer or caique, he may catch a view of some successful plunderer of a province, some hoary pasha, or unscrupulous ex-governor, sitting cross-legged in his garden or verandah, smoking away, and each looking so like the other, that they might all pass for brothers. The windows of one portion of these houses are mostly closely latticed and fastened, but here and there a bright flash of a yellow or red robe shows the harem is not untenanted. These dwellings succeed each other the whole length of the Bosphorus, quite as numerously as the houses on the road from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith; and at places such as Therapia and Bujukderé, they are dense enough to form large villages, provided with hotels, shops, cafés, and lodging-houses. The Turks

delight in going up in their caiques to some of these places, and sitting out on the platforms over the water, while the chibouque or narghile confers on them a zoophytic happiness; and the greatest object of Turkish ambition is to enjoy the pleasures of a kiosk on the Bosphorus. The waters abound in fish, and droves of porpoises and dolphins disport in myriads on its surface, plashing and playing about, as with easy roll they cleave their way against its rapid flood, or gambolling about in the plenitude of their strength and security, till a sword-fish takes a dig at them, and sets them off curvetting and snorting like sea-horses. Hawks, kites, buzzards, and sea-eagles are numerous, and large flocks of a kind of gregarious petrel (I imagine), called by the French "*âmes damnées*," and which are said never to rest on land, keep constantly flying up and down close to the water.

The flotilla began its voyage at eleven o'clock. Off Tophanê, some five or six fine frigates, some of them double-banked, displayed the red flag with the silver crescent moon and star of the Ottoman Porte. They were lying idly at rest there, and we thought they might be much better employed, if not at Kavarna Bay, certainly in cruising about the Greek Archipelago. In justice to the Turks, it must be said they maintained the dignified indifference of the savage to the last. As the men at Scutari landed so they departed—in silence—and, so far as the people were concerned, in solitude. The caiquejees, or boatmen, scarcely turned their heads to look at the monster steamers, with their decks crowded with troops, that tossed their frail barks with the swell of their paddle-wheels; the smoking groups on shore never relaxed puffing the pipe as the flotilla went by; and the only animation they showed was once when the "Vesuvius," to astonish the natives, ran so close by the quay, that the swell washed over it, and tumbled over the bare toes of the Osmanli, who fled within, lest the steamer should pursue them bodily on shore.

It was five o'clock ere the last steamer which had to wait for the transports got under weigh again, and night had set in before they reached the entrance of the Black Sea. As they passed the forts (which are pretty frequent towards the Euxine), the sentries yelled out strange challenges and burned blue lights, and blue lights answered from our vessels in return; so that at times the whole of the scene put one in mind of a grand fairy spectacle; and it did not require much imagination to believe that the trees were the work of Grieve—that Stanfield had dashed in the waters and ships—that the forts were of pasteboard, and the clouds of gauze lighted up by a property man—while those moustachioed soldiers, with red fez caps or tarbouches, eccentric blue coats and breeches, and white belts, might fairly pass for Surrey supernumeraries. Out go the blue lights!—we are all left as blind as owls at noontide; but our eyes recover—the stars at last begin to twinkle—two lights shine, or rather blear, hazily on either bow—they mark the opening of the Bosphorus into the Euxine. We shoot past them, and a farewell challenge and another blue halo show the sentries are wide-awake. We are in the Black Sea, and, lo! sea

and sky and land are at once shut out from us! A fog, a drifting, clammy, nasty mist, bluish-white, and cold and raw, falls down on us like a shroud, damps out the stars and all the lights of heaven, and steals with a slug-like pace down yard and mast and stays, sticks to the face and beard, renders the deck dark as a graveyard, and forces us all down to a rubber and coffee. This is genuine Black Sea weather. All the club and taproom politicians who talk nonsense to distinguished circles, and regulate the motions of fleets, and criticise the conduct of armies, should be sent out here to take the command of so many Thames wherries till they learn what the real difficulties of managing ships in such a sea are. I immediately repented me of the evil thoughts I had once entertained, and was angry at the rubbish I had listened to about apathy, inactivity, and indolence, when I had had that one night's and day's experience of the Euxine. The shore was not far off (presumed not to be) on our port quarter, but had it been within a quarter of a mile, it would have been equally invisible. Later in the night we passed through a fleet, which we took to be Turkish men-of-war, but it was impossible to make them out, and but for the blockade of their ports, these vessels might have been Russians. In the morning the same haze continued drifting about and hugging the land; but once it rose and discovered a steamer close in shore, with a transport cast off from her, and hovering about just as a hen watches a chicken. The "Vesuvius" fired a gun, and after some time the steamer tried to take the transport in tow again, and proceeded to rejoin the squadron. We subsequently found it was the "Megæra." The line of land was marked by a bank of white clouds, and the edge of the sea horizon was equally obscured.

About half-past three o'clock the bay of Varna was visible, with the masts of some large vessels just peering up a-head, and the "Victoria," her Majesty's ship "Vesuvius," &c., ran in and anchored before six o'clock. The "Bellerophon," 74, Lord G. Paulet, the "Henri Quatre" (French), 90, and an Ottoman schooner were lying in the roadstead, close to the town, and transports Nos. 1, 2, 18, 27, 46, &c., busily engaged in landing stores and men. (It may be as well here to say that the transports lying off Scutari when we left, were Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 30.) The disembarkation was proceeding admirably. Large boats had been provided for the purpose, and the French and English men-of-war lent their launches and cutters to tow and carry, in addition to those furnished by the merchantmen. The Rifles had already landed, and had marched off to their temporary camp under canvas about a mile away. The 88th Connaught Rangers were already forming on the jetty, preparatory to marching, and the bay was alive with boats full of redcoats. The various regiments cheered tremendously as vessel after vessel arrived, but they met no response from the Turkish troops. Lord G. Paulet entertained the Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, and a numerous party, on board the "Bellerophon" in the evening. The vessel is pro-

vided with a band, and all night the shores echoed to the melody of the choicest *morceaux* of our best composers, while the men who had not landed crowded the decks of the ships to listen.

June 2.

This morning early the "Caton," French Government screw, arrived here, having on board General Canrobert and a small staff. He landed about mid-day, and after an extempore levee of the French officers on the beach, proceeded to call on Sir George Brown.

Owing to the exertions of Omar Pasha, and the activity of the commissariat, the quantity of open and covered arabas, or bullock and buffalo carts, which has been collected here, is nearly sufficient for all the wants of this division of the army. They are drawn up in hundreds along the walls of the principal magazine, and their services can be had at a few moments' notice. There is a small army of hairy, wild-looking drivers stalking about the place, and admiring the beauties of Varna, spear or buffalo goad in hand.

The cavalry force sent by Omar Pasha, to a place within a few miles of our camp, has been of infinite service in sending in provisions, horses, and cattle. The latter are wretchedly small and lean. A strong man could lift one of the beasts, and there is not so much meat on one of them as on a good English sheep. The horses are hardy, wild, mouthless brutes, but the owners are asking too much for them. Omar Pasha has forbidden the export of grain from this port, and from all the ports of Roumelia without exception.

The British camp is pitched on a plain, covered with scrub and clumps of sweetbrier, about a mile from the town, and half a mile from the fresh-water lake. The water of the lake, however, is not good for drinking—it abounds in animalculæ, not to mention enormous leeches—and the men have to go to the fountains and wells near the town to fill their canteens and cooking tins. This, however, is only a temporary encampment, and it is expected that they will move on Saturday or Monday about eight miles further off, towards a village called Devno. Fresh meat was issued to the men to-day, but a good many complaints were made by the soldiers, most of them, however, having reference to want of salt or pepper. To the hardy stoics at home, who laugh at such petty privations over their well-filled cruet-stand, it may be observed, that ration beef is not of that exquisite flavour and richness that a little disguise and condiment are not desirable at times. There is also a grumble at the non-appearance of the promised ale and porter, which is said to be stowed under the barracks at Scutari. I doubt that it is good drink for this country—rum, I am sure, would be much better. However, the men have not got either one or the other. The bread is brown and a little sourish. The medical stores and comforts have all arrived. Sir George Brown is anxious to reduce them to as small a compass as is compatible with efficiency, and I believe there is not complete identity of opinion between him and the medical authorities as to the amount

of baggage accommodation which will be necessary for their transport.

All the force—men, artillery, horses, and all of the Light Division, were landed this morning, and in the course of the day. The weather is very hot, muggy, and foggy. The French force is very small, but they have got hold of some of the best quarters, and the tricolor floats over the town from a very high flag-staff. Varna is something like Sandgate, with a white wall round it. Great efforts are being made to strengthen it, and along the sea face are mounted new guns, with earthwork and fascine parapets and embrasures. The beach is covered with heaps of rusty old shot and shell. The hills at the back completely command the place, and make it a poor military position. Food is good enough, and plentiful: a fowl can be had for seven piastres—1*s.* 2*d.*; bread and meat are about the same price as in London; a turkey can be had for half-a-crown; wine is dear, and not good; spirits, I am sorry to say, as cheap as they are bad.

CHAPTER XII.

The Light Division march to Devna—Encampment at Aladyn—Arrival of the First Division at Varna—Altered appearance of the town—Gallic nomenclature of Turkish streets—A ride from the town to the camp—Scenery and incidents *en route*—The Bulgarian peasant—English love for field sports—"What have you hit, Jack?"—Beautiful situation of the camp—Life in the camp.

CAMP AT ALADYN, NEAR VARNA, *June* 9.

ON Monday morning, at three o'clock, the Light Division of the British army, commanded by Sir George Brown, and consisting of the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th Regiments, with part of the 8th Hussars, the 17th Lancers, and a portion of a battery of artillery consisting of four guns attached, commenced its march from this by striking tents and getting baggage in readiness, and after breakfast proceeded on their way to their new encampment between Kojuk and Devna (called in some of the maps Dewnos). The infantry halted on a plain about nine miles and a half from the town of Varna, close to a fresh-water lake, but the cavalry and artillery continued their march, and pitched tents at the village of Devna, which is about eighteen miles from Varna, the route being through a rich and fertile country, perfectly deserted and lifeless—not a house, not a human creature to be seen along the whole line of march. A thick scrub, said to abound in game of various kinds, covers the country towards Devna, and the district is rich in varied scenery of a sober agricultural character. The vicinity of the lake insures a supply of water, which can be rendered available, by boiling and other processes, for daily household or tent use, and the labours of the military anglers have been already rewarded by sundry fine dishes of perch. Altogether the station

seems excellent, and as the commissariat is not deficient in supplies of all the essentials of bread and beef, there is no cause for complaint, though many of the Sybarites walk into town and back again, when they can get time, to procure salt, pepper, tobacco, and vegetables. I much fear there will be a scarcity of the last, and that the health of the men will suffer in consequence. The fleet, which is close to us (in Baltschik bay), has felt the evil effects of such scarcity already, and the "Britannia" and several other ships have been visited with scurvy.

On Saturday last the "Spitfire" paid a visit to Bourgas, which is a town of some importance south of Varna in the Black Sea, and brought up between twenty and thirty tons of onions for the use of the fleet, and fifty head of country cattle; but as some complaints have been made of these little interferences of the sea service with the commissariat of the land forces, Omar Pasha has issued strict injunctions, all along the European coast of the Black Sea, that no ships be provided in future with such stores or provisions under any pretence short of absolute want. Our commissariat has a hard task to play here. It is so tied down with orders, and so cramped by surveillance, that its energies are greatly diminished. It treats and contracts, where the French commissariat demands and takes; and in no department has the effect of our ill-judged economy been so painfully manifested as in the operasions of that which is above all others essential to the progress of an army. Mr. Commissary-General Filder has, I understand, succeeded in entering into contracts with certain Armenians, for a supply of 2800 head of cattle a month. These Armenians have given satisfactory securities, but as their race is essentially Russian in feelings and sympathies, they will require to be well looked after in every way, for as this country is situated just now, it would be difficult to feed us should the contractors fail in their undertaking.

A great benefit has been gained by this advance from the neighbourhood of the town of Varna. The slough of the camp, the extra weights, &c., are cast off, and, above all, the supplies of drink are cut off. Drunkenness at Gallipoli and at Scutari has been the bane of our men, French and English. With us, flogging seems the only cure, and even that is not a good or certain one. Sir De L. Evans is particularly opposed to the practice of the lash, but something must be done if the mischief continues. A "hell" has been established near Scutari barracks by certain enterprising persons from the neighbourhood of St. James's-street, but hitherto the worthies have been very unlucky, and have met little custom, and none of it lucrative. An Italian has erected a very comfortable casino, an eating and smoking room, in the same place. Our commissariat has got forty days' bread in advance for the army; the French have not got twenty. The 74th Regiment of the line (French) has arrived at Bourgas, to lay out camps and break ground for the French columns which are now marching up there. In a week they expect to have 25,000 men in the place,

but, except in grain, the supplies are deficient. There has been a serious scuffling fight at Gallipoli between the 1st Royals and the 30th Regiment, in which all the men on both sides were engaged. Only broken heads were the result, and the combatants are now as good friends as ever.

Captain Wallace, of the 7th Fusileers, has been killed by a fall from his horse. His death has cast a great gloom over his regiment. It took place last Saturday, and the deceased was buried with all military honours on Sunday last.

Admirals Dundas and Hamelin have come down to assist at the conferences between the French and English officers. A new Pasha has arrived here, who is supposed to be better fitted to the exigencies of the times than his predecessor. He was received with all honours by the Turkish garrison yesterday, but he landed without any ostentation beyond that displayed in his numerous and rather dilapidated following of swordsmen and pipebearers.

June 12.

The Light Division received orders to march at five o'clock last Saturday morning. It rained all the previous night, and early in the morning Captain Pearson, aid-de-camp to Sir George Brown, rode out to countermand the march. There is now no sign of a move. The division parades every morning early, and marches out with baggage, mules, artillery, &c., for a couple of miles and returns. The camp is healthy.

June 14.

The First Division arrived at Varna yesterday, and the Duke of Cambridge, his staff, and the Brigade of Guards landed to-day. Lord Raglan has not been able to come up here, in consequence of an indisposition which confines him to his quarters at Scutari. The division, consisting of the Brigade of Guards and the Highland Brigade (42nd, 79th, and 93rd regiments), was conveyed with the greatest comfort and celerity from Scutari.

The "Himalaya," with the 5th Dragoon Guards on board, arrived in the bay on Monday evening, having left Cork on the 28th of May. She carried 320 horses and 323 men of the regiment, and she reached Malta in seven days and twenty-two hours (all well). It need scarcely be stated that she has made the quickest passage ever known. From point to point she was only eleven days and nineteen hours under steam between Cork and Varna.

The commanding officer, Major Le Marchant, and the officers of the regiment, presented Captain Kellock, the able and indefatigable commander, with a highly flattering and very complimentary address, in which they expressed their deep sense of the attention paid to their comforts, and of the kindness and consideration with which they were treated on board his noble ship; and Mr. Lane, the purser, received a letter to the same effect, and was complimented on the excellent forage provided for the horses.

The disembarkation of the Guards was effected this morning in

excellent order, and with a rapidity and comfort which confer great credit on the officers engaged in superintending it. The French assisted with the most hearty goodwill. Of their own accord the men of the Artillery and the Chasseurs came down to the beach, helped to load buffalo carts, and set to work at once to thump the drivers, to push the natives out of the way, to show the road, and, in fact, to make themselves generally useful. The men, though not quite so stout as we are accustomed to see them in London, were nevertheless in capital case, and good humoured and high spirited, notwithstanding a heavy storm of rain that broke over them on the march to their camp, about a mile outside the town. The tents of some of the Egyptians are pitched on the road-side, and as the first company of the Grenadiers marched past a murmur went through the place, and the swarthy little warriors came swarming out like bees, and drew themselves up with staring eyes and open mouths to gaze on the Anakim. At first they appeared to be affected by mute wonder only, but as man after man strode by, and the fact grew upon them that there was a whole regiment composed of such tall fellows, they burst into a grin, and at last expanded into laughter and chattering delight. The two troops of the 8th Hussars lying outside the town gave the men a hearty cheer as they came in sight. Most of the men wore no stocks. It appears that soon after Sir George Brown came up to Varna an order was issued to the Duke's division making the wearing of the stock optional. Most of the men at once flung off the leathern encumbrance, but, with the usual taste of soldiers for civil attire, they began to wear gay-coloured handkerchiefs and neckcloths, so that the authorities were obliged to order them to wear either the stock or nothing.

The Dragoons wore white calico covers to their helmets, but Sir George will not allow it if he can help it. He dislikes these covers exceedingly, as being unsoldierlike; and his own division is forbidden to wear them on any account. They certainly do not improve the appearance, but as surely they contribute greatly to the comfort of the men.

For the present the division will occupy the site of the camp of the Light Division before it moved to Aladyn.

I rode into Varna from the camp this morning, but so changed was the appearance of the principal streets by the restless activity and energy of the French that I could not recognise them. Old blind side walls had been broken down, and shops opened, in which not only necessaries, but even luxuries could be purchased; the streets, once so dull and silent, re-echoed the laughter and rattle of dominoes in the newly-established *cafés*. Wine merchants and sutlers from Algiers, Oran, Constantine, Marseilles, Toulon, had set up booths and shops, at which liqueurs, spirits, and French and country wines could be purchased at prices not intolerably high. The natives had followed the example. Strings of German sausages, of dried tongues, of wiry hams, of bottles of pickles, hung from the rafters of an old Turkish khan, which but a few days before was the abode of nothing but unseemly insects; and an

empty storehouse was turned into a nicely whitewashed and gaily painted "Restaurant de l'Armée d'Orient pour Messieurs les Officiers et Sous-officiers." The names of the streets, according to a Gallic nomenclature, printed in black on neat deal slips, were fixed to the walls, so that one could find his way from place to place without going through the erratic wanderings which generally mark the stranger's progress through a Turkish town. One lane is named the Rue Ibrahim, another Rue de l'Hôpital, a third Rue Yusuf; the principal lane is termed the Corso, the next is Rue des Postes Françaises; and, as all these names are very convenient, and have a meaning attached to them, no sneering ought to deter one from confessing that the French manage these things better than we do. Where is the English post-office? No one knows. Where does the English General live? No one knows. Where is the hospital to carry a sick soldier to? No one knows. Does any one want to find General Canrobert? Ask the first Frenchman you meet, and he will tell you to go up the Corso, turn to the right, by the end of the Rue de l'Hôpital, and then you will see the name of the General painted in large letters over the door of his quarters. The French post-office and the French hospital are indicated sufficiently by the names of the streets. Our sappers and miners have done useful works by the sea-side, have built piers, trenched up the shore, and deepened the little harbour. The French have done the same; they have built piers and banked up the shore, and erected a sea-wall to land at. Lord George Paulet has been inexhaustible in his hospitalities on board the "Bellerophon," and has done much to amalgamate the higher officers of both armies by his friendly *réunions*, so that they become better friends every day. There is no jealousy between the men, or any rivalry, except in the path of honour.

Sir George Brown still continues with his staff at Varna. General Tylden is camped with his staff by the side of the bay, near the cavalry camp, and Captains Gordon and Hassard, Mr. Martin, of the Royal Engineers, and a few sappers and miners, remain in the town, close by the wall, in order to be ready for any work in their way.

As to the camp at Aladyn there is not much to say. Never were tents pitched in a more lovely spot. When the morning sun has risen it is scarce possible for one to feel he is far from England. At the other side of the lake which waters the meadows beneath the hill on which the camp is placed, there is a range of high ground, so finely wooded, with such verdant sheets of short crisp grass between the clumps of forest timber, that every one who sees it at once says, "Surely there must be a fine mansion somewhere among those trees!" When once the traveller leaves the sandy plain and flat meadow lands which sweep westward for two or three miles from Varna, he passes through a succession of fine landscapes, with a waving outline of hills, which he can see on all sides above the thick mass of scrub or cover, pierced by the road or rather the track made by horsemen and araba drivers.

The open country is finely diversified, and abundance of wood

and water lies all around, within easy distance of the route. Long lines of storks fly overhead or hold solemn reviews among the frogs in the meadows. As for the latter they are innumerable, and their concerts by day and night would delight the classical scholar who remembers his Aristophanes, and who can test the accuracy of the chorus. Eagles soar overhead, looking out for dead horses; and vultures, kites, and huge buzzards scour the plains in quest of vermin, hares, or partridges. Beautiful orioles, a blaze of green and yellow, gaudy woodpeckers, jays, and gros-beaks, shriek and chatter among the bushes, while the nightingale pours forth a flood of plaintive melody, aided by a lovely little warbler in a black cap and red waistcoat with bluish facings, who darts about after the flies, and who, when he has caught and eaten one, lights on a twig and expresses his satisfaction in a gush of exquisite music. Blackbirds and thrushes join in the chorus, and birds of all sorts, many of them unknown to me, flit around in multitudes. The commonest bird of all is the dove, and I regret to say that he is found so good to eat that his cooing is often abruptly terminated by a dose of No. 6. This morning as I was coming into town a large snake, about eight feet long and as thick as my arm, wriggled across the path; my horse plunged violently when he saw him, but the snake went leisurely and with great difficulty across the sandy road; when he gained the grass, however, he turned his head round, and darted out a little spiteful-looking tongue with great quickness. A Turk who rode behind me drew a long barrelled pistol, and was adjusting his aim, when with the quickness of lightning the snake, or whatever he was, darted into the thicket, and though four of us rode our horses through the place we could not find him. He was of a dark green, mottled with white, had a large head of a lighter hue, and protuberant bright eyes. Jackals are said to abound, but I saw none of them, and it is not unlikely that the wild dogs are mistaken for them. A small kind of deer has been seen close to us in herds of fifty or sixty, and the sportsmen have found out the tracks of wild boars through the neighbouring hills. Huge carp abound in the lake; and very fine perch, enormous bream, and pike can be had for the taking, but tackle, rods, and lines are very scarce in the camp. There are no trout in these waters, but perch and pike take large flies very freely, whenever the angler can get through the weeds and marshy borders to take a cast for them.

As the traveller proceeds onwards he encounters a team of ox or buffalo carts *en route* to or from the camp. Let us stop and look at this scarecrow who is driving them. He is a stout, well-made, and handsome man, with finely-shaped features and large dark eyes; but for all that there is a dull dejected look about him which rivets the attention. There is no speculation in the orbs which gaze on you half in dread, half in wonder; and if there should be a cavass or armed Turk with you, the poor wretch dare not take his look away for a moment, lest he should meet the ready lash, or provoke some arbitrary act of violence. His head is covered with a cap of black sheepskin, with the wool on, beneath which falls a mass of tangled hair, which unites with beard, and

whisker, and moustache in forming a rugged mat about the lower part of the face. A jacket made of coarse brown cloth hangs loosely from the shoulders, leaving visible the breast, burnt almost black by exposure to the sun. Underneath the jacket is a kind of vest, which is confined round the waist by several folds of a shawl or sash, in which are stuck a yataghan or knife, and a reed pipe-stick. The breeches are made of very rudely manufactured cloth, wide above and gathered in at the knee; and the lower part of the leg is protected by rags, tied round with bits of old string, which put one in mind of the Italian bandit, *à la* Wallack, in a state of extreme dilapidation and poverty. If you could speak with this poor Bulgarian, you would find his mind as waste as the land around you. He is a Christian, after a fashion, but he puts far more faith in charms, in amulets, and in an uncleanly priest and a certain saint of his village, than in prayer or works. He believes the Turks are his natural masters; that he must endure meekly what they please to inflict; and that between him and Heaven there is only one power and one man strong enough to save him from the most cruel outrages, or to withstand the sovereign sway of the Osmanli, and that power is Russia, and that man is the Czar. His whole fortune is that wretched cart, which he regards as a triumph of construction; and he has driven those lean, fierce-eyed buffaloes many a mile, from some distant village, in the hope of being employed by the commissariat, who offer him what seems to him to be the most munificent remuneration of 3*s.* 4*d.* a-day for the services of himself, his beasts, and araba. His food is coarse brown bread, or a mess of rice and grease, flavoured with garlic, the odour of which has penetrated his very bones, and spreads in vapour around him. His drink is water, and now and then an intoxicating draught of bad raki or sour country wine. In that abject figure you look in vain for the dash of Thracian blood, or seek the descendant of the Roman legionary. From whatever race he springs, the Bulgarian peasant hereabouts is the veriest slave that ever tyranny created, and as he walks slowly away with down-cast eyes and stooping head, by the side of his cart, the hardest heart must be touched with pity at his mute dejection, and hate the people and the rule that have ground him to the dust.

Going forwards towards the camp, and encountering many a team such as the last, or groups of Bashi-Bazouks, or regular (but very irregular) cavalry, on their march, and now and then English travellers going to pester Omar Pasha at Shumla, or returning proudly from having done so, we at last draw towards the camp. The report of a gun rings through the woods and covers, and an honest English shout of "What have you hit, Jack?" or, "By Jove, he's off!" from among the bushes, shows that Ensign Brown or Captain Johnson is busy in the pursuit of the sports of the field. Private Smith, of the Rifle Brigade, with a goose in each hand, is stalking homewards from the hamlet by the lake-side. Mr. Flynn, of the Connaught Rangers, a little the worse for raki, is carrying a lamb on his shoulders, which he is soothing with sentimentalities; and Sergeant Macgregor, of the 7th. and Ser-

geant Aprice, of the 23rd Welsh Fusileers, are gravely discussing a difficult point of theology on a knoll in front of you. Men in fatigue frocks, laden with bundles of sticks or corn or swathes of fresh grass, are met at every step; and by the stream-side, half-hidden by the bushes, there is a rural laundry, whence come snatches of song, mingled with the familiar sounds of washing and lines of fluttering linen, attesting the energies of the British laundress under the most unfavourable circumstances. In a short time the stranger arrives at a mass of araba carts drawn up along the road, through which he threads his way with difficulty, and just as he tops the last hill, the tents of the Light Division, stretching their snowy canvas in regular lines up the slope of the opposite side, come into view.

The camp is pitched on a dry, sandy tableland. On the right-hand side the artillery (Captain Levinge's troop), the small arm and ammunition train (Captain Anderson), and the rocket carriages, caissons, artillery horses, &c., have fixed their quarters. The valley between them and the tableland on which the camp is situate is unoccupied. On the left-hand side, on a beautiful spot overlooking the lake, at a considerable elevation, is the little camp of the commissariat, surrounded by carts and araba drivers, flocks of sheep and goats, and cattle, and vast piles of bread and corn. Here are pitched the tents of Mr. Darling (the commissariat officer of the whole division), of Mr. Thompson, and of Mr. Barlee. Mr. Clarke and another gentleman of this department are stationed with the artillery. The Rifle camp is placed at the distance of 300 yards from the commissariat's camp, on the slope of the tableland, and commands a beautiful view of the lakes and of the surrounding country; and the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 77th, 88th, and 33rd Regiments are encamped close together, so that the lines of canvas are almost unbroken, from one extremity to the other. Brigadier-General Airey and staff, and Drs. Alexander, Rice, and Jameson, have pitched their tents in a meadow close by some trees, at the upper end of the encampment. The engineers under Captain Gordon, the Rev. Mr. Egan, and Captain Halliwell, have formed a little encampment of their own in a valley a little further on, which is formed by two spurs of land, covered with the thickest foliage and brushwood—hazels, clematis, wild vines, birch, and creeper. The cavalry are stationed about nine miles further on, close to the village of Devna.

In front of the Rifle camp is a rural burial-ground, now long abandoned, probably because there are not many people left to die in the district. It is of the rudest kind. No sculptured stone, not even a scratch of a chisel distinguishes one resting-place from another, but a block of unhewn granite is placed at each grave, and the Sappers and Miners, who are a most utilitarian corps, have selected some of the largest and best of them to serve in the construction of their bridge over one of the narrow channels which join lake to lake. By the bye, these same Sappers have had hard work of it in building this bridge. The 10th company, who laboured at it, worked entirely naked and up to their breasts in

water for one whole day. It is no wonder that a few of them have suffered from slight fever in consequence. The camp life is quiet, and soon told. Between six and half-past six o'clock, the seven regiments parade, each in front of their own encampment; but nearly two hours before that time the stranger, unaccustomed to the sounds of the camp, if he has been able to sleep through the challenges of the sentries along the lines, and the monotonous cry running from man to man, "Number One—All's well!" "Number Two—All's well!" &c., will be awakened by the bugles and trumpets sounding the *reveille*, the noise of conversation around his tent, and the chopping of wood for the camp-fires. Parade over, there is a general rush for breakfast, which takes place at eight o'clock. Sorry am I to say that the men are dissatisfied because the store of sugar is run out; and fellows who never were accustomed before they enlisted to anything better than a drink of buttermilk and a potato, declare they cannot take their tea or coffee without sugar. The meat (beef) served out for rations is good, though very lean, and the supply of preserved potatoes is most acceptable. Sir G. Brown will not allow the porter which has been sent up to Varna for the use of the troops to be forwarded to the camp; but if the men had rations of weak spirits and water, it would be better for them than malt drink. As it is, they get neither, and grumble accordingly. The heat in the day is great, but perhaps it does not much exceed the average temperature of a fine sunny day in England about the same time of year. The nights are colder, and heavy dews are frequent. When recall is sounded, and all the bands have ceased playing, the silence which reigns over the canvas would be profound, but that the vigorous breathings of the sleepers frequently attain the dimensions of snoring, and that the challenges of the sentry to the stragglers for half an hour or so are frequent. Ere dusk outlying picquets are appointed, and reliefs are sent out about half-past two o'clock in the morning. These picquets are posted around the camp at the distance of two or three miles.

It is with much regret that I have to record several instances of outrage on the part of our men towards the inhabitants of the little village of Allahdeen (or Aladyn), which is about half-a-mile from the camp on the borders of the lake. Stragglers from the camp have on several occasions broken into the houses, and ill-used the people inside. A guard of twenty men was placed to protect the inhabitants, but for some reason or other it was withdrawn, and the complaints of outrage have been renewed. A divisional order was issued accordingly on Monday last, to the effect that no officer or man should leave the camp without the permission of the senior officer in command. Brigadier-General Airey, who is using every effort to check these disgraceful proceedings, is most anxious to gain the confidence of the peasantry, and to induce them to come into the camp with produce, and I have reason to hope his labours will be attended with success. There is much difficulty, however, in persuading the people to treat, as they look on us as allies of their natural enemies, the Turks. The araba

drivers, when they get a few days' pay, run off, cart and all, and must be guarded, or the commissariat would be sorely hindered. In fact, as many of them are kept against their will, they may be regarded as prisoners. It would be much better if we had proper light wagons and carts of our own, as the French have, though of course they are partially dependent on the arabas also.

Where are the field hospitals? At present, if a serious case of illness occurs in camp, the only conveyance for the sufferer is a bullock cart, and, in that miserable, springless vehicle he has to perform a tedious journey of ten miles to Varna—enough to destroy all chance of recovery. We hear these hospital carts are in London, and have been exhibited to admiring multitudes. It would be much better if we had them out here for the sick at camp; and it is to be hoped, when they are sent out, that they will be used, and that they will not be considered useless encumbrances merely because they were not used during the Peninsula.

On Tuesday last we had a great day at the camp. General Airey wished to do something to break the monotony of the men's existence, and suggested that the officers should get up some sports. The result was most successful. A whip of a dollar a head went round, and at two o'clock leave was given to all the men who liked it to go to the races. With the innate love of sport which possesses our countrymen wherever they are placed, about two thousand of them assembled in a fine meadow at the extremity of the camp, a course was cleared, hurdles erected, and leaps thrown up, and the races commenced soon after half-past two o'clock. The Brigadier was on the ground, which was crowded with officers, and great good humour prevailed throughout the day.

CHAPTER XIII.

Commissariat disabilities and difficulties—Shyness of the Bulgarian peasantry—Deficient supplies and increased sickness—The luxury of porter—A glimpse at Scutari—The *entente cordiale* cemented by slight squabbles—Stocks and moustaches—The generals "tied by the leg"—Inspection of the troops—Concentration of the allied forces round Varna.

CAMP AT ALADYN, *June* 20.

SIR GEORGE BROWN sent out orders from Varna yesterday, that the Light Division, with its artillery, &c., should hold itself in readiness to march at an early hour on Wednesday morning. It is said that the commissariat officers have strongly represented the inadequacy of the means at their disposal for the conveyance of stores, but Sir George Brown is not the man to be deterred by ordinary difficulties, and there is a chance of a good deal of baggage and *impedimenta* being left behind us, or detained till increased facilities for carriage can be rendered.

The people of England, who have looked with complacency on the reduction of expenditure in all branches of our warlike estab-

lishments, must not be surprised if they find the movements of our army hampered by the results of an injudicious economy. A commissariat officer is not made in a day, nor can the most lavish expenditure effect the work of years, or atone for the want of experience. The hardest working Treasury clerk (and I must say they all evince the greatest zeal and most untiring diligence in the discharge of their duties) has necessarily much to learn ere he can become an efficient commissariat officer in a country which our old campaigners declare to be the most difficult they ever were in for procuring supplies. Let those who have any recollections of Chobham, just imagine that famous encampment to be placed about ten miles from the sea, in the midst of a country utterly deserted by the inhabitants, the railways from London stopped up, the supplies by the cart or wagon cut off, corn scarcely procurable, carriages impossible, and the only communication between the camp and port carried on by means of buffalo and bullock arabas travelling about one mile and a half an hour, and they will be able to form some faint idea of the difficulties of getting the requisite necessaries out here. Besides, here we are absolutely at war —obliged to carry enormous masses of ammunition as well as tents and tent equipage, provisions for the men, medical stores, all the various articles and means for cooking, &c., through a country which to all intents and purposes is held by enemies. To give a notion of the requirements of such a body as this army of 25,000 men in the field, I may observe that it was stated to me on good authority the other day, that not less than 13,000 horses and mules would be required for the conveyance of baggage and stores. About twelve o'clock to-day, just as all the officers were making preparations for their start to-morrow morning, orders were received countermanding those which had been issued for the march of the division, and it may be inferred that the difficulties of which I was just writing when the aid-de-camp arrived, have been found to be insuperable, and that the commissariat has not been able to provide the means of conveyance for the stores, either of Sir George Brown's or of the Duke of Cambridge's division. To continue my remarks on the nature of these difficulties. I may observe that not only is it a work of time, labour, and money to find the horses, mules, and buffaloes, bullock and araba carts required for our march, but that when we get them we cannot keep them. Buffalo and bullock carts and their drivers vanish into thin air in the space of a night. A Bulgarian is a human being after all. A Pasha's cavass may tear him away from "his young barbarians all at play," but when he has been paid a few three and eightpences a day, off he starts the moment the eye of the guard is removed, and, taking unknown paths and mountain roadways, seeks again the miserable home from which he has been taken. A curious case of this kind occurred the other day, even in the town of Varna, filled as it is with Turkish, French, and English soldiery. Mr. Assistant-Commissary-General Ramsay sent a sergeant with an araba cart and driver to a store for certain things required by his regiment. The sergeant went into the

store, leaving the araba driver and his cart outside. After a short stay he came out to load the cart. Both araba and driver had disappeared. They have not been seen since. How such clumsy bodies move so quickly is miraculous. In our service they are as slow as snails. Major Dickson, R.A., has been hard at work for three weeks, buying horses for Government, in Varna, and though it is a closed market, and no officer, French or English, can come in to buy, he has only succeeded in purchasing 560 horses. These animals run from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* each, and the latter sum is the *maximum* Government price; but it may readily be imagined that officers giving higher prices sometimes are able to snatch up a horse or two from the Government officers, in spite of orders. However, we have gone far to exhaust the resources of the place, and horses and mules cannot be had without much difficulty. Officers from cavalry and line regiments have been sent from Scutari, and Varna, and Devna, all over the country, to buy up baggage animals for the use of Government—some to Bourgas, some to the Asiatic towns on the south-eastern coast of the Black Sea, some to the towns on the Danube, and even to the villages at the foot of the Balkan. Captain Gambier, R.A., came up from Scutari in the "Sovereign," from Varna, on Saturday, to purchase 1450 horses, 145 buffaloes, 450 oxen (bullocks), which are absolutely indispensable ere the ammunition and stores of the army can be carried. Where he is to get them it is not so easy to say. He left the camp on his way to Shumla, on Wednesday morning. One may, without being considered a downright grumbler, fairly ask, "Why was not all this thought of before?"

The people are so shy, it is impossible to establish friendly relations with them. The inhabitants of the Bulgarian village of Aladyn, close to us below the camp at the borders of the lake, have abandoned their houses altogether. Not one living creature remains out of the 350 or 400 people who were there on our arrival. Their houses are left wide open, and such of their household goods as they could not remove, and a few cocks and hens that could not be caught, are all that are left behind. The cause generally assigned for this exodus is the violence of a few ruffians on two or three occasions, coupled with groundless apprehension of further violence—others say it is because we established our slaughter-houses there. Certainly the smell was abominable, and I trust it alone was the cause of the departure of those stupid but harmless people. The authorities are sending us out a Provost Marshal. A sergeant of the 33rd Regiment has been appointed to administer justice in our division. He was provided with a horse to ride round the camp; but when I left Varna he was still there looking for a saddle. The report in the camp is, that the commissariat declared themselves unable to comply with the requisitions for moving the division; and that therefore we do not move to-morrow, or probably the next day. I regret very much to have to state that for several days last week there was neither rice, nor sugar, nor preserved potatoes, nor tea, nor any substitute for these articles issued to the men; they had, there-

fore, to make their breakfast simply on ration brown bread and water. After breakfast they were paraded and exercised for an hour or two in the hot sun (on one occasion for more than four hours), and the result has been that illness increased rapidly. The dinners of the men, as long as the want of rice continued, consisted of lean ration beef boiled in water, and eaten with brown bread, without any seasoning to flavour it. The supplies ran out, and it was no fault of the commissariat that they did so,—who was to blame, I don't pretend to say. On Monday, the Rifles had upwards of sixty men ill from diarrhœa, and the 19th upwards of forty men ill from the same cause. It is probable the sickness in the other regiments was nearly in the same proportion. Much of this increase of disease must be attributed to the use of the red wine of the country, sold at the canteens of the camp; but as the men can get nothing else, they think it is better to drink than the water of the place. There are loud complaints from officers and men on this score, and especially on account of the porter and ale they were promised not being dealt out to them; and the blame is laid, as a matter of course, on the shoulders of Sir George Brown. I believe the fact to be, that there is not much more than thirty or forty hogsheads of porter left at Varna. While the men of this division lay outside Varna they were, I am told, furnished with porter; now that they have moved further off they are deprived of it, and the reasons given for the deprivation are various, but the result is manifest. The men hear that the soldiers of the other divisions near Varna get their pint of porter a day, and if they are dissatisfied at this distinction it is not surprising. It is within my own knowledge that several officers have made formal written applications to the proper quarter, stating that if the commissariat at Varna be instructed to issue the porter they will find the means of carrying it out to the camp at their own expense. To these applications the authorities have not given any specific replies. Till the araba drivers ran away, there would not have been any considerable difficulty in sending out porter by the commissariat carts. The colonels of regiments who are willing to bear the expense of bringing out this liquor, if they can get it, may be supposed to be somewhat annoyed at the difference between the treatment of one division and of another. The subject is so difficult that I shall not offer any observations on it, but merely content myself by saying that I am certain Sir George Brown is a man who would not deprive the soldiers of the division which he commands so ably, and views with such just pride, of a comfort provided for them by Government, at the expense of the people of England, without some sound and all-powerful reasons best known to himself. The real efficiency of this division must be the object nearest to his heart; night and day he strives to secure it by every means in his power, and there can be no possible motive for his subjecting them to inconvenience and physical suffering, amid all the evils of bad living, poor meat, poor water, poor wine, and no vegetables. A draught of good porter, with the thermometer at 93° or 95° in

the shade, would be a luxury which a thirsty soul in London can never understand. There must be some wholesome drink provided for the men, or they will fall before the attacks of sickness in such a climate, and with such feeding as they have at present; and having expressed an opinion, which is shared by the most experienced medical men out here, I shall close the subject, and leave the consideration of it to those most concerned at home. Within these last three or four days, a little rice has again been served out, and small quantities of tea. Many of the officers ride into Varna, buy salt, tobacco, tea, and spirits, and bring it out in saddle bags, either to distribute gratuitously or at cost price to their men. This is an immense boon, particularly as the men are not allowed to go into Varna, unless servants on leave. The preserved potatoes were too good to last, but we hear more are coming out.

On Friday, 16th, Lord Raglan returned to Constantinople (Scutari), in the Caradoc. Two Turkish two-deckers have come into the bay to assist in disembarking the troops. The "Bellerophon" and "Arethusa" still lie in the same place, and have been joined by the "Vengeance," "Sidon," and "Spitfire." The "Henri IV." (French) has been joined by the "Mogador" and a two-decker, all ready with their boats to land horses, men, and stores, or to take them away, if required. There has been as great a change made in the town as in Gallipoli; but it is still the work of the French, and we have no evidence of British enterprise among the numerous sutlers established in the place. Mr. Grace, of Constantinople, has sent up some supplies of hams, tongues, brandy, wine, &c.; and the little "Army and Navy" screw-steamer is busy cruising about with stores from port to port, but our soldiers have still to deal in unknown languages with French, Italians, and Greeks, and numberless are the "rows" which spring up in consequence. No pen, no painting, could give the faintest idea of the state of the streets towards evening, when the picquets begin their march to clear the men off to their camps. The fraternity established between the French and English troops becomes every day more affectionate, and individual friendships are springing up, all the closer, perhaps, for a squabble now and then, which ends in the old *redintegratio amoris*. A huge Highlander, last Monday, walked through a crowd of drunken Chasseurs, knocking them down like ninepins, because one of them had slapped his cheek, and was only just stopped in time to prevent the affair becoming serious by an officer who happened to be present. Later in the day, a gigantic Irishman, with his coatee off, his eyes staring out of his head, and an oak paling in his hand, went dancing through the principal market-place, and for some imaginary offence, commenced an attack on Turks, French, and Greeks, indiscriminately, whom he routed with signal discomfiture, first breaking a sword bayonet which a soldier drew to stop his vagaries; he then walked into a *café*, where he broke up the *covenrsazione* of the place very rudely, and finished by running a muck through a whole mob of assailants, and getting off through

the gate into the fields. In a squabble last week, a Frenchman ran a Turk through the body and killed him on the spot. He has not been discovered. While talking of these matters, I may mention that General Espinasse, to the great regret of us all, had a sad misfortune the other day. The General, who is a remarkably fine-looking young man, of thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, had a favourite Arab charger, which was considered very tame and gentle. On approaching it a few mornings ago with a lump of sugar in his mouth, as he had often done before, the General was seized by the horse, and caught by the lip and chin, and shockingly mutilated. Owing to the great care and skill of the surgeons in attendance on him he is, however, rapidly recovering; but he will bear the mark of the wound for life. A man of the 19th has died, after a short attack of English cholera, (four hours.) A private of the 33rd, named Elmes, from Manchester, of whom his officers speak in the highest terms, was unfortunately drowned while swimming in the stream between the two lakes close to our camp. He was buried with all honours by the men and officers of the regiment yesterday in a little valley by the side of the tents, and the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Egan, performed the service with much solemnity. Two artillerymen have also been drowned while bathing in the lake near Varna.

The Light Division has had a great boon extended to it. Stocks are not to be used on the line of march. I hear one Brigadier objects to this innovation. He is a very gallant and excellent officer, but he actually has an affection for a "common soldier's stock," and never wears anything else; *ergo*, because he, riding at his ease, on a fine soft-going charger, without anything on his shoulders, and being spare withal, feels no annoyance from this singular anti-pneumonic apparatus, Private Peter Brown, No. 1 company, with 56 lb. on his back, 50 rounds of Minié cartridge, a close coatee, a water canteen, a shako, &c., must positively like to wear a similar article in a little march over a Bulgarian sand common, with the thermometer at 110°. In the Duke of Cambridge's division stocks are not worn at all, and the men march and mount guard with open throats and turned-down collars. The white cap-covers are not much liked by Sir George Brown, but the colonels of regiments generally avail themselves of the permission of Lord Raglan to use it, and the men are all provided with it. It is not considered, however, quite suitable for the Rifles. The cavalry wear it on shako and helmet, and it must be admitted that it is intensely ugly, but very useful. It would be delightful if the shako was abandoned altogether for the present, and only kept for state occasions, such as marching into Odessa or Sebastopol. There is no alteration in the use of the razor in this division. Some of the officers of the Guards appear to be feeling their way in the Duke's division by letting faint bristles peer about them on chin and lip. By the bye, his Royal Highness has issued an order that no officer shall go into Varna unless in undress uniform, and if any officer visits the French quarters he must wear his sword.

The French are moving up on the parallel of this line rapidly. The 2nd Division (General Bosquet's) left Gallipoli for Adrianople on the 5th. The General reached Adrianople on the 7th, and his division was expected in a few days. There is now at Bulari only the 2nd brigade of infantry of General Forey's division (39th and 74th), Cassagnole's cavalry, 6th Dragoons, and two batteries of artillery.

The people of England, who are impatiently waiting to hear of Silistria relieved, of the Danube released, of the Dobrudscha cleared of Russians, must wait a little longer. The Generals are all "tied by the leg," for the commissariat can get no carts—at least, they cannot succeed in procuring a tithe of what is required. Had the nature of the country been but a little better inquired into before the army was sent here, all these delays and vexatious disappointments would not have taken place. The commissariat ought to have been out here weeks before the troops landed. They (two only of them) came to Varna but a few days before the arrival of the Light Division. If I am not misinformed, the authorities were told some time ago of the difficulties likely to arise if they did not send out commissariat carts and wagons, and I firmly believe much money and all this delay would have been saved and spared, had a proper baggage train been sent out from England. Imagine the feelings of Sir George Brown and of the other generals at finding themselves absolutely paralyzed and unable to stir an inch. The troops, who are most impatient for action, and who bear all their little privations with the most exemplary good humour, are tired of these repeated marching orders and countermands, and almost begin to laugh at the well-known command "to be in readiness to strike tents and march at half-past three to-morrow morning." It is currently believed that we shall not be able to move for the next three weeks. It appears that for thirty miles of the road towards Shumla and Silistria there is not a drop of water, and three days' water must be carried in carts for cavalry and infantry. These carts are not as yet to be had, nor are there any proper water-casks to put into them. On Monday the commissariat magazines here ran short of bread, as has happened several times before, and the men had to feed on biscuit from the reserve. In the same way the barley ran short, and forage had to be issued from the reserve. This was not the fault of the contractors in either instance. They had and have forty days' bread at Varna for the troops, but the commissariat could get no carts or arabas in which to carry the rations out. They also have the proper quantity of barley and corn, but the means of conveyance out here could not be had, and so the reserve is being rapidly eaten up. The rations required for this division are of bread and meat 10,018 daily, of corn for horses 879 daily.

There was an inspection of all the troops out here yesterday. Sir George Brown and staff were on the ground early in the day, and the Duke of Cambridge and General Canrobert were also present, having ridden out together from Varna. The inspection

merely consisted in a ride down the lines, and in a march past, and as the day was fine, and the men in excellent spirits, it passed off admirably. The Duke, who seems in capital case, and was very simply dressed, was very well received by the troops, who were much pleased at his plain white cap cover; but the French General got the honours of the day, for as he rode along the fronts of the regiments, the men spontaneously cheered him in nearly every instance. The 77th and 88th gave three diabolical yells, which rent the very skies, as he passed, at which General Canrobert was good enough to smile and stroke his moustache and say, "*Comme c'est charmant ce 'cheer' anglais!*" and he is said to have been highly complimentary to Sir George Brown and his Brigadiers Airey and Buller respecting the air and appearance of the troops. After the inspection, Sir George Brown, who has all the vigour and personal activity of a man of five-and-twenty, rode off to Devno, to look out for a site for the new camp of this division, which, however, as has been seen, it is not likely we shall want for some time longer; and as he returned, I believe, to Varna the same evening, he must have ridden forty miles ere he left the saddle, though the day was excessively hot and suffocating when the wind went down.

The French are not much better off than ourselves, and are as little able to move. They are in great want of shoes. Our men are all well provided in that respect, and their clothing is excellent. Their winter clothing has been ordered out. Where are our ambulances? The Zouaves have made a great impression on the Turks, who are quite fascinated by their green turbans and loose breeches. The French officers, availing themselves of this impression, have ordered the Zouaves always to wear the green shawl round the fez. On the other hand, the Turks will have it that the soldiers' wives at our camps belong to the harems of our Generals, and affirm we are going to retain possession of the country, as our households have come along with us. Our washerwomen, who may be found in every shady nook and alley of the valleys round the camp, with extempore boilers fixed into the green banks, are always the *foci* of a circle of araba drivers, who seem to think them witches engaged in some unholy mystery.

June 21.

No move to-day, nor likelihood of any, except that the Rifles will strike tents and remove next to the 7th on the right of the camp, this evening.

A portion of the 5th Dragoon Guards and part of Captain Jennings' and another troop of the 13th Light Dragoons passed by to-day on their way to the cavalry camp at Devno, nine miles further. Some of the men seemed much done up, as the day was extremely hot. Several of them were marching on foot, and some rode with their naked feet in the stirrups, unable to bear the pressure of the boot.

There were horse and foot races and games on Tuesday evening

for the amusement of the division, and they went off nearly as well as the first, though marred by an unfortunate accident. A sergeant of the 33rd broke his leg while taking a leap.

We learn to-day that all the troops from Scutari and Gallipoli have arrived in Varna, and that the British army, minus some cavalry, is at last in Bulgaria.

June 24.

The country round Varna is one vast camp. About 34,000 French troops, 15,000 English, and 8500 Turks and Egyptians have pitched their tents there. Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir George Brown, Sir De L. Evans, and most of the other English Generals are in quarters in and about the town, and the French have sent about two-thirds of their troops to this point, while other divisions are pushing up here from Bourgas and Adrianople. Upwards of 300 vessels are at anchor in the bay, and are in readiness to sail at a moment's notice. The Light Division is still in advance here.

The men are exercised almost daily, and those who have not practised with the Minié are forthwith to be instructed in it. An order, dated June 1st, has just been promulgated, ordering the men to throw off their stocks on the march, but to stow them in their knapsacks. The heat is very great.

CHAPTER XIV.

The siege of Silistria raised—Prince Napoleon assumes the command of his division—Review of Egyptian troops—Physical and military character of the men—Clean arms and dirty soldiers—"Little skrimmages."

CAMP AT ALADYN, *June 26.*

ON Saturday a Tatar with an escort rode past the camp by the Shumla road, at full speed for Varna, and, on arriving there, at once repaired to the quarters of Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, with despatches from Omar Pasha. The two commanders-in-chief held a conference, at which several of the French and English generals were present, and on the same evening two steamers left the port of Varna with despatches, one for Constantinople, and the other for the Admirals at Baltschik. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the noise of a distant cannonade had been heard at intervals by the officers and men of the outlying picquets from the direction of Silistria, and hypothesis and conjecture were busy hatching *canards*, which flew about the tents in ever-varying plumage and form. But on Saturday the great fact was known in Varna, and it soon travelled out here, that the siege of Silistria was raised, and that the Russians were in full retreat from the scene of their discomfiture. It would seem that the garrison at Silistria had scarcely any cavalry, and that the Russians had retired so precipitately after their last defeat that their route could not be accurately ascertained. Parties of the 5th Dragoon

Guards, 17th Lancers, and 13th Light Dragoons were immediately advanced, and are now extending their files by Yeni Bazaar and to the eastward of the plains of Shumla, towards Hadschi Oghlu.

It may readily be believed that this news has made a profound sensation here. The prominent feeling among the men is one of disappointment, that they may lose the chance, "after coming so far, of having one brush with the Russians." Sir De L. Evans is said to have addressed his division in order to soothe their spirits on this point. Beyond this pardonable military enthusiasm there is a great desire to escape from the strenuous inaction of camp life, its toilsome parades, and the relaxing effects of the climate.

On Saturday last Prince Napoleon arrived to take the command of his division, and was received with the usual heavy salute of 101 guns from each French man-of-war in harbour. Our vessels paid him the more modest compliment of one royal salute, and hoisted the French imperial ensign. On the same day a part of the 50th Regiment, and detachments of the rest of the Gallipoli division, under Sir R. England, arrived in Varna, and some of the baggage of Adams's brigade, as well as detachments of the 41st Regiment, 55th Regiment, and 95th Regiment. Portions of several French regiments also landed. During the week the Turkish steamers carried up four battalions of Egyptian infantry, two parks of field artillery, and some Turco-Egyptian lancers. The whole of the plain round Varna, for the distance of two or three miles, is covered with tents. Grass, herbage, and shrubs have disappeared, and the fields are turned into an expanse of sand, ploughed up by araba wheels, and the feet of oxen and horses, and covered with towns of canvas. There cannot be less than 40,000 men encamped around the place, including French, English, Egyptians, and Turks, and the town itself is choked in every street with soldiery. Upwards of 500 carts have come in from the Turkish army to carry stores and provisions towards Shumla and the Danube, but the hope entertained that there would be a portion of them reserved for the French and English armies has not as yet been realized. A kind of commission of inquiry, over which Sir George Brown presided, with several Turkish and French officers to assist him, has sat for some days to inquire into the whole system of transport and internal communication, Major Dickson acting as interpreter between the Generals and the Pashas and Turkish officers, civil and military, and the result has been that a good deal of useful information respecting the merits and defects of the native modes of conveyance has been collected. The carts are not suited for horses, even if the roads were adapted for them; oxen are rather scarce, and are very slow, and buffaloes are useless.

Commissary-General Filder arrived at Varna yesterday from Constantinople. A salute was fired yesterday morning, which was said to be for the close of the Ramazan, but, as English and French men of war joined in it, it is scarcely probable the real cause of the firing was ascertained by those on shore, who attributed it to Christian sympathies with a Mussulman observance.

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On Saturday a review of about 8000 Turco-Egyptian troops took place in the plain behind Varna. The men, who were dressed in clean white trousers, blue frocks, and green jackets, looked well, in spite of their ill-shod feet and ragged jerkins; but their manœuvres were carelessly performed and done in a listless manner, for which the hunger of the poor fellows might be a very good excuse. Physically the soldiers were square-built, bow-legged men, of fair average height, with fierce, eager eyes, and handsome features. A number of negroes, of savage aspect, were among the Egyptian contingent, and some of their best regiments did not disdain the command of Nubian eunuchs. Some of these Egyptians were mutilated in the hands, and had deprived themselves of their thumbs or fore-fingers—a useless attempt to escape conscription altogether. The French and English officers did not form a very high opinion of anything but the raw material of which the troops were composed, a raw material which, like everything else in Turkey, has been spoilt as much as possible by the genius of maladministration. It is the old story. Behind stone walls, intrenchments, or ramparts, defending a breach, or in the dash of a sortie, the Osmanli, with his wild courage, savage fanaticism, and disregard of death, which he considers indeed as his passport to Heaven, may repel the organized attack of European troops, or carry temporary destruction among their ranks; but no one who sees the slow, cautious, and confused evolutions of the Turks, their straggling advance and march, their shaky squares and wavering columns, can believe they could long stand against a regular army in the open field.

On this occasion their file-firing was anything but good, and a sputtering of musketry was kept up from rank to rank long after the general discharge had ceased. The men have all polished musket barrels, in imitation of the French, and their arms appeared to be kept in a most creditable order. The Egyptian field-pieces, six and nine-pounder guns of brass, were beautifully clean and neat, and the carriages, though rather heavy, are, perhaps, well suited to the country. The gunners seemed to understand their business thoroughly, and the carriages and guns shone with scrubbing, varnish, and fresh paint; the men alone were dirty. They retired to their tents very little fatigued, and partook of very excellent rations, beef and mutton made into pilaff, and lard or grease in lieu of butter. Their tents are just as commodious and as good as our own, but they put more men into each than we do.

The sickness and diarrhœa in the camp here are greatly on the decline, but sore lips among men and officers are common, principally from exposure to the sun. The Duke's division seem to be growing beards with impunity. His Royal Highness, who lives out close to his division under canvas, having abandoned his quarters in Varna within a few days after he got into them, has his men's parades and field-days before nine o'clock. The Brigadiers here prefer the hours between nine and noon, under the impression that the sun is not so powerful then, on account of the

forenoon breezes, as it is earlier in the morning. We have a thunderstorm almost every day, and very grateful it is, for the temperature is always lowered ten or twelve degrees by the rain and electrical discharges. The commissariat are doing their duty manfully. The quality of the meat is really very good, though the doctors think a pound a-day is not enough for each man in such a climate, especially as the meat is rather deficient in gelatine and in nutritious quality.

Two French soldiers have been shot at Varna for insubordination. Another is to be shot to-morrow for stabbing a Voltigeur. He is a Zouave, and in an altercation with his countryman he drew his bayonet and thrust it through the body of his opponent, at the same time exclaiming that he desired to be shot, a wish which a colonel who rode up assured him should be speedily gratified. We have not been without our share of offences. Several men have been flogged for breaking into the village of Kojuk, close at hand, for theft, and other crimes against law and order.

Some Turkish troops marched past yesterday on their road to Shumla. They had no baggage of any kind. The flight of the araba-drivers continues. They hate the service, and will escape from it at any risk. One of the Bulgarians drew his knife on the soldier who was taking him off with his cart for the use of the surgeon of the Rifles last Friday, and, when he was disarmed, he broke up his cart and burnt it, out of spite and mortification. We have little "skrimmages" of this kind every day. A soldier and a Turk the other day had a dispute near the commissariat stores. The Turk drew his pistol from his belt, but the soldier rushed on him, wrested it from him, and fired it off. The ball went near Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, who happened to be riding through the bush to visit the camp, and the soldier was arrested for discharging a weapon so carelessly.

Sutlers are beginning to appear, and hams at 3s. 6d. a pound, and preserved meats at large prices are to be had now and then. Bad brandy is 3s. 6d. a bottle. The first supplies came up to-day.

CHAPTER XV.

March of the light division to Devno—The abominable shako—Occupation of the camping ground—The deserted camp at Aladyn—A Turkish hakim smokes an acquaintance with the writer, and is astonished by a Colt's revolver—The first division encamped at Aladyn—Road to Devno—Arrival of Omar Pasha—Review of the troops—Portrait of the Turkish commander.

CAMP NEAR DEVNO, *July* 1.

THE bulk of the British army has made a march in advance of its original position at Varna. On Friday morning (June 30), the Light Division, under Sir George Brown, left their quarters on the plateau near Aladyn, and marched to Devno, about eight and a half or nine miles off, where they are now en-

camped; and on Saturday morning the first division, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, marched from their encampment outside Varna, and pitched their tents on the plateau of Aladyn, with their left flank resting on the ground, which had just been abandoned by the Rifle Brigade, and their right extending to the plains lately used by the Light Division as parading and drill ground. It is expected that Sir De Lacy Evans's division and Sir R. England's division will follow the route towards Aladyn in a few days. The detachments of light cavalry under Lord Cardigan are feeling their way towards the Danube, at the angle of the Dobrudscha, and are understood to be near Karasu, sixty or seventy miles in advance of the Light Division at Devno. Several horses have been sent in lame here, and five troop horses were returned to the cavalry camp before the squadrons had marched thirty miles. The country is described as a scene of complete abandonment and desolation. Cossacks and Bashi-Bazooks have made it a desert, and Lord Cardigan is said to be at times very hard set to find food for his men. About half a mile in front of the Light Division are pitched the tents of the artillery and cavalry, two troops of the Royal Horse Artillery, one battery, and the ammunition brigade. The cavalry force consists of portions of the 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars, of the 11th (Prince Albert's) Hussars, of the 13th Light Dragoons, of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Their camps are scattered over the neck of a valley formed by the range of hills between Aladyn and Devno on the one side, and by the rising grounds on which the Light Division is encamped on the other. A deep stream of water runs through the meadows close by, and turns the wheels of a Bulgarian mill, which has been kept busily at work grinding flour for some time past. The village of Devno is about a mile and a half distant. It is a collection of huts thrown on the plain at random, and puts one strongly in mind of a hamlet in Kerry or Connemara—the houses being built of mud or loose stones, and covered with a rude black thatch of straw or rushes. Many of the inhabitants remain in their houses, and the country people begin to bring in milk, eggs, and poultry, in limited quantities. The country around Devno is a kind of circular basin, of the diameter of two miles, or thereabouts, formed by a sweep of hills of moderate and irregular elevation, and consists of a light sandy soil, with a few patches of barley here and there, amid a waste of brightly-coloured weeds and scrub, acacia, and brushwood.

On Friday morning tents were struck at half-past three o'clock, and the men were paraded and in readiness to march at half-past four o'clock. At five o'clock they commenced their march.

The morning sun was excessively hot, the roads were covered with fine dust and sand, which flew in clouds into the faces of the troops, and the abominable shako, which is at once hot and heavy, caused so much annoyance that many of the men carried them on the points of their bayonets and marched on, either with uncovered heads or with handkerchiefs over them. Every one—officers and men—complains of them. Even the white covers fail

to make them more bearable, and the heavy bob of wood (*pompon*), covered with cotton plush, and its long brass shank, serve as a kind of lever to weigh the shako down on the head of the wearer. The bob certainly adds to the height and appearance of the men; but in war everything should be sacrificed to utility. A stout forage cap, with the peak of the shako put on, and a roll of linen round it, turban fashion, would be far more suitable to this climate. Notwithstanding the heat, few men fell out on the march, but every regiment had some. About nine o'clock the advanced guard (two companies of the Rifle Brigade) reached the camping-ground, and the regiments of the division crept slowly up the hill after them. They were an hour and a half covering and taking points ere they pitched their tents. The tents are drawn up in double rows to the number of twenty-eight (fifty-six rows in all), and in each row are eight tents for the men and two for the officers. Altogether the camp is prettily situated, and from the tents one gets a fine view of the surrounding country, and of the cavalry and artillery camp, as well as that of some Turkish horse and of three battalions of foot, not far from them. During the march, Sir George Brown rode out from Varna, and overtook the baggage guard, whom he "stirred up" very vigorously. The baggage was, indeed, in a good deal of confusion, and some was left behind on the march; *inter alia*, Dr. Tice's cart. All the sick men were sent into Varna the day before, in accordance with orders, as the Generals do not wish the divisions to be encumbered by them. On my way from Varna I met some araba carts toiling slowly into the town, and I could not but regret extremely that the ambulances had not arrived, when I saw the miserable occupants jolted along under a broiling sun, against which the cover of the carts was but a poor protection. A journey of ten miles under such circumstances must add greatly to the chances against an invalid's recovery. In fact, the mere circumstance of being smothered up in a rude, springless cart, and trailed and jolted slowly along for five hours through clouds of dust over an uneven road, would be quite enough to make a healthy man sick. Where are the ambulances?

July 3.

On Sunday, the men of the different regiments attended divine service.

As my baggage-horses were laid up—one having staked himself, and the other being lamed by a nail in shoeing—I had to remain on the ground after the troops left last Friday. Nothing can exceed the desolate appearance of a deserted camping ground. In the place which once resounded with the hum of men, the neighing of horses, the trumpet call, the bugle, and the drum, silence reigns, uninterrupted save by the cry of the vulture as he soars overhead in search of carrion, or by the buzz of innumerable flies of every variety of shape and colour. The little arbours and shady bowers constructed by the men for the officers and women, all blanched and faded, add to the blighted look of the plain, seared and scorched as it is by the camp fires, and marked with

arid circles where the tents once stood. A *debris* of old cooking tins, sardine-cases, bottles, pickle-jars, old ropes, broken pack-saddles, saddle-perches, water-jars, bits of accoutrement, old shoes, and the etceteras which a "moving off" always deposits, littters the ground, and bits of letters and newspapers flutter about the bushes. By and by tortoises of retiring habits, who had taken to the bush in a fright, and lay there till the men went, creep out and waddle about inquiringly among the tent pegs; snakes and lively little lizards, of different shades of green, stray about among the mummified corpses of their tribe which mark the energetic life-destroying habits of the departed soldiery; an eagle comes slowly along, allured by the scent of a deceased mule, and perches on a stump hard by, eyeing the tempting delicacy with a steady stare, only diverted by a quick glance at the stranger in the distance. Then comes a ragged Bulgarian, as shy, as wild, as cautious as any of these, and prowls about the site of the camp, pondering over claret bottle capsules, picking up corks and bottles, and grovelling over battered tin cases and lids of cooking utensils, but too lazy or too ignorant to collect the rarest and most valuable specimens of heaps which would be a fortune to all the *chiffoniers* of Paris. As I sat at the door of my tent a fine-looking old Turk, who carried his ragged garments with the dignity of a prince, after two or three circles of investigation round me, closed in and squatted himself down beside me, in order to commence a conversation, in which I listened with all my ears, but understood nothing, for my knowledge of Turkish is as yet very rudimentary. However, a pipe of tobacco established a good understanding between us, and after a little while Mr. Turrell, Sir George Brown's interpreter, came up, on his way to Devno, and we found our old Turk a most entertaining companion. As we were not quite sure of the nature of his foraging expedition, I fired three balls one after another out of my Colt, and his astonishment when he saw them all three imbedded in the wood of a tree some thirty-five paces distant was immense. He asked what it cost, and was told it was worth about 1000 piastres. "That is a sum I do not make in two years," said he. "What are you, a farmer?" "No; I am," he replied, "the doctor (hakim) of the district; but when they have enough to eat the people are healthy. They are poor, too, and their fees are small." He then went on, to my infinite regret, to confirm the stories I had heard of some ruffians among the soldiery having committed such acts of violence in the village below that all the inhabitants had fled. They had broken into his house, had beaten him because he had no wine to give them, and had smashed open his strong box and robbed him of all his wealth —forty piastres, or 6*s*. 8*d*. English. "Had my sons, who are fighting for God and the Prophet, been with me, they had not done it so easily," added he. He said he had gone to our "Pashas" to complain, but he could not make them understand. We were glad to be able to inform him that several of these rascals had been severely flogged, and that in future such excesses could not occur. Indeed the Brigadiers have addressed their men in strong terms

on the subject, and the provost-sergeant and his guard are now hovering up and down around this camp to punish acts of outrage on the spot. The old Turk seemed greatly gratified to find we sympathized with the sufferings of his people, and said he would tell them to come back to the village; and he took his departure, highly delighted with the interview, and with a backsheesh of some tobacco and a few piastres. During the evening some tired artillerymen came in from Varna, and halted to bivouac for the night by the four pontoons left on the hillside opposite the camp. The only other persons near the camp for miles were some Sappers and Miners of the 10th company, encamped over the lake, and a corporal and private mounting guard over some casks of salt meat and stores left on the late camping ground of the commissariat.

In the course of the day Mr. Strickland, Assistant-Commissary-General to the Duke of Cambridge's division, effected a material improvement in the mode of conveying provisions and stores from Varna to Aladyn. He availed himself of the facilities afforded by the lake which stretches up from the beach at Varna to the village of Aladyn, and, having obtained the boats of the "Simoom," he loaded them with stores, and despatched them to Aladyn, thus substituting an easy route of nine or ten miles by water for a heavy and tedious land journey over bad roads of the same distance. The boats arrived at Aladyn (or Kojuk) about 6 o'clock this (Monday) evening. The Sappers and Miners are busy erecting a pier and landing stage, and the Lake of Devno promises to become the scene of an active and useful commerce for the first time since the flood. It was curious to watch the white sails of the boats gliding up the lovely lake, whose waters had never been ploughed by English keel before. With a little outlay and trifling engineering skill water communication might be opened between Varna and Devno, a distance of little, if at all, less than twenty miles, and the advantages of it would be enormous to the army.

Just before nightfall on Friday, an officer of Dragoons rode up to my tent to ask where the Light Division were. He seemed somewhat perplexed when he learnt they were all gone. It was, he told me, 2 o'clock in the day ere he received orders to march his men from Varna to Devno. Of course it took him some time to get his troop in readiness, and night surprised him at Aladyn, without a guide to point out the track to Devno, and without a clue to show where he could get water for his horses and men. Such information as I could give was at his service, and, leading down his men by a narrow path close to the lake, the gallant officer bivouacked for the night, and in the early morning his watch-fires were still smoking long after he had resumed his march to Devno.

On Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, a staff-officer spurred past the old encampment, and proceeded to examine the ground to the right of it, as if to take up quarters for a fresh division, and Captain Butler (brother of the gallant fellow the defender of Silistria, whose loss has touched every heart) made his appearance soon afterwards, and rode through the deserted lines. The Duke of

Cambridge, in advance of his Generals of Division, and attended by only one officer of his staff, followed, and at once proceeded to explore the site of his camp. His Royal Highness looked every inch a soldier, and it was odd enough to see the face so well known to Londoners, not a little touched and burnt by the sun, peering above acacia bushes in the wilds of Thrace, as the Duke rode up and down inspecting the place with all the provident care of a good captain. Presently little columns of dust rose above the crests of the hills towards Varna. Mr. Strickland, a long way in advance of his division, came up to see what provision could be made for the 8000 or 9000 hungry mouths which were puffing up the hills. Two officers of his staff, Mr. Rolleston and Mr. Blackwood, followed, and in about another hour the advanced guard of the division, two companies of the 42nd (under Captain Campbell, I believe), marched up the head of the valley, looking hot and jaded enough. They were succeeded by the old Black Watch, their band playing a lively march, and wonderful it was to see that at the head of the column marched eight or nine stout lassies, in all sorts of fantastic head-gear, many of them bearing heavy bundles, with which they moved along as lightly as though they were just running down a brae side. I own I was rather disappointed at the wearied look of the men; they trode the ground heavily, nor did the white cap-cases which they wore under their bonnets seem much protection against the sun. The 93rd followed, and then the 79th. Some of the men flung off their packs into the old arbours on the camping-ground; some lay down quite exhausted; others were carried in on baggage wagons. I heard, however, that the night before they left Varna the men had indulged rather freely in wine and spirits, which might account for much of their fatigue, and some two or three of them were drowned while bathing in the lake the previous evening. In their train came several hundred baggage horses and bullock carts, some women, and "beaten" men and stragglers. The columns of the Guards crossed the hill at a higher point, and appeared to be nearly as done up as the Highlanders. They had all, however, marched the distance at the rate of three miles an hour, which is very good for such heavy men so heavily laden. Their tents were pitched by half-past 11 o'clock, though the Guards got a little too far in advance. As one of the incidents which may occur in a march, I may mention that when Mr. Rolleston came up to the commissariat with orders to get cattle ready to be killed for the use of the men who were advancing, he could not find the contractor or any of his men. Cattle were to be seen grazing peacefully on the other side of the stream, but even if the commissary officer could have got at them the herds would not have understood him. The greater portion of the division were fed, very likely, on salt-meat in consequence.

I left about midday for Devno, and for more than a mile in front of the camp the woods were filled with soldiers looking for water, while some of them were cooling their heated frames in the stream between the lakes, and others were toiling back heavily laden

with water canteens. The road to Devno is a sandy bullock-track, winding over hills covered with shrubs at the side of the lake, but as one approaches Devno, the country assumes a more barren aspect. Train after train of wagons, arabas, and carts, laden with bread and stores for Devno, or returning empty, passed by literally in hundreds, amid thick columns of dust, and escorts of Turkish cavalry, so that the heat and "smother" of the ride were oppressive to the last degree to man and horse; and the sand was so deep it was impossible to push on at any speed. With regard to the porter question, of which we have heard so much, it is proper to say that Sir George Brown, in an order dated Saturday last, offers some explanations, in order "to set himself right" with the Light Division. He informs the men that his instructions to colonels of regiments have always been, first, to provide for the conveyance of rations and forage; next, for the carriage of groceries; and, thirdly, for that of porter, whenever it was practicable to do so. This order has been read to the men as a matter of course, but the fact is, that thirsty men will not listen to reason.

Sir George Brown set out on Saturday to reconnoitre the country beyond Kosladschy, towards Sary Mahmoud, and he is expected back this evening. This is trying work in such a climate, and shows the indomitable energy of the man. He has set out almost alone, for, with the kindness towards his staff which characterizes him, he would not take any of his aids-de-camp with him. If he returns to-day, as anticipated, he will have done sixty miles in less than twelve hours.

We have just had a very exciting review. The men, who had had a four-hours' drill between half-past four and half-past eight o'clock this morning (Monday), had finished dinner, when news arrived that Omar Pasha was coming on his way from Silistria to Varna, and that he might be expected in an hour. Presently the brigade majors rode up from the brigadiers with orders to the colonels to hold their regiments in readiness to turn out, and in about half an hour more the bugles sounded the assembly. The Turkish infantry down on the plains below were observed to fall in, and draw up in solid columns in front of their tents. About two o'clock a faint streak of dust rose over the white lines of the road winding far in the distance over the hills which lie towards Shumla, and through the glass could be discerned two travelling carriages, with a small escort of horse, moving rapidly towards the village of Devno. Arrived there, they halted, and the whole of the staff present with the division hastened to pay their respects to Omar Pasha, who mounted his horse, and attended by Colonel Dieu, by an English officer attached to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and several of his suite and followers, rode up the hill towards the camp, in the front of which the whole division was drawn up in line in a very short space of time. The English staff rode after him, and at his side were the two Brigadiers. The *coup d'œil* was magnificent. The blue outlines of the distant hills, over which played the heavy shadows of rapidly-gathering thunder clouds—the green sweep of the valley below dotted with

tents, and marked here and there with dark black masses of Turkish infantry—the arid banks of sand, and grey cliffs, displaying every variety of light and shadow—and then the crest of the hill, along which for a mile shone the bayonets of the British Infantry, topped by the canvas walls behind them—formed a spectacle worth coming far to see. Omar Pasha was dressed with neatness and simplicity—no order glittered on his breast, and his close-fitting blue frock-coat displayed no ornament beyond a plain gold shoulder-strap and gilt buttons. He wore the fez cap, which showed to advantage the clear, well-marked lines of his calm and resolute face, embrowned by exposure to wind and weather for many a year of a soldier's life, and the hue of which was well contrasted with his snow-white whiskers. In the rude and rather sensual mouth, with compressed thick lips, was traceable, if physiognomy have truth, enormous firmness and resolution. The chin, full and square, evinced the same qualities, which might also be discerned in the general form of the head. Those who remember the statue of Radetzky, at the Great Exhibition, will understand what I mean. All the rougher features, the coarse nose, and the slight prominence of the cheek-bones, are more than redeemed by the quick, penetrating, and expressive eye, full of quiet courage and genius, and by the calm though rather stubborn brow, marked by lines of thought, rising above the thick shaggy eyebrow. In person he appeared to be rather below than above the ordinary height; but his horse, a well-trained grey, was not as tall as the English chargers beside him, and he may really be more than five feet seven or eight. His figure is light, spare, and active, and his seat on horseback, though too Turkish for our notions of equestrian propriety, was firm and easy. He wore white gloves and neat boots, and altogether would have passed muster very well in the ring at Hyde-park as a well-appointed quiet gentleman. His staff were by no means so well turned out, but the few hussars of the escort were stout soldierlike-looking fellows. One of them led a strong chesnut Arab, which was the Pasha's battle charger.

As he rode by, the troops presented arms, and when he had reached the end of the line, they broke into column, advanced and performed some simple field-day manœuvres, to the great delight of the Pasha. As the men moved off after exercising for about three-quarters of an hour, the cavalry came up at full trot, and at once riveted the attention of the Pasha. There were one and a half squadron of 17th Lancers, a troop of the 8th, and a troop of the 11th Hussars. The artillery horses and dragoon horses were out at water.

About six o'clock, after reviewing the Turks in the plain, he drove on to Varna.

Sir George Brown returned this evening from a forty mile ride through the rain, and rode over to see the brigadier. He was much disappointed at not being in time to see Omar Pasha.

CHAPTER XVI.

Positions of the British camps—Second visit of Omar Pasha—His admiration of a charge of English cavalry—The Bashi-Bazouks move off, to the great delight of their neighbours—Active foragers—Guardsmen, geese, and turkeys—"Bono Johnny!"

July 8.

THE British army is slowly advancing. The Light Division remains at Devno, and the First Division is still at Aladyn, but Sir De Lacy Evans has pushed up his (the second) division to a position half way between the Guards' and Sir George Brown's camp, and Sir Richard England has advanced his (the third) division to a site half way between Aladyn and Varna. The line of the lakes, which stretch from Varna up to Devno, for a distance of nearly twenty miles, is occupied by the four divisions of the British army, at distances of about four miles apart, with their left resting on the crest of the hills, which run at right angles to the lake, and their fronts extending along the ridges and plateaux of those hills, with the face towards Shumla.

In my last letter, which I sent from this on the 4th of July to Varna, I mentioned the arrival of Omar Pasha at our camp on that day, and the review of the Light Division and of the cavalry which took place in his presence. It was expected that he would have returned from Varna on the following day (Wednesday), but he was so busily engaged in transacting business and consulting with the French and English generals, that he did not pass by till last Thursday. As the heavy cavalry, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, and the horse artillery and artillery battery, had not been inspected by him on the 4th, orders were given that they should parade on the extensive plains near the camp by eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Omar Pasha left Varna early, and on arriving at Aladyn he found the Duke of Cambridge's division ready to receive him. He expressed in the most lively way his admiration at the magnificent appearance of the Guards and Highlanders, and after the review he retired with his Royal Highness the Duke to his tent, where he remained for some time, and partook of some refreshment. About two o'clock Omar Pasha's travelling carriages, escorted by Turkish cavalry, appeared in sight. The Pasha, mounting one of his led chargers, and followed by a small suite of aids, pipe-bearers, &c., rode up towards the review-ground, and was received by Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, Brigadier-General Scarlett, the Brigadiers of Division, &c. He was dressed simply, as on the first day he visited us, except that he wore a star on his left breast, and he seemed vivacious and pleased as he entered into conversation with the English Generals. After a time the Dragoons went past in splendid order, and then the two troops of Royal Horse Artillery and the battery came by at a trot, which was gradually quickened into a dashing gallop, so that the six-pound and nine-pound guns, and carriages, and tumbrils went hopping and bounding over the sward. The

evolutions were simple, but effective and imposing. A charge in line, which shook the very earth as men and horses flew past like a whirlwind, wreathed in clouds of dust, particularly excited the Pasha's admiration, and he is reported to have said, "With one such regiment as that I would ride over and grind into the earth four Russian regiments at least." He was particularly struck by the stature of the men and the size and fine condition of the horses, both dragoon and artillery, but these things did not lead him away from examining into the more important question of their efficiency, and he looked closely at accoutrements, weapons, and carriages. At his request Sir George Brown called a dragoon, and made him take off his helmet. The Pasha examined it minutely, had the white cover taken off, and requested that the man should be asked whether it was comfortable or not. The soldier replied that it was, and it is to be hoped that the Turkish cavalry may get something better than the wretched fez to put on their heads now that the Pasha sees that brass and leather can be fashioned so as to protect the skull without inconvenience to the owner. The usual field-day manœuvres were performed by the artillery. They did just what they are wont to do when his Royal Highness Saxe-some-place-or-other visits Woolwich, moving like one man, wheeling as if men, horses, and guns formed part of one machine, sweeping the plain with the force and almost the speed of steam engines, unlimbering guns, taking them to pieces, putting them together, and vanishing in columns of dust. The inspection was over at half-past three o'clock, to the great delight of the men: and Omar Pasha, who repeatedly expressed his gratification and delight at the spectacle, retired with the Generals to Sir George Brown's quarters, and in the course of the evening renewed his journey to Shumla.

For some days back 3000 Bashi-Bazouks and Militia have been encamped close to our cavalry camp, and every day performed irregular evolutions in the plains below us, and made the night hideous with their yells and challenges. On Wednesday, to the great relief of all their neighbours, our friends moved off to Varna, with great flourishing of lances, swords, and trumpets, headed by ragged red banners, and we were glad to hear that they are going up there to be placed under the mild rule of General Yusuf, the famous Algerine commander, who has tamed so many of the wild tribes of the desert to the French yoke. He will "lick them into shape" with the bastinado, and as they are well guarded and cannot kick against the pricks, there is some chance that a Bashi-Bazouk may at last become a soldier. In all the villages about here we hear tales of the violence of these ruffians—they are true types of the Mussulman "soldiery" as they are yet to be found in Asia, and as they would be, perhaps, even here, if the eye of Europe was not on them. A common practice among them during their march through this very district was to take away the sons and young children of the miserable Bulgarians, and demand ransom for them; and an officer of the 77th was told the other day by a poor widow, that not long ago they carried off her

only son, and had put a price on his head which she could never pay. She told the chief of the party so, and offered all she had to give to the scoundrel, but he would not accept the sum; and she has never seen her son since. Yusuf is the very man to get these gentry into order; indeed, Omar Pasha has done great good by a little wholesome severity. He has seized on whole hordes of them, taken their horses and accoutrements, and sent them off to be enlisted by compulsory levy into the armies of the faithful as foot soldiers.

General Beatson passed up on Monday, and pitched his tents about two miles beyond our outposts, on the road to Shumla. He is going on to that place to undertake the organization into cavalry of 4000 Bashi-Bazouks, and he is accompanied by Captain Green, so well known in India from his success in organising the Scinde Irregulars, and Mr. C. Fox acts as Aid-de-Camp, under the name of Yusuf Bey. What the Turkish titles of the General and Captain Green are I am unable to say. Dr. Sandwith, gorgeously attired, has also gone up towards Shumla, to take charge of the medicine. He rejoices in the name and title of Achmet Effendi.

On the occasion of Omar Pasha's visit, Sir George Brown issued an order that the commissariat officers should serve out to each man a ration of spirits, and it was found very acceptable. The porter has not come yet, but Sir George has issued an order that a pint per day shall be furnished to all fatigue parties. We had a case of cholera in the Rifles the other day, but there is no choleraic epidemy, and the troops continue to enjoy excellent health. Their parade and field day hours have been altered, and they now generally turn out at half-past five in the morning, and are exercised till eight o'clock. The commissariat serves out rations of good tough beef, and if the bread carts do not arrive from Varna in time, the troops get good energetic biscuit. To-day one ration of it at least was rather mouldy, but people are not to be fastidious *en faisant la guerre*. Eggs and fowl can be purchased by good foragers among the natives, and the officers are indefatigable in scouring the country in search of them. Shall I be considered a Sybarite if I record the fact, that I have even seen a crock of butter? An order has been issued that no officer shall go beyond the precincts of the camp unless in uniform and with his sword. Several little parties have come up to Shumla, but as a general rule they have not received permission to go to Silistria, or to advance in front towards the Danube. It is no unusual thing to meet a gallant guardsman riding along the road with a lamb at his saddle-bow, and a brace of geese or turkeys dangling over his holsters. The Light Division might sometimes be taken for Highland caterans, from the flocks they "drive" into camp. Sir George Brown has pleasantly termed the officers "his Bashi-Bazouks," though it must be admitted there is this material difference between them and the latter, that all the transactions of the former gallant corps are conducted on the principle of cash on delivery. As there have been some "little irregularities" committed on the road between this and Varna, officers are beginning

to pay more attention to their revolvers. A canteen man was robbed the other night of 1500 piastres, and there is a report to-day that a sergeant of one of the regiments, who was sent into town for supplies, is missing. As far as my experience goes, the natives are most harmless, and are rather unwilling to come across us. Just before the review on Thursday, several families, returning with their waggons and household goods to Basardshick, crossed the plain where the troops were drawn up, but I am informed that ere they did so they sent in one of their number to ask if the Bashi-Bazouks had gone. They had left Basardshick for fear of the Cossacks, but they did not hesitate to say that they were almost as much afraid of their own irregular warriors.

There is one phrase which serves as the universal exponent of peace, good will, praise, and satisfaction between the natives and the soldiery. I have been unable to determine its origin exactly, but I rather think it arose from the habit of our men at Malta in addressing every native as "Johnny." At Gallipoli the soldiers persisted in applying the same word to Turk and Greek, and at length Turk and Greek began to apply it to ourselves, so that stately generals and pompous colonels, as they stalked down the bazaar, heard themselves addressed by the proprietors as "Johnny;" and to this appellation "bono" was added, to signify the excellence of the wares offered for public competition. It is now the established cry of the army. The natives walk through the camp calling out "Bono, Johnny! Sood, sood" (milk)! "Bono, Johnny! Yoomoortler" (eggs)! or, "Bono, Johnny! Kasler" (geese)! as the case may be; and the dislike of the contracting parties to the terms offered on either side is expressed by the simple phrase of "No bono, Johnny. As you ride along the road friendly natives grin at you, and think, no matter what your rank, that they have set themselves right with you, and paid a graceful compliment by a shout of "Bono, Johnny." Even the dignified reserve of Royal Dukes and Generals of Division has had to undergo the ordeal of this salutation from Pashas and other dignitaries. If a benighted Turk, riding homewards, is encountered by a picquet of the light division, he answers the challenge of "Who goes there?" with a "Bono, Johnny," and is immediately invited to "advance, friend, and all's well!" and the native servants sometimes use the same phrase to disarm the anger of their masters. It is really a most wonderful form of speech, and judiciously applied, it might, now "work" a man from one end of Turkey in Europe to the other. The most singular use of it was made the other day, when Omar Pasha first visited the camp. After the infantry had been dismissed to their tents, they crowded to the front of their lines in fatigue jackets and frocks to see the Pasha go by, and as he approached them, a shout of "Bono! bono! Johnny!" rent the air, to the great astonishment of Omar, while a flight of "foragers" into the air gave him some notion of a British welcome. He smiled and bowed several times in acknowledgment, but it is said that as the whoops, hurrahs, and yells of the Connaught Rangers rang in his ears, he turned to one of the officers near him and said, "These are noble-looking fellows, but

it must be very hard to keep them in order!" He could not comprehend how such freedom could be made consistent with strict discipline in the ranks.

A portion of the French troops have advanced to the hills over Cholmeter. Sir De Lacy Evans' division is in advance of Kojuk, the Duke's division is at Aladyn, and Sir R. England's between the place last-named and Inshekoj, so that there are very few English troops left at Varna. The bulk of the French army still lies around the town, and there are about 7000 Turkish and Egyptian troops in the vicinity.

To-day, 150 sailors under Prince Leiningen and Mr. Glyn, and a company of Sappers, passed through the camp on horseback, on their way from Varna to Rustchuk. They are to be employed at the last-named place in building a bridge across the Danube, and the Turks are, it is said, already crossing the river into Great Wallachia and Moldavia.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord Cardigan's *reconnaissance*—The beard and moustache question decided—Hard work killing time—The unpopular Memorandum—Scarcity of books—How a volume goes through a regiment—Cricket and dog-hunts—A grand battue—A wild boar within the lines—Death of the intruder—A Kurdish chieftainess—Mr. Walpole and his Indian Mahomedan followers.

CAMP NEAR DEVNO, *July* 13.

SINCE the despatch of my last letter Lord Cardigan has returned to camp with the detachments of Light Cavalry, with which he effected an extended *reconnaissance* along the banks of the Danube, towards Rustchuk and Silistria. It is reported that at one point of the river they saw the Russians in force under General Lüders, and that the General asked a Turkish officer who went over with a flag of truce, on some business the nature of which has not transpired, whether the cavalry at the other side were French or English. He was informed they were English, and he then took a long look at them, but he did not make any observation, nor did he direct any fire to be made upon them. The noble lord and his men were without tents, and bivouacked for seventeen nights.

On the 11th, Tuesday, the distressing intelligence of the affair at Giurgevo on Friday last reached us, and caused the liveliest sensation.

Some short time since, Captain Bent and Mr. Burke, of the Royal Engineers, went up to Silistria on particular service connected with the defences of the place, and with the object of surveying and reporting on the forts along the Danube. It so happened that while they were in Rustchuk the Turks resolved to force the river and attack the Russians who were on the other side of the river. Among the British officers on the spot at the time were Mr. Burke, Royal Engineers, Mr. Meynell, 75th Regiment, and Mr. Arnold, of the Indian army, and they all engaged in the expedition, which was not the first of the kind in which Mr. Burke had taken part within a short time previously. The result is

melancholy. In a fierce attack on the Russian intrenched camp on Friday last the Turks were received with such a heavy *mitraille* that they wavered and fell back. Mr. Burke, Mr. Meynell, and Mr. Arnold rushed forward to rally and cheer them on, and, rendered only too conspicuous by their gallantry and daring, they fell dead before a deadly fire from the Russian riflemen. Mr. Burke was a universal favourite, an excellent officer, and courageous to a fault. He is much regretted throughout the Light Division, and great sympathy is felt for his brother, a captain in the Connaught Rangers, who was deeply attached to him.

The camps continue healthy, the illness in the field not being more than four and a half per cent. Several acts of violence have been committed by the natives on the road to Varna. A gentleman who is correspondent for one of the London journals, has, we hear, been fired at, and the person who shot at him has been arrested and flogged. A canteen man has been murdered. Some of our mail-bags have gone astray, and letters for the 88th Regiment have been found scattered by the hedges all along to Varna.

On Sunday last, Major-General Bentinck addressed his officers, after church parade, on the subject of shaving, and informed them that they must use their razors. The Duke of Cambridge referred the matter to Lord Raglan, and it is understood that his lordship has decided that moustaches may be worn, but not beards.

It is said that upwards of seventy horses of Lord Cardigan's detachment have been laid up in consequence of sore backs during the recent *reconnaisance*. The French still remain around Varna; their engineers are surveying the passes of the Balkan, and a number of Pontoniers went up past this to Shumla and Silistria on Tuesday.

July 19.

It is astonishing that in the sayings and doings of some 25,000 men there should be so little worth recording—at least, if anything there be, it is confined to the temple of the official Eleusis, under snap locks, fastened up with red tape, or pigeonholed in the ample recesses of our chieftains' portfolios. Surely our march ought to be sure and ought to be lengthy, if there be truth in the Italian proverb, "Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano;" and, if success depends on secrecy, our army ought to be crowned with profusest laurels, however late in their coming. Well matured, indeed, the plans of our leaders must be; but Mariana, in the *Moated Grange*, was never more weary of these long delays than most of the young officers out here, while time is ripening for the mystic *coup*. It is actually a delightful relief for them to plunge into the exciting details of the great beard and moustache question—that weighty matter, as to which discussion never ends, and illustration never tires, and which agitates alike the Commander-in-Chief and the meanest (is there such a thing as a "mean?") soldier. Truth to tell, the orders issued by Generals of Divisions and Commanders-in-Chief have had far more to do with dress and

undress, with "neck and crop," and with the capillary licentiousness of the soldiery, than with aught else; and their souls must burn within them at the undutiful conduct of Bashi-Bazouk sub alterns, who will persist in getting out of uniform whenever they can, and getting into the wildest plaids, the most daring checks, and the most vivid shirting that Design, assisted by Colour, can invent. Why do these Bashi-Bazouks vex their chieftains so? Simply because their uniforms are uncomfortable and mean, and mufti is loose and easy. What stout man of taste would wear a red shell jacket, with dingy green or yellow collar and cuffs, even though no eye but that of a rude Bulgarian peasant or wooden-faced peasantess gazed on his fair proportions, if he could wander forth in a frock or other garment more suited to the development of his figure? Would any man take out his sword to give it an airing in a rural walk if he could leave it behind and take a stick? and who, with the thermometer indicating 110 degrees, would wear a neckerchief and stand-up collar if he could go without them? It is no use to institute standards of comparison. An Englishman likes his uniform when on duty only, and often not even then; a Frenchman feels sorry he can't sleep in it. It was but the other day that I saw a number of Bulgarian larks and doves in a state of great agitation, hovering over a cornfield with that kind of frightened curiosity which such small creatures display at the appearance of owls or hawks in their neighbourhood. On investigating the cause of their perturbation, I discovered a very gorgeously attired and fine-looking French officer up to the middle in the grass of a meadow, through which he was moving as rapidly as his spurs would allow him in pursuit of "*gibier;*" and, on a nearer approach, I found his *tenue* faultless—wide red trousers strapped tight over the boot, tight blue frock coat and shoulder straps, sword and slings, and gay red forage cap. A light game bag held a variety of the passerine and alaudine tribes, and how he managed to get along with sword and fowling-piece and spurs, was little short of the miraculous. Would not an Englishman have lain down and hid himself in the grass like a field-mouse sooner than be caught in such irreproachable uniform on such an occasion. On the other hand, if a stranger approached our camps he would meet figures which it would puzzle him much to make out, and to define whether they were grooms or gentlemen, so strange their attire, so battered and contused their "wide-awakes," so curious their jackets and trouserings and leggings. Against this negligence and *bizarreté* of costume, Lord Raglan has directed the following sumptuary decree:—

"MEMORANDUM.

"Varna, July 15.

"The Commander-in-Chief has noticed with great regret the very unbecoming manner in which the officers of the army dress themselves. He does not now refer to their mode of dressing out of uniform, because that has been entirely forbidden, and he has no reason to suppose that his orders in that respect are disobeyed; but he now desires to draw attention to the style of dressing when in uniform. The sword may be worn, the jacket may be the regimental jacket

and the cap may be the uniform forage cap, but such want of care is shown in wearing the uniform in a becoming manner, that it is difficult to recognise the officers in some cases as officers at all. The shell jacket is allowed to fly open, showing underneath a red flannel shirt, with nothing round the neck, not even a white shirt collar. Often a turban is worn over the forage cap, the chin unshaven, and there is such an absence of what is befitting the appearance of an officer in the whole person, that no one could be otherwise than struck with the general disregard of what is proper.

"Under these circumstances, the Commander of the Forces calls upon the officers of the army themselves to correct this evil. He does not desire to insist that their jackets should always be buttoned from the bottom to the top, but he does hope that, having as much regard for good appearance in uniform as they would have out of uniform, they will bear in mind that the uniform directed to be worn ought to be put on with care and attention, no matter in what country the army may be serving, nor what the service may be in which the army happens to be engaged.

"The Commander of the Forces requests general officers to make known these observations to the officers of their divisions and brigades, and he expects from the officers themselves an answer to his remarks in the change which will be made by them in the style of dressing.

"By order, J. B. B. Estcourt, D. A. G."

There is one passage in it which has given great satisfaction, and on which a most liberal, if rather unwarrantable, construction has been placed by the anti-tonsorists of the camp—an unshaven chin is held up to reprobation, but not a word is said of unshaven lips, and therefore, say they, it is evident that Lord Raglan does not object to the latter. With the Guards it is said the great change has already taken place—they are to be allowed to grow moustaches, but not beards. After the memorable parade in which Major-General Bentinck rebuked the disobedience of his hirsute subalterns, an appeal was made, it is said, to the Duke of Cambridge, which must have had great weight from the illustrious example to which the moustache movement could point. The Duke consulted Lord Raglan, and it is understood that his lordship signified his decision to be, that if moustaches were worn he would take no notice of it, but that chins must be kept clean. The British constitution is a compromise, and this decision is certainly in its best spirit, having for its parallel perhaps only the famous case of the bishop's ukase as to altar candles—namely, that they might be placed on the altar, but were by no means to be lighted. Under the circumstances, I doubt if the numbers availing themselves of this tacit permission will be considerable; the razor must still be kept, with an edge to it too, and while a man is at work he may as well go over lip as chin. Besides, habit and custom have many votaries, their temple is erected beside that of Mars, and they live in the heart of an army. The other day a man of the Light Division was sent into hospital for pains in his neck and down his back and arms. He was asked how he thought these pains had arisen. After a moment's reflection he said—"Well, sir, I don't 'zackly know, but I think as how it was all along of my goin' out to parade t'other mornin' without my stock!" If it could be known, I am certain there were

veterans long ago who got swelled legs because of the abolition of thirty-button gaiters, and ophthalmia from the amputation of their pig-tails. We have now men in high position who would go to the stake for their faith in Brown Bess sooner than embrace the Minié heresy; and there are officers of the Household troops —one there is at least—who believe the Guards lost their ancient *prestige* ever since they were deprived of the valuable privilege of marching off with one leg foremost instead of the other!

Very, very hard set indeed are we to kill time while waiting for the harvest of laurels to bud. For the last week there has been a delightful change in the weather—it rains, thunders, lightens, and blows for a great portion of each day—anything is better than being baked alive. The rain falls down from the heavens in splashing streams, the thunder is ear-splitting, and rattles for hours through the mountains, the lightning is forked, fierce, and vivid, and the wind is strong enough to shake tent poles to their foundation, and sometimes to overturn the saturated canvas on its unhappy occupant. It is in such times as these that *ennui* comes on a man like a demon, aided very often by diarrhœa, or a gentle dysentery. It is then that azure diabolicals flutter down in shoals upon him, and make him think of horrible things, which he announces to his dismal friends, such as "sending in my papers, and cutting the whole deuced thing altogether;" and then it is that colonels are consigned to distant and unpleasant places, and generals are denounced as "confounded old humbugs." In such moments as these a memorandum of the unfeeling character of that you have just perused is regarded as a persecuting ukase, and the lugubrious lieutenant or irritable ensign, gazing on his Jim Crow, his splendid shawl sash, meant to protect his abdomen from a *coup de soleil* (it can be for nothing else), or his neat green and white "Oriental," with leather pockets, rushes madly out on his pony, and catching sight of Sir George coming round a corner of a lane, dashes more madly back again, under the belief that the authorities have entered into a conspiracy against his especial ease and comfort, and that Sir George especially does nothing but lie in wait for him like a kind of military "Chevy Slime," always round the corner. Books there are few indeed; I know of one copy of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, and *Vingt Ans Après*, which is at this present writing going through a regiment in detachments, the main body being bound up in an elastic band, and the bits being distributed in order, a few pages at a time, to the various readers. A cargo of cheap novels would make a famous investment. Not many games can be played, for there are few implements, but there have been some matches at cricket, at which the sun stumped a good many men, and nearly realized the fearful picture of the "Bat in blisters," drawn by Mr. Alfred Jingle. Dog-hunting was popular, but it palled after a time, and, besides, it was not in favour with the authorities. Mounted parties of fifteen to twenty would ride about the neighbourhood of some village, and it would not be long ere a fierce, wild-looking, and shaggy cur was roused from his lair, and started across the plains at a rattling pace which

would do no discredit to a Leicestershire or Galway Reynard. He generally made for the hills, and got off after a good run, but sometimes he was fairly run down,—killed if he was savage, spared if properly submissive. There are, however, occasional meets still made for this exciting sport. There was a grand battue through the woods the other day by the men and officers of Sir De L. Evans's division, about four miles from this. About three hundred men beat through the woods, but the sport was meagre, consisting of a few roe deer, wood pigeons, doves, &c. Frequently hares run through the camp, and whenever the alarm of such an event is given, men run like mad through thistle, brier, and prickly bush, till poor puss, headed on all sides, and turned by hundreds, takes refuge in some clump of thorn, and is made an easy capture. Last week a wild boar was led by his aspirings after the unknown to take a saunter one moonlight night within the lines. He was seen by a sentry; the men turned out, and Porkus fell, transfixed by many a bayonet, in a plucky but unlucky charge to break the line of his enemy. As yet, the only trophy of which we can boast is a magnificent young eagle, belonging to the 33rd Regiment. I rather think he is a "*falco chrysäetos.*" If not, the fault rests with the *Penny Cyclopædia.* His appetite and his courage are alike great, and his ferocity is akin to both. We have had races, both at the Guards' camp, at Sir De L. Evans's camp, and at this, and some of them went off well; but even these are as flat as the course, and have now lost the charm of novelty.

Yesterday, an old woman, said to be Fatima Hanoum, the Karakizla (Black Virgin) Kurdish chieftainess, passed through Devno on her way from Varna, attended by a rabble rout of thirty or forty Bashi-Bazouks. She stopped at the rude khan or café, and enjoyed her pipe for a time, so that one had an opportunity of seeing this Turkish Semiramis. She is a lean, withered, angular old woman, of some seventy years of age, with a face seamed and marked in every part of its dark mahogany-coloured surface with rigid wrinkles. Her nose is hooked and skinny—her mouth toothless and puckered—her eyes piercing black, restless, and sinister, with bleary lids, and overhung by tufty grey brows. Her neck, far too liberally exhibited, resembles nothing so much as the stem of an ill-conditioned, gnarly young olive tree. With most wanton and unjustifiable disregard of the teachings of Mahomet and of the prejudices of Mussulmans, she shows all her face, and wears no yashmak. Her attire consisted of a green turban, dirty and wrinkled as her face; an antiquated red jacket, with remnants of embroidery, open in front, and showing, as far as mortal sight could gaze upon it, the lady's bosom; a handsome shawl waist scarf, filled with weapons, such as knives, pistols, and yataghans; and wide blue breeches. Hanoum is a spinster, and her followers believe she is a prophetess. The followers were Bashi-Bazouks *pur sang*, very wild and very ragged, and stuck all over with weapons, like porcupines with spines. Their horses were lean and scraggy, and altogether it was a comfort to see this interesting Virgin Queen of the Kurds on her way to Shumla, if, indeed, it

was the Fatima Hanoum or some humble imitator. The lady refused to visit our camp, and seemed to hold the Giaour in profound contempt.

To-day there was a much more interesting arrival. Some five-and-twenty horsemen rode into the village, attired in the most picturesque excesses of the Osmanli; fine, handsome, well-kempt men, with robes and turbans a blaze of gay colours, and with arms neat and shining from the care bestowed on them. They said they came from Peshawur and other remote portions of the north-western provinces of the Indian Peninsula, and while the officer who was conversing with them was wondering if their tale could be true, the officer in charge of the party came forward and announced himself as an Englishman. It turned out to be Mr. Walpole, formerly an officer in our Navy, whose charming book on the East is so well known, and it appeared that the men under his command were Indian Mahomedans, who had come up on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and who, hearing of the Turkish crusade against the Infidels, had rushed to join the standard of the Sultan. They are to be attached to Colonel Beatson's corps of Bashi-Bazouks, and to form a kind of body-guard to the colonel, whose name is so well known in India. Mr. Walpole seems quite delighted with his command, and, as he has the power of life and death, he seems to think there will be no difficulty in repressing the irregularities of his men.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Movements at head quarters—Appearance of the cholera at Varna—Immense stores required—Mode of purchasing horses for the army—English and French systems of payment—Organization of the Bashi-Bazouks—Atrocious conduct of Turkish robbers.

CAMP NEAR DEVNO, *July* 21.

THERE was a council of war on Tuesday at Varna, at which Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Raglan, Admiral Hamelin, and Admiral Dundas, &c., were present, and it seems to have been resolved that the time is come for an active exercise of the power of the allied forces by sea and land. On Wednesday, orders were sent out by Lord Raglan to Sir George Brown, at Devno, to proceed to head-quarters at Varna immediately. Sir George Brown lost no time in obeying the summons. He sent a portion of his baggage on at once, and went on to Varna attended by his aid-de-camp, Captain Pearson. Lord Raglan and his second in command had a long conversation, and on Thursday morning Sir George Brown, attended by Captain Pearson, Colonel Lake, of the Royal Artillery, Captain Lovell, of the Royal Engineers, &c., went on board the "Emeu," Captain Smart, and immediately proceeded to the fleets at Baltschik. At the same time General Canrobert took ship for the same destination. The generals went on board the flag ships of the respective admirals, and on Thursday evening the whole fleet stood out to sea, steering towards the Crimea. Of

course, the object of this expedition is a dead secret. On Friday (this) morning the first division of the French army, under the command of General Canrobert, struck their tents, and broke up their camp outside Varna. They have taken the road which leads towards the Dobrudscha.

To-day at noon Sir Richard England's division, also encamped close outside Varna, received orders to march at five o'clock to-morrow morning, but they will only shift their quarters a short mile or so, in order to get better water and change the air of the camp.

The cholera has appeared among the troops at Varna, but the English forces are as yet tolerably free from it. Sixteen French soldiers have died from this terrible scourge out of twenty-five who were attacked by it. A good deal of sickness prevails among the Turkish and Egyptian troops. There has been some mortality among the cavalry at Devno also, and the chaplain performed six funeral services among the two cavalry brigades this week. Several officers are invalided, and will be sent home by the first opportunity —among them, Messrs. Balfour and Alexander, of the Rifle Brigade. Lord Dupplin, who has been seriously ill, is now much better, but it is said that he also will be obliged to go to England. Dr. Macdonald, who has been sent into the general hospital, is also somewhat better. Three officers of the Guards are unwell, but not seriously so. Diarrhœa is only too prevalent. Nearly every one has it in his turn. The quantity of apricots ("Kill Johns") and hard crude fruit which are devoured by the men, may in some degree account for the prevalence of this debilitating malady. The commissariat bread is not so good as it used to be, and speedily turns sour; but the officers are taking steps to remedy the evil by the erection of ovens in which the bread will have more room to swell. As a general rule, the French bread is lighter and better than our own. It is not to be supposed that the average sickness of the army is considerable. On the whole, it is below the average of garrison returns; but it is to be remembered that one source of illness in towns is almost entirely cut off in this country. The general hospital at Varna is, however, packed as full as it can hold, and regimental surgeons are enjoined to treat as many cases as possible in the field. Whenever it is practicable, the divisional surgeons engage houses in the villages for sick officers, and some four or five very tolerable rooms have been taken in the village of Devno for the reception of invalids. Some cases of low fever have appeared, but as yet they have given way readily to the usual treatment. The meat furnished by the commissariat is excellent. Some of the surgeons think the ration is not large enough, as the meat is lean and deficient in nutritive quality when compared with English beef and mutton; but it should be stated, that in order to compensate for that deficiency, the weight of the ration has been increased from the home allowance of three-quarters of a pound to one pound per man per diem.

No one unacquainted with the actual requirements of an army can form the smallest notion of the various duties which devolve

upon a commissariat, or of the enormous quantity of stores required for the daily use of man and horse. At this very moment the quantity of food supplied for horses daily by the commissariat seems to a civilian almost fabulous, and, as it is all drawn from store at Varna, because the harvest is not yet thrashed in the country, the exertions of the officers charged with the supply are taxed to the uttermost to keep pace with the demand, so as to have a proper reserve. What do you suppose the daily issue of rations for horses amounts to? To no less than 110,000 pounds weight of corn, chopped straw, &c. 110,000 pounds! and this quantity will be increased day after day as horses come in from the country. Add to this about 27,000lb. rations of meat, 27,000lb. rations of bread, the same quantity of rice, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., and it will be seen that the commissariat has enough on its hands. But the issue and supply of rations is but a small portion of their duty. They have to provide horses, carts, saddles, packsaddles, tents, carriages for Dragoons, Light Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery, Sappers and Miners, and interpreters, and to provide for the innumerable legitimate wants of an army in the field. The supply of packsaddles is not equal to the demand, and, notwithstanding all their exertions, the commissariat have not yet been able to comply with the orders given to them to furnish saddles for the interpreters and various persons attached to the forces. Large as our commissariat staff may appear, I can answer for it that they are worked to the very uttermost. Commissary-General Filder's office in Varna is like a bank in the City in the height of business, and the various officers at their desks are to be seen writing away as if their lives depended on it. The officers at the other branch departments are equally busy, and in this hot weather it is not unusual for some of them to ride to Varna and back to Devno, a distance of more than forty miles, between sunrise and sunset.

The officers of the various regiments who have been sent all over the country to purchase horses have now all been ordered in, and most of them have returned. The way in which this department is managed is this:—The officer on duty, accompanied by an interpreter, and provided with proper credentials to the authorities, proceeds to the place indicated, and, with the aid of the Pasha or head man, establishes a fair, at which the average price is about 4*l.* 10*s.* a-head. When he has purchased thirty or forty horses, he sends them into Varna, under the escort of a Turkish officer, and of zapties (county police), and consigns them to the care of Colonel Dickson, R.A., who is at the head of this department. The officer receives a gratuity, ranging with the distance, and the men in charge all get a fixed sum and rations for their services till their return, and Colonel Dickson gives a receipt for the horses, and hands them over to the commissariat officer, Mr. Smith. Most of the animals sent in are provided with packsaddles and equipments complete. It often happens that some die on the road, and that others run away and are lost. When the officer who makes the purchases has concluded his mission, he comes up to Varna, and checks his accounts with Colonel Dickson; and, on the production

of a receipt from the latter, he is paid by the commissariat whatever expenses he may have incurred. The pay for his services while on this duty is 1*l.* a-day; and that sum has been found barely sufficient for the expenses of the living, &c., in the Turkish towns, and sometimes is quite inadequate to the outlay. I believe there are about 16,000 horses now on rations, and the baggagers are cut down in their allowances as far as possible. There is a difficulty in getting "grooms," though the Government gives 300 piastres, or 2*l.* 15*s.* a month, and rations, to each.

The system of payment adopted by the French is not at all approved in distant parts of the country; and, as may be readily imagined, when you hear what it is, they do not find an open market so readily as we do. We pay in ready money, and a commissariat chest, under the care of Mr. Cowan, is established at Shumla, to keep our officers supplied with gold and silver. The French, on the contrary, do not pay in money. For work and labour done, or for purchases, they give checks on their commissariat chest at Varna, which are only payable on presentation there. It may be imagined that a peasant at the other side of the Balkans, or an ignorant Bulgarian up the country, regards this printed paper with huge disdain, and it is certainly rather hard to have to journey from Roumelia into Bulgaria in order to get 10*s.* or 12*s.* for the hire of an araba cart. Even with ourselves the araba drivers are suspicious, and grow sulky and discontented if they are not paid the instant they present their certificates. The flight of the drivers still continues whenever it is practicable. All the carts going out to the camps and returning are under the guard of Turkish soldiers, and the commissariat have not succeeded in prevailing on the General to grant an escort of English soldiers. The result is, frequent delays on the road, much squabbling, and not a little brutality and violence to the drivers. It is suspected that there has been some misappropriation of stores, and that tea issued to the soldiery at 1*s.* a-pound, has found its way back to Varna, and has been purchased for the use of the men in hospital at 4*s.* a-pound. The French are buying up supplies in the wildest way in all the markets of the world; and it is said they have ordered cargoes of corn to ports which cannot free their granaries of the enormous accumulation of grain. They have got large stores outside Varna, but they are not in a better condition to march into the interior than we are. When a French regiment arrives at any place, its internal organization is so good, that the men find no difficulty in making themselves comfortable at once, provided the authorities have made arrangements for their reception. But in every movement of their army in masses, they are obliged, under the new system, to send on the general staff of the administration some sixteen days or a fortnight before they move, in order to get up reserves, stores, &c. for the troops. If that be done, the French march in and at once set to work to bake, to eat and drink, and be happy. We, on the contrary, carry our stores with us, and are at this moment, as I have said, better able to march *en masse* than they are; but we are deficient in regimental

organization, and when we arrive at the end of our march, that deficiency is felt in various ways, and the men at once exercise their constitutional privilege of grumbling. We have been some time at Devno, and yet it is only now that we are erecting ovens for baking bread. The advantage of our system of storeage and reserve was exemplified the other day. The Bashi-Bazouks under General Yusuf ran short of supplies, and Commissary-General Filder had to issue about 12.000 rations to keep them from hunger. These gentry are getting literally "licked into shape" at last. Their camp, just outside the town, is worth a journey to see. Their tents are all pitched regularly, instead of being thrown down higgledy-piggledy all over the ground, and their horses (nearly all stallions—such neighing and kicking, and biting and fighting as goes on among them all day!) are neatly tethered in lines, like those of regular cavalry. There are about 3000 of these wild cavaliers here, and it would be difficult to find more picturesque-looking scoundrels, if the world was picked for them from Scinde to Mexico. Many of them are splendid-looking fellows, with fine sinewy legs, beautifully proportioned, muscular arms, and noble, well-set heads, of the true Caucasian mould; others are hideous negroes from Nubia, or lean, malignant-looking Arabs, with sinister eyes and hungry aspect; and some are dirty Marabouts, fanatics from Mecca, inflamed by the influence of their Hadj, or pilgrimage. They are divided into five regiments, and each man is paid a franc a-day by the French authorities. For this reason many of our Bashis "bolt" from Colonel Beatson and the English officers, and join the French. Colonel Beatson has no money to pay them, and, indeed, it is not very clear that he has the sanction, or at all events the approbation, of Lord Raglan, whatever countenance he may receive from the home authorities. General Yusuf has found the organization of the irregular Arab cavalry perfectly suited to the Bashi-Bazouks. The latter, however, feel great contempt, or affect to feel it, for the noble-looking Spahis who are encamped near them, inasmuch as they have been subjugated by infidels, whereas they, the Bashis, think they could ride over Europe, if their valuable services were required.

Our people have at last taken up the notion of the French in simplifying the geography of Varna, and have attempted, *haud passibus æquis*, a street nomenclature—"Engineer-street," "Stationery-street," &c. The French have much the best of it in the signification and utility of their names, and any person can find out their principal officers' quarters with ease. They even mark down the residence of their *Interprète Civil* in large letters, and over the door of one of the best houses of the town they have put a board inscribed, "*Mission en Chapelle Catholique Romaine à Varna.*" This is carrying on the war against the enemy with vigour, the church militant aiding the physical arm.

It is delightful to have to praise any branch of our administration, and it must be said the home Post-office has conferred a great benefit on the service by organizing the British army post-office, and sending out two such intelligent, active, and able officers

as Mr. Smith and Mr. Angell to superintend it. The former is at Constantinople, the latter at Varna. Our letters now are delivered regularly, and conveyed with safety and economy, and the men are delighted with the boon of cheap and speedy postage.

The "Vulcan," with draughts for the Guards, Rifles, &c., arrived the day before yesterday.

To-day the "Kangaroo" arrived also from England with Lord F. Paulet, &c., on board.

To show the state this country is in, I will, ere I close this letter, just state a circumstance which occurred on Sunday last. On the previous day, Sir De Lacy Evans was riding through a Bulgarian village close to his camp, when he noticed a family in great distress in one of the houses. On making inquiries, he ascertained that a band of six or eight Turks, armed to the teeth, had ridden to the village that very morning, and had taken away the child of one of the villagers, for which they demanded a ransom of 80*l*. There were ten Turkish soldiers stationed in the place to protect it, but they never offered to interfere. The following morning, while the men were at church, Sir De Lacy Evans received information that the Turks with their prey were in a wood close to the village. He immediately detached three companies of the 49th Regiment, and rode off with his staff and some mounted officers to the place indicated. They found the wood was of great extent and very dense. Extending their files so as to enclose as much of the cover as possible, the men proceeded to beat for their game, but, though they found plenty of traces to show it had been there, they could not discover it. No doubt the fellows had seen the troops coming, and had made off through a pass to the mountains. The troops continued their search through a heavy thunderstorm for six or seven hours, and returned thoroughly drenched to their camp.

July 29.

Illness is on the increase, and on riding into Varna to-day I learn that there were thirty-three cases of cholera in our hospital last night, and a much larger number of men from the same cause in the French hospital. The Duke of Cambridge has been suffering from diarrhœa; indeed, a large percentage of officers of the different divisions have been attacked by this complaint, but great precautions are taken by the medical officers to prevent neglect in the early stages, and to check the premonitory symptoms, which are too often disregarded until it is too late.

CHAPTER XIX.

Preparations for a siege—Colonel Gordon's *reconnaissance* of the Dobrudscha—Turkish outrages—Outbreak of the cholera in the Light Division—Spread of the disease—It exhibits itself at Varna—The town of Sulina burnt—Sir George Brown in the "Fury" runs into the harbour of Sebastopol.

VARNA, *July* 20.

THIS morning Captain Gordon, R.E., returned in the "Vauban" from the Circassian coast. It is reported that the Russians are employed night and day in strengthening the defences of Anapa, and in fortifying some small redoubts south of it. Their vessels often take a peep out of Sebastopol and run in again.

Sir George Brown has not yet returned. When last seen the English fleet was standing off the mouth of the Danube, with the Lieutenant-General on board, and it is believed General Canrobert was also with them, but the French vessels are still at anchor at Baltschik. Two batteries of artillery moved out from Varna on Friday, one to Devno, the other to Aladyn.

There is a most magnificent preparation going on just now. The Sappers and Miners, and fatigue parties from the 1st and 3rd divisions, are working away as hard as they can, making fascines. To-day they will be set to work on gabions, and orders have been issued for an immediate supply of sand-bags.

By news from Rustchuk, to the morning of the 17th, we hear that Omar Pasha, with 30,000 men, was lying on the left bank of the Danube, opposite Rustchuk, in an intrenched camp. His line of videttes were not more than 800 yards from the Russian videttes, and the main body of the latter (45,000 strong) lay facing he Turks, with their left resting on the marshes of the Danube, and their right resting on strong works, which have been called Little Shumla, from their resemblance to that place, and stretching along the line of road to Bucharest. Our gabions, fascines, and sandbags look like preparations for a siege.

I observe that some comments have been made respecting the condition of our military tools, to which I called attention some time ago, but unless the authorities take immediate steps to remedy the mischief which may arise from the deficiencies of these invaluable articles, we may have grievous reason to remember it. The other day I saw a heap of old iron implements piled up before the commissariat's tent at Devno. They were like the things one sees dug out of bogs, and "embalmed in the cabinets of the curious." What were they? Military tools, bill-hooks, adzes, hatchets, spades, &c., which had been returned from the various regiments as "useless and unfit for service." Very pleasant things these would have been to work with in face of an enemy. Unless our siege and trenching tools are somewhat better, it will certainly take us time to reduce any place to which regular approaches must be made.

On Friday last, Colonel Gordon returned from Baltschik. He made a *reconnaissance* of the Dobrudscha up to the very banks of the Danube, and found the whole country desolate—a waste of burnt villages and desolated corn-fields. At the other side of the Danube the Russians were visible in force. This *reconnaissance* was effected by twelve artillerymen mounted on packsaddles and baggagers. They all returned safe and sound. Had they been regular cavalry, they would not perhaps have done as well. Lord Cardigan has taken farewell of his regiment, the 11th, in very handsome terms, and takes occasion to refer in a very laudatory manner to the efficiency of the brigade he commands.

We hear many accounts of outrage inflicted on the people of the villages by the Turks. They are puffed up by the pride of victory, and believe they can now do as they please. As I passed a *café* on Saturday I heard the report of a pistol, and in a moment afterwards some Turks ran out, bearing a man in the agonies of death in their arms. He had been shot through the heart. His murderer, who seemed like a zaptie or cavass, was dragged off to the Pasha. The latter will put him in prison, and in some months the fellow will be let out, when room is required for a fresh culprit. The cause of this occurrence I could not ascertain, and the by-standers seemed very little disturbed by it. There is small trouble taken to arrest the course of such crimes, and until the Turks are disarmed these things must happen.

Where are our British merchants and our English enterprise? We have lately paid 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound for ham, 2*s.* a pound for bacon, 1*l.* sterling for a flannel shirt, poisonous brandy for 5*s.* a bottle; bad wine for the same price; preserved meats double the London prices; a water bottle, 10*s.*; a white felt cap, 15*s.*; German saddles, 5*l.* (worth 25*s.*); bridles, 2*l.* (not worth 12*s.*); and so on. However, money is plenty—neither officers nor men know what to do with it.

The Brevet has given a great deal of satisfaction, and has of course caused some grumbling. The new regulations are not well understood, but so far as they are, they are well spoken of.

Forage for horses is sometimes scarce. Captain Nolan has returned with three hundred splendid Arabs from the desert. Lieutenant King has also come in with fine horses from Tunis.

July 26.

The cholera has crept from the camps into the town, and, as is usual on its outbreak, has exhibited great malignancy. On Monday, July 24th, it broke out in the camp of the Light Division. Upwards of twenty men died in twenty-four hours. A sergeant of the 88th was taken ill at seven o'clock, and was dead at twelve o'clock. The 23rd Regiment suffered especially, and it may readily be imagined that great dismay prevailed at such sudden and fatal illness. On Monday evening Brigadier Airey gave orders that the division should parade the following morning with baggage packed, &c. Several fresh cases of cholera occurred during the night, and on Tuesday the division, to our great joy, struck tents

and marched off from Devno to Monastir, a village about eight miles further on, where they pitched their camp on a fine piece of land, amid scrub and brushwood. The first division has suffered from both cholera and typhus. The indisposition of the Duke of Cambridge, to which I referred in my last letter, was, I am glad to say, of a very trifling character, and he is now quite well. Eight men of this division have died of fever already. The exact number of deaths from cholera I do not know, but I hear the division has lost fourteen men up to this date from that disease. The second division has been as yet almost free from that malady, but there have been a few cases, and there are unmistakeable evidences that it is epidemic there also. The third division, which lies a couple of miles outside Varna, has been attacked with severity. The 44th Regiment, which is encamped on a high ground at the other side of the bay, opposite Varna, has escaped; but fatigue parties belonging to it, at work near the town, have afforded several cases. The Dragoons (1st and 6th), encamped near the beach below, have also lost men from this disease. Fatigue parties are busily engaged in the melancholy duties of burying the dead. There were nine funerals from the general hospital at Varna last night, in addition to several in the morning.

The French are losing many men by the disease, but not in proportion to their numbers. However, their officers have taken perhaps the best plan of checking the progress of the pestilence. *They have given the men something to do.* They have embarked the greater portion of the Zouaves, and sent them to sea. On Sunday and Monday about 2500 men were sent on board one of the French steamers and some of the small sailing vessels, and were despatched with great celerity towards the north-western coast. It is said they will land at or near Kostendjè, to join the first division, which marched on last week.

On Saturday the "Spitfire," Captain Spratt, came in from the fleet. It appears that on the 16th the "Vesuvius," Captain Powell, and the "Spitfire" were cruising off the Sulina mouth of the Danube, when it was resolved by the two captains that they would feel their way up to the scene of poor Captain Parker's death. On the morning of the 17th, Lieut. A. L. Mansell, of the "Spitfire," went up towards the bar in one of the boats, and ascertained from the captain of an Austrian vessel coming down, that there was one small buoy left to mark the channel over the bar. He ran up accordingly, found the buoy, and discovered that there was eleven feet water on the bar, instead of six or seven feet, as is generally reported. The channel was found to be about a cable's length across, and when Lieut. A. L. Mansell, had buoyed it down, he returned to the ships, which were ready with their paddle-box boats, their launches, gigs, and cutters. The little flotilla proceeded up the river, destroying the stockades as it passed, without a show of resistance, and at last came to the small town of Sulina, on which the boats opened fire. Only three musket shots were fired in return, and at three o'clock p.m. the place was a heap of ruins, nothing being spared but the church and lighthouse. The

"Vesuvius" still remained off the mouth of the river. It appears that it blew so hard for the last few days that the English fleet had to put into Baltschik, with Sir George Brown on board one of the ships, so that his mission is not yet accomplished.

A vast number of English transports are lying at Beicos Bay. Varna Bay is full of small craft and little French transport brigs and schooners. A number of porters have been sent up here from Constantinople for the carriage of stores from the boats to the beach. The whole of the shore looks like a wharf at a Liverpool dock, covered with bales, boxes, and bags. The police and pensioners from England have been found of the greatest service in our internal administration. The "Inflexible" passed down towards the Bosphorus on Tuesday, with six small prizes in tow. The Egyptian fleet, one three-decker, and five two-deckers, and one frigate, remained anchored near Bujukderé, in the Bosphorus.

July 30.

Yesterday evening, the fleet of transports which has been lying for some time past quietly at anchor opposite Therapia, in the famed Bay of Beicos, received orders to prepare in all haste for sea. The "Victoria," the "Hydaspes," and the other steamers attached to the transport service, got steam up, and tugged a number of them up to the entrance to the Black Sea, where they cast them off to make the best of their way, by beating against a stiff breeze, to Varna Bay. Early yesterday morning, the Turkish fleet—one three-decker, five two-deckers, and one frigate—left Bujukderé for Varna. They carried with them twelve pontoons and large siege guns.

Sir George Brown and staff returned on Thursday last, after a reconnoissance in the "Fury," in which they were enabled to count the very guns of Sebastopol. The "Fury" stood off the port quietly at night, and about two o'clock ran in softly, and stopped within 2000 yards of the batteries. There she remained till six o'clock in the morning. As the General was counting the guns, an officer observed a suspicious movement in the muzzle of one, and in a moment afterwards a shot roared through the rigging. This was a signal to quit, and the "Fury" steamed out of the harbour as fast as she could; but the shot came after her still faster. A shell burst close to her, and one shot went through her hull; fortunately, no one was hurt.

The cholera has assumed a milder form, and the per-centage of deaths has decreased. The loss now is estimated at sixteen a day.

CHAPTER XX.

Preparations for embarkation—Conjectures as to the destination of the troops—Continuance of cholera at Varna and in the camps—Want of medical attendance—Frightful losses of the French—The fatal hospital at Varna—Painful scenes—Miserable accommodation for the surgical staff—Unpleasant peculiarities of our Turkish allies—Gallantry of the late Capt. Burke.

VARNA, *August* 1.

THE great preparations which are being made at Varna for the embarkation of the English forces are hailed with satisfaction by officers and men, tired of the monotony of life in this wretched country, and depressed by the prospect of illness and laborious idleness. It is not known where they are going to; but, in the absence of any exact knowledge respecting the destination of the troops, conjecture points with unsteady finger to Odessa, Anapa, Suchum-Kaleh, or Sebastopol.

The force of the Russians in the Crimea is supposed to be upwards of 55,000 men, but considerable reinforcements may have been sent there, of which we know nothing. The Russians are well served by their spies, and are acquainted with every movement of ours; but it is impossible to say whether M. St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan have equal means of intelligence. We could not, between French and English, manage to send a greater army than 42,000 or 43,000 men to the Crimea at present; and, speaking merely in reference to strategic considerations, there would be some rashness in attempting the reduction of such a fortress as Sebastopol with an army inferior in force to that of the enemy inside and outside the walls—an army liable to be attacked by all the masses which Russia could direct, in her last extremity, to defend the "very navel of her power"—unless the fleet is able to neutralize the preponderance of the hostile army, and place our troop on equal terms. An assault on Sebastopol, an attempt to carry it by storm or by *coup de main*, at first sight, is of course out of the question. It is not impregnable, either from the quality of the works or natural position, and it must, like all such fortresses, fall before the regular uninterrupted continuance and progress of sap and mine and blockade. Its array of bastion, casemate, and curtain, piled tier over tier, has, no doubt, excited the desire of all true soldiers to become the conquerors of such a stronghold; but the aspect of these long lines of embrasure, filled with guns of the heaviest metal, and manned by the flower of a great military empire, has unquestionably suggested the necessity of caution to the most intrepid and dashing of our leaders.

On Monday, Marshal St. Arnaud went down to Therapia, on the Bosphorus, in the "Berthollet," and Colonel Lloyd, the Commissioner to Circassia, had a passage in the same vessel. The Marshal is expected back on Wednesday evening or Thursday morning next, at Varna.

The "Orinoco" arrived on Sunday with the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade. The "Simla" arrived, after an astonishing passage of nine days from England, and on Tuesday passed Therapia, with the 4th Light Dragoons on board. The French steamer "Le Caire" also passed.

The cholera is, I grieve to say, still prevalent at Varna and in the camps, but its attacks are not so fatal as before. The change of encampments has done some good; but the disease has not been diminished by the removal of the men to new and healthier sites. It is my painful duty to communicate the loss of Colonel Maule, who died this week of the prevailing epidemic. The gallant officer threw up the post of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance to come out here; and during the performance of his duties as Assistant Adjutant-General, he had gained the goodwill and esteem of all around him. Poor Major Levinge, too, is gone. He died of an overdose of opium, administered by himself, when suffering from diarrhœa. He was a universal favourite, gay, light-hearted, and amiable, an excellent officer, a thorough soldier, and a kind, open-hearted man; his loss will be felt by all who knew him. Mr. Newberry, the paymaster of the Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, an old officer who had seen much service, is also dead; and to this list must be added a young man cut off in early manhood, Mr. Gregg, of the 55th Regiment. Mrs. Bolton, mother of Mr. Bolton, of the Artillery, who accompanied her son here, is also no more. The mortality among the troops is considerable, and sometimes the victims succumb with fearful rapidity. The hospital is quite full, and, numerous as our medical staff is, and unremitting as are our medical officers in doing all that skill and humanity can suggest for the sufferers, there are painful cases, of not rare occurrence, in which the men cannot have the attention they require paid to them till it is too late. Many of the poor fellows, too, who desire the attendance of a clergyman or priest at their dying hour are denied that last consolation, for the chaplains are few, or at least are not numerous enough for the sad exigencies of the season.

August 4.

Sir George Brown went down from this to Bujukderé, near Therapia, on board the "Agamemnon," on Tuesday, and arrived there on Wednesday. He has not yet returned. He was accompanied by Captain Pearson, aid-de-camp. Yesterday, August 3, M. St. Arnaud returned here from Therapia on board the "Berthollet." In the course of the day the Turkish fleet—one three-decker and five two-deckers—stood in to Varna Bay, and are now lying at anchor at its entrance. We have here the "Bellerophon" and the "Sanspareil;" the French have the "Henri IV." and the "Bayard" stationed here, as well as some steamers, and the bay is crowded with their small transports. Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, the allied fleets were still lying quietly at anchor to the number of twenty-six, of all sizes (nineteen sail of the line), in Baltschik Bay, nine miles to the north of this.

The cholera continues. The 50th Regiment, who are hardly worked, as they furnish fatigue parties for the town, lost nine men last night. I was told by one of the officers that his men were working from five till eight o'clock in the morning, and that up to the time he spoke they had received no rations! This is almost incredible. It is useless to alarm friends and relations at home by talking of the number of sick or by giving their names, but it is evident we are in a very unsatisfactory state as regards health. The beach stinks abominably, and more of the natives of the town die *pro ratâ* than of the troops. It is reported that General Canrobert's division, up beyond Bazardshik, has lost more than 200 men. They passed through a marsh where the Russians had left dead men and horses, and that very night the cholera broke out.

We are getting up large flat-bottomed boats here from Malta and Constantinople. It is a pity—if it can be helped—to send out the whole disposable British army here to linger for months in inactivity—to push them on for a few miles from camp to camp—and then to let them remain "eating their hearts" for week after week of idleness—till they sicken and die. Therefore we rejoice to hear of flat-bottomed boats, of screw steamers, of transports, of anything to take us off to sea out of this.

There is always something wrong about our letters. At present the French post-office here is the receptacle of several hundred letters addressed to generals, staff-officers, and officers of every regiment in the service, which the postmaster refuses to give up till some chivalrous person pays 12*l.* (300 francs) for the whole bundle, and is content to take the chance of being repaid by the various persons scattered all over Bulgaria, to whom they are addressed. These letters are all unpaid, and there is a horrid suspicion that many of them are from "duns." If "duns" wish to have their communications noticed in the proper quarters, they will prepay their letters. The officers of our post-office—Mr. Smith, at Constantinople, and Mr. Angell, at Varna—have already paid large sums out of their pockets to the French post-office for letters directed to the English army which have found their way unpaid into the French letter-bags. The French give up the paid letters willingly. The unpaid letters they collect *en masse*, and they demand a postage *en masse* for them. Who will pay it? Our English post-office authorities here are not willing to repeat an experiment which has as yet been found rather disastrous, and which is certainly unprofitable.

The Duke of Cambridge has had an attack of gout, and is yet suffering from it, but every one is glad to hear he is better. Lord de Ros is recovering from his fever.

August 9.

The cholera still continues its ravages, but I rejoice to say that the virulence of the cases is on the decline. Up to the present date the British army has lost about 260 men from this fatal disease. Of these deaths, about 100 were in the Light Division. Since the movement of our camp out to Monastir the division has become healthier. The French losses from cholera are frightful.

The disease is not much on the wane among them, and there are divisions in which they die at the rate of 70 and 80 a-day. In the French general hospital, since the 14th of July, 720 men have died of cholera, and only 78 men have been sent out cured. Convinced that there is something radically wrong in the air of the place, the French are clearing out of the hospital altogether to-day, and will henceforth treat their cases in the field. The hospital was formerly used as a Turkish barrack. It is a huge quadrangular building, like the barracks at Scutari, with a courtyard in the centre. The sides of the square are about 150 feet long, and each of them contains three floors, consisting of spacious corridors, with numerous rooms off them of fair height and good proportions. About one-third of the building is reserved for our use; the remainder was occupied by the French. Although not very old, the building is far from being in thorough repair. The windows are broken, the walls in parts are cracked and shaky, and the floors are mouldering and rotten. Since the sickness broke out it has been perceived that there is something or other radically unwholesome about this building. Like all places which have been inhabited by Turkish soldiers for any time, the smell of the buildings is abominable. Men sent in there with fevers and other disorders were frequently attacked with the cholera in its worst form, and died with unusual rapidity, in spite of all that could be done to save them. The French have become so persuaded of this that they are, as I have said, taking to the field in preference to this pest-house. I rode up there at twelve o'clock the other night for medicine for an officer, a friend of mine, who was taken suddenly ill in the evening. Along two sides of the hospital was drawn up a long train of araba carts, and by the moonlight I could see that some of them were filled with sick soldiers. I counted thirty-five carts, with three or four men in each. These were sick French soldiers sent in from the camps, and waiting till room could be found for them in the hospital. A number of soldiers were sitting down by the roadside, and here and there the moonbeams flashed brightly off their piled arms. The men were silent; not a song, not a laugh! A gloom, which never had I seen before among French troops, reigned amid these groups of grey-coated men, and the quiet that prevailed was only broken now and then by the moans and cries of pain of the poor sufferers in the carts. Observing that about fifteen arabas were drawn up without any occupants, I asked a *sous-officier* for what purpose they were required. His answer, sullen and short, was,—"*Pour les morts—pour les Français décédés, Monsieur.*"

The white walls of the fatal hospital looked clean and neat as they towered above the lengthened *cortége* of the dead which lay in deep shadow at its base, but the murmurings of sickness and the groans of the dying stole out on the night air through the long lines of latticed windows. As I turned away and spurred under the gateway which leads to the English quarter, I encountered a burial party escorting the bodies of six of our own poor fellows to their last resting-place, outside the walls by the sea beach of

Varna. And here, as a proof of the strong feeling on the part of the Greeks, I may observe, by the way, that the head of their Church in Varna sent to one of our chaplains the other day to state that there would be no objection on the part of the Greek clergy to allow the bodies of those who died in the profession of the Protestant faith to be interred in the consecrated ground of the Greek chapels, but that such permission could not be granted in the case of those who had professed the Romanist heresy. In the hospital itself I observed a great deal of confusion and want of method, or, at least, an appearance of over-work, on the part of officers and men, which made them seem surly and indifferent. Indeed, I heard one of the hospital orderlies say he had not been in bed for fifty-six hours, and had had no sleep for twenty-four hours. One of the medical gentlemen in attendance, who was just going to his quarters for the night, was kind enough to come with me to see my sick friend, and I had an opportunity of seeing the miserable way in which the surgical staff were lodged. They are penned up, two or three together, in small unfurnished rooms, open to every wind that blows through wall, floor, ceiling, and window. Some of these gentlemen have no rooms at all, and one I know sleeps in a passage. If he escaped the vermin which swarm in the apartments he would be fortunate in the deprivation, but the whole building is "impregnated" with the Ottoman essence of animal abominations, and teems with hateful life on the approach of Christian flesh and blood. It is a great pity that it is not permitted to us to hate the Turks and Turkey; certainly it is done to a vast extent without permission by the British army. The bravery of the Turks we admire and respect, their indomitable courage in defence of their country, or rather in defence of the boundaries of their empire, we applaud and wonder at; but their manners and customs, their physical peculiarities and their tastes, we can neither appreciate nor endure. When our "enthusiasts" can hear the "experiences" of those British officers who are now on their way home, they may lose a little of their present "virulence" in favour of the Osmanli, and be disenchanted of the delusion in which ignorance and distance unite in plunging them. We had an example of the peculiarities of our allies that very night. As Assistant-Surgeon Adrien and myself were returning to my lodgings at the invalid colonel's, we found the road blocked up with a number of French soldiers, who were under arms, and drawn up opposite a coffeehouse, which they eyed with great eagerness. The coffeehouse, a dilapidated building, was closely shut, and not a light was visible inside. It is close to the hospital, and in the most frequented lane in Varna. With the inveterate habit of asking questions which distinguishes "correspondents," and makes them so generally obnoxious to "quiet gentlemanly authorities," I begged to know the reason of such an unusual demonstration, and the officer in command of the party at once obligingly gave me the whole full and true account of the affair. *Voici.* Some French soldiers had gone into this *café* to refresh themselves, and while they were sitting there one

of them, who understood Turkish, heard a group of cavasses, Zapties, and Bashi-Bazouks, who were sitting near, indulge in the most insulting remarks on the "Giaour Pesevenk" allies of their Imperial master. He remonstrated, and was knocked over the head for his trouble, whereupon his brethren in arms, with their usual activity and strenuous feeling in such cases, rushed on the Turks, and very soon kicked and beat them out of the room. That done, they sat down and finished their wine. They left the house soon after, but no sooner had they come out into the moonlight than "a withering volley" was poured on them from the windows of the upper rooms. Two Frenchmen fell (it is said) mortally wounded, and three others were struck by pistol balls; an Englishman, who was sitting taking a cup of coffee under a tree before the door, narrowly escaped, as a bullet traversed the space occupied an instant before by his placid countenance, and lodged in the tree behind. The doors of the *café* were shut as soon as the Frenchmen left, but they had no desire to break them open; on the contrary, they acted with the most perfect temper and discretion. Some of the soldiers ran to the rear, so as to prevent the assassins getting over the wall of the court at the back and escaping. Others took the wounded men off to the hospital, where they also procured a guard, while others sent to the French Corps de Garde to relate what had happened. A force was sent up, under an officer, and there they were quietly waiting till the pasha and his cavasses came up, in order that they might get "authority" to open the doors in proper form. As I had to return to the hospital with the surgeon for the medicine needed by my friend, I rode round by the *café*, and arrived just in time to see the cavasses surrounding twenty-three ruffianly-looking Bashi-Bazouks, and marching them off to prison, and the French troops surrounding the cavasses to see they did their duty. The assassins have not yet been tried, but no doubt the French will take good care they do not escape.

Now for a *précis* of news, such as it is. Much cannot be expected as long as we remain what the wretched wags of the camp call an "army of no occupation." It must be observed that the most startling intelligence of our movements invariably reaches us from home, and the army hears with astonishment that it has marched to distant parts and visited battle-fields, of which marchings and visits in its waking moments it has never known a word. We therefore conclude, either that the intelligence is false, or that the army has a comatose and somnambulic existence, during which it atones for its inactivity in its state of vigil. The first fact is, that there has been no movement whatever of the English troops towards the enemy since I last wrote.

By-the-bye, I may state here that Captain Burke, of the 88th Regiment, has been pained and annoyed by the publication, in one of your contemporaries, of a letter purporting to have been written by his late gallant and lamented brother. Mr. Burke's body was found after the action in which he lost his life with no less than thirty-three wounds upon it. The Russians had taken his sword-

belt, but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands was cut off. He was seen by the sapper who went with him fighting desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leaped on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword—the rest turned and fled. While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream, to row quietly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw-bone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain with his sword. He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy, a sabre-cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, nearly severed his head from his body; and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes. The sapper who was with him stood by Mr. Burke till the last, but could not save him. He is now only recovering from his wound and the effect of his exertions.

A part of the French siege-train has arrived, and our siege-train —at least thirty guns of it—is in Varna Bay. Lieutenant-Colonel Fludc, who commanded it, has gone home ill, and has been succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier. Mr. Percival, R.A., has also been sent back on sick leave. The Duke of Cambridge has quite recovered his attack of the gout, and is as well as ever he was.

There are now about 1200 arabas and country carts employed in the service of our army, but that is not enough, The first 500 carts we had from Omar Pasha have all melted away. The French have just received some very complete carts attached to their commissariat, and marked *équipages militaires*. The bread our men receive is still bad, and complaints are rife on that score from the medical men.

The Heavy Dragoons (4th and 6th), encamped on a lovely spot—the plateau on the top of a promontory by the sea-side, the healthiest-looking site that could have been chosen by a medical board—have lost twenty-six men up to this date from cholera—a large number out of such skeleton regiments. The 50th have suffered rather heavily, and by letters from Gallipoli we hear the 4th had just lost forty men up to the 2nd of August. They are not to be relieved by the 63rd Regiment, as was originally intended. The healthiest division in all the army is the 3rd, Sir R. England's, but it is not to be supposed it has escaped altogether. Fever is beginning to make its appearance, not intermittent but continued, and it attacks men who are encamped in places which one would have thought least likely to be subject to it.

The ration has now been increased to 1¼lb. of meat instead of

11b. A ration of spirit (rum) is also issued daily. Pity the advice given in a letter in this journal, now somewhat stale, was not taken earlier on that matter.

Moustachios are allowed to be worn by men and officers. The great question has at last been settled. The order appeared last Saturday.

General Canrobert's expedition was most unfortunate. He went up to Kostendje on the 1st of August, but sickness soon broke out among his men, and the division has left nearly 2000 men behind it. They saw some Cossacks, exchanged some shots, and have brought back twenty-two prisoners; but as to the expedition itself, it was as useless as Lord Cardigan's *reconnaissance*. The army is now relieved from all trouble about drilling. No more morning parades or heavy drills in marching order.

There are 360 sail of vessels in Varna at present, and about a dozen large flat-bottomed boats are drawn up by the beach. The artillery have, however, only six boats fit to land heavy guns in.

Many of the inhabitants have fled from the town, and encamped near the neighbouring villages. Turks and Greeks suffer alike, and perish "like flies," to use their own image.

CHAPTER XXI.

Conflagration at Varna—Cholera breaks out in the fleets—Capricious character of the disease—Recklessness of the soldiers—The Zouave and the Grenadier—Signs of a move—The transport fleet—Abatement of the cholera—Distribution of the army—"The Valley of Death"—Enfeebled state of the Guards—Scenes of horror.

VARNA, *August* 11.

ON the night of Thursday (Aug. 10), while I was absent at Constantinople, a great fire broke out at Varna, which has utterly destroyed more than a quarter of the town. It is said to have been the work of incendiary Greeks, some of whom, who were found with matches on their persons, have been arrested. It is asserted that others of these incendiaries were shot on the spot by the French soldiers. The sailors of the ships, and the French and English soldiery stationed near the town, worked for the ten hours during which the fire lasted with the greatest energy; but as a brisk wind prevailed, which fanned the flames as they leapt along the wooden streets, their efforts were not as successful as they deserved. The fire broke out near the French commissariat stores. A great portion of them is destroyed. The officers in charge broached many casks of spirits, and as the liquid ran down the streets, a Greek was seen to set fire to it. He was cut down to the chin by a French officer, and fell into the fiery torrent. The howling of the inhabitants, the yells of the Turks, the clamour of women, children, dogs, and horses, are described by those present to have been appalling.

The most painful news, which is but too true, is that the cholera

has broken out in the fleets here and at Baltschik. It has visited some of the French ships with extraordinary virulence. The "Friedland" and "Montebello" have suffered in particular—in the latter, upwards of 100 died in twenty-four hours. The only thing to do, if the malady continues, is to put to sea. The depression of the army is increased by this event, and it is doubtful if they would exhibit the same "pluck" now that they were so full of a month ago. However, I am certain steps ought to be taken to stimulate the spirits of the men. They "sup full of horrors," and listen greedily to tales of death which serve but to weaken and terrify them. The sound of the cannon and the sight of the Russians would do more to rouse them from this gloomy mood than all the "doctor's stuff," as the men term medicine, or change of air in the world. There is a decrease in the number of cases, still more in the number of deaths, in the army; and this very day the chaplain of the Light Division, the Rev. Mr. Egan, had the gratifying news to communicate, that he had no funeral service to perform—the first time since the disease broke out that he could have said so much. When the visitation passes away, it will be time enough to state the numbers of those who have perished. M. Horace Vernet, who was up with General Canrobert's division in the Dobrudscha, draws a picture of the dreadful sufferings of the men there, which would exceed the greatest efforts of his pencil to realize. On his authority, it would appear that their losses were far greater than the French at Varna stated them to be. He declares that out of 1200 Zouaves who started for Kostendje, only 480 returned; and that out of 10,000 troops of the line, 4000 were left in the marshes of this death swamp.

Prince Napoleon continues at his place on the Bosphorus; his soldiers are not pleased at his absence, though it really proceeds from ill-health. He caught a fever in the Dobrudscha, when commanding a portion of his division, and the Marshal sent him and his physician, Dr. Fauvel, down to Madame de St. Arnaud's château at Therapia, as soon as his illness was developed.

August 12.

Were it not for unmistakeable signs that the army is about to be actively employed in some quarter or other, we should all be nearly as discontented as the French; for, indeed, officers and men are weary of this deadly inaction. The numbers of the dead diminish every day; the admissions into the general hospital (English) have fallen to about five a day, and the deaths to four a day; and taking the average proportion of deaths through the whole division, I do not think we are losing more than fifteen or sixteen men a day. A large number of people may say, "But there is no place at home or abroad where an army of 26,000 men would not present a sad list of mortality. In Chobham or on Ascot-heath nearly as many would die in the same force, under ordinary conditions, if the troops were attacked with fever or influenza, and all experience forbids us to hope that soldiers can be massed together in modern days without incurring almost the

certainty of an epidemic, even if they are in the most healthy climates in the world." Some people say we pitch our camps too closely; but Sir George Brown's division covered nearly twice the space which would have been occupied by the encampment of a Roman legion consisting of very much the same number of men, and yet there is no account in history of any of these camp epidemics in Gaul, or Thrace, or Pannonia, or in any of the standing camps of the Romans, and we must believe that the cholera and its cognate pests arise out of some combination of atmospherical and physical conditions which did not occur in former times. At present the cholera has assumed a phase which baffles our best efforts, and throws all our past data to the winds. It sometimes is quite painless, there is often little or no purging, but the sufferer is seized with violent spasms in the stomach, which increase in intensity till collapse is established, and death then rapidly follows, attended with but little exhibition of agony. As an instance of the capricious action of the disease, I may mention what was told me by one of our principal surgeons here. He had been to visit the camp of the 5th Dragoon Guards and of the Enniskillens, which was pitched in a very healthy *looking* site. There, however, sickness found them, and in a few days these skeleton regiments (for all our cavalry regiments are mere skeletons of regiments and nothing more, as few colonels could bring 250 sabres into the field in the healthiest state of their troops) were reduced considerably—in fact, they lost about twenty-six men. During the doctor's inspection there was a heavy thunderstorm, and as he sheltered in one of the tents he expressed his satisfaction at an occurrence which, in accordance with vulgar notions, and even with philosophical investigation, is supposed to produce that beneficial operation called "clearing the air;" but after the thunderstorm the disease became worse, and when the surgeon went down to his own quarters he found that in the very height of the electrical discharges five men of the ambulance corps—a body of men heretofore singularly free from illness—had been seized with cholera; and of those five men, four were dead in less than six hours. The conduct of many of the men, French and English, seems characterized by a recklessness which verges on insanity. You find them lying drunk in the kennels, or in the ditches by the road-sides, under the blazing rays of the sun, covered with swarms of flies. You see them in stupid sobriety gravely paring the rind off cucumbers of portentous dimensions, and eating the deadly cylinders one after another, to the number of six or eight, till there is no room for more—all the while sitting in groups in the fields or on the flags by the shops in the open street, and looking as if they thought they were adopting highly sanitary measures for their health's sake; or frequently three or four of them will make a happy bargain with a Greek for a large basketful of apricots, "killjohns," scarlet pumpkins, water melons, wooden pears, and green "gages" and plums, and then they retire beneath the shades of a tree, where they divide and eat the luscious food till nought remains but a heap of peel, rind, and stones. They

dilute the mass of fruit with raki, or peach brandy, and then straggle home or go to sleep as best they can. One day I saw a Zouave and huge Grenadier staggering up the street arm in arm, each being literally laden with enormous pumpkins and cucumbers, and in the intervals of song—for one was shouting out, "Cheer, boys, cheer," in irregular spasms, and the other was chanting some love ditty of a very lachrymose character—they were feeding each other with a cucumber. One took a bite and handed it to his friend, who did the same, and thus they were continuing their amphibian banquet till the Englishman slipped on a stone and went down into the mud, bringing his friend after him—pumpkins, cucumbers, and all. The Frenchman disengaged himself briskly; but the Grenadier at once composed himself to sleep, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companion. After dragging at him, head, legs, arms, and shoulders, the Zouave found he could make no impression on the inert mass of his friend, and regarding him in the most tragic manner possible, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "*Tu es là, donc, mon ami, mon cher Jeeon! Eh bien, je me coucherai avec toi;*" and calmly fixing a couple of cucumbers for a pillow, he lay down, and was soon snoring in the gutter in unison with his ally. I was glad to see them taken off to the Corps de Garde in about five minutes afterwards, as a lucky patrol happened to come its round through the street. The Turkish soldiers are equally careless of their diet and living. I am looking at about twenty of them, belonging to a battery, under the window of the room in which I am writing, busily engaged in the consumption of small bulletty-looking melons. They are at it all day, except when they are smoking, or (listen to this!) saying their prayers, for the poor fellows are for the most part very regular in their devotions, and when they have finished them they glare and scowl at Christians in a fashion fearful to behold for ten minutes afterwards. There can be no reason for the illness of our men so far as the commissariat supplies are concerned; at least, they have at present a very full and ample ration; in fact, there never yet was an army in the field ever so well fed; indeed, I doubt if any army ever received from its country half so good an allowance regularly as our men in Turkey do.

There are unmistakeable signs that the army is about to move. I do not speak of the secret conferences of Generals, of the hasty despatches flying between Rustchuk and Varna, and between Varna and Constantinople, of the uneasy movements of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from Therapia to Stamboul and back again, or of the activity of aids-de-camp, and the fussiness of the staffs; but day after day French and English war steamers and transports arrive here with large horse boats in tow, fit for landing men and horses and guns. A number of a peculiar but useful kind of vessel has been constructed at Constantinople and elsewhere for our use, and sent up to Varna. Each vessel consists of two of the large Turkish boats of the Bosphorus, which are about fifty feet long, and about eight feet broad, fastened together, and planked over at top, so that there is a light kind of raft formed, not

drawing more than a foot of water, and capable of landing two heavy guns and their men, or of carrying 150 or 200 men with the greatest ease. The quantity of stores coming out is enormous; and all the large steam transports are ordered to supply themselves with six weeks' provisions for the number of men which each is calculated to carry. The manufacture of fascines and gabions continues with the utmost activity among all the divisions, and fatigue parties are working at them with increased energy. The men of several divisions are being trained in throwing up field works, and in the use of the fascine and gabion when made. At the office of Admiral Boxer, at Constantinople, the programme of operations for a large fleet of transports has been drawn up. They are divided into ships for the Light Division, division No. 1; for the First Division, division No, 2; for the Second Division, division No. 3; and for the Third Division, division No. 4—each with its distinctive flag, so as to prevent confusion, and each under the command of a naval officer. Thus, each division of the army will have a division of transports for its special service and carriage, and each division of transports will be convoyed by a squadron of ships of war. This grand fleet consists of steamers of a magnitude, burden, and speed hitherto unknown in any operation of war, and of sailing vessels which would constitute a formidable navy of themselves alone. Our men-of-war steamers could probably land 20,000 men in their boats in two hours! The artillery which we have out here at present, under General Cator, consists of the siege train (30 guns out), commanded by Captain Gambier (*vice* Flude, gone home sick); the Royal Horse Artillery, Colonel Strangways; the Artillery of the Light Division, Colonel Dacres; of the First Division, Colonel Lake; of the Second Division, Colonel Dupuis; and of the Third Division, Colonel Fitzmayer. Each division has twelve field guns attached to it, so that there are forty-eight field guns in all. There are, besides, twelve guns of the Royal Horse Artillery—the latter are six and nine pounder guns. The French siege train has not all arrived at Constantinople, but it is stated some of it is lying in the Bosphorus.

August 14.

The "Pomone," "Lavoisier," "Eumenide," "Coligny," "Mouette," "Ulloa," "Megere," French steam men-of-war, sailed up the Bosphorus yesterday for Varna, laden with Turkish soldiers, and the "Mogador" followed them this evening.

There are now nearly 600 vessels in and about Varna Bay.

August 19.

Ere I continue the narrative of events from the date of my last letter up to this time, I must appease the anxiety of the public by the happy assurance that the cholera is abating in the army, and that its worst seems to have passed over the fleet. The news from the latter has been melancholy. Towards the close of last week the cholera assumed such an alarming character that both Admirals (French and English) resolved to leave their anchorage

at Baltschik, and stand out to sea for a cruise. It is almost a pity that the ships were left there so long. On Wednesday morning the "Caradoc," Lieutenant Derryman, which left Constantinople with the mails for the fleet and army the previous evening, came up with the English fleet, under Admiral Dundas. The "Caradoc" was boarded by a boat from the "Britannia," and the officer who came on board communicated the appalling intelligence that the flag-ship had lost 70 men since she left Baltschik, and that she had buried 10 men that morning. Upwards of 100 men were on the sick list at that time. Some of the other ships had lost several men, but not in the same proportion.

Since the great fire on the night of the 10th, the cholera seems to have diminished in the town itself, and the reports from the various camps are much more favourable than heretofore. The chaplain of the Light Division on one day last week had not to perform any funeral service. Since then there have been several days on which the deaths in the division have not exceeded one or two. It has been found, indeed, that the plan of wide open encampments has answered in checking disease. The British army is now scattered broad-cast all over the country, from Monastir to Varna, a distance of 26 or 27 miles. The Duke of Cambridge's division has marched in from Aladyn, and is now encamped towards the south-western side of the bay. It appears that notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the country around Aladyn, it is a hot-bed of fever and dysentery. The same is true of Devno, which is called by the Turks "the Valley of Death;" and had we consulted the natives ere we pitched our camps, we assuredly should never have gone either to Aladyn or Devno, notwithstanding the charms of their position and the temptations offered by the abundant supply of water and by the adjacent woods. No blame, perhaps, is to be attached to any one for neglecting to ascertain whether these great natural advantages were counterbalanced by any peculiar sanitary evils. Whoever gazed on these rich meadows, stretching for long miles away, and bordered by heights on which the dense forests struggled all but in vain to pierce the masses of wild vine, clematis, dwarf acacia, and many coloured brushwoods—on the verdant hill-sides, and on the dancing waters of lake and stream below, lighted up by the golden rays of a Bulgarian summer's sun—might well think that no English glade or hill-top could well be healthier or better suited for the residence of man. But these meadows nurture the fever, the ague, dysentery, and pestilence in their bosom—the lake and the stream exhale death, and at night fat unctuous vapours rise up fold after fold from the valleys, and creep up in the dark and steal into the tent of the sleeper and wrap him in their deadly embrace. So completely exhausted, on last Thursday, was the Brigade of Guards, these 3000 of the flower of England, that they had to make two marches in order to get over the distance from Aladyn to Varna, which is not more than (not so much, many people say, as) ten miles. But that is not all. Their packs were carried for them. Just think of this, good people of England, who are sitting anxi-

ously in your homes, day after day, expecting every morning to gladden your eyes with the sight of the announcement, in large type, of "Fall of Sebastopol," your Guards, your *corps d'élite*, the pride of your hearts, the delight of your eyes, these Anakim, whose stature, strength, and massive bulk you exhibit to kingly visitors as no inapt symbols of your nation, have been so reduced by sickness, disease, and a depressing climate, that it was judged inexpedient to allow them to carry their own packs, or to permit them to march more than five miles a day, even though these packs were carried for them! Think of this, and then judge whether these men are fit in their present state to go to Sebastopol, or to attempt any great operation of war. The Highland brigade is in better condition, but even the three noble regiments which compose it are far from being in good health or in the spirits in which they set out for Varna. The Duke's division has lost 160 men, of these nearly 100 belonged to the Guards. In the Brigade of Guards there were before the march to Varna upwards of 600 men sick. The Light Division has lost 110 or 112 men. Sir De Lacy Evans has lost 100 men, or thereabouts. The little cavalry force has been sadly reduced by death, and the Third (Sir R. England's) Division, which has been encamped to the north-west of Varna, close outside the town, has lost upwards of 100 men also, the 50th Regiment, who were much worked, being particularly cut up. The ambulance corps has been completely crippled by the death of the drivers and men belonging to it, and the medical officers have been called upon to make a special report on the mortality among them. I believe the fact to be, there was rather an unhappy selection of men, and that many of them were old soldiers, rather addicted to free living and spirits; and in Bulgaria drunkenness is death. Sir R. England's division has been moved round the bay, and is now loosely encamped near Lord Lucan's cavalry on the heights extending from the Fountain to Galata Bournon, and looking across the bay towards Varna. We have still some few men of our army encamped on the north-east side of the town on the plains outside the walls. The French have their "Cholera Camp" between Chatel Tepeh and Medjidjitahi, about two miles from the town. It is only too extensive and too well filled. Horrors occur here every day which are shocking to think of. Walking by the beach one sees some straw sticking up through the sand, and scraping it away with his stick, he is horrified at bringing to light the face of a corpse, which has been deposited there, with a wisp of straw around it, a prey to dogs and vultures. Dead bodies rise up from the bottom in the harbour, and bob grimly around in the water, or float in from sea, and drift past the sickened gazers on board the ships—all buoyant, bolt upright, and hideous, in the sun. On Friday, the body of a French soldier, who had been murdered (for his neckerchief was twisted round the neck so as to produce strangulation, and the forehead was laid open by a ghastly wound which cleft the skull to the brain), came alongside the "Caradoc" in harbour, and was with difficulty sunk again. What fond parent or anxious

sweetheart, in some pleasant homestead of La Belle France, may now be expecting him and wondering at his silence? Will they ever hear of that poor fellow's fate? A boat's crew go on shore to put a few stones together as a sort of landing-place on the sand; they move a stone, and underneath is a festering corpse again. But there is no use in accumulating the details of scenes like these, which must ever be the terrible attendants on war and pestilence.

On the 15th, the English men-of-war at the Golden Horn and at Varna dressed in colours, hoisted the tricolor to the main, and fired a Royal salute in honour of the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's birthday. The Turkish fleet and forts also fired a Royal salute, and the French men-of-war of course observed the day with every external demonstration of enthusiasm. Varna Bay absolutely looked gay, for the hundreds of merchantmen anchored there displayed all their spare bunting, and flaunted the flags of all nations. On the 18th, similar honours were paid by French and English, in Varna, to the Emperor of Austria's natal day, and the Turkish artillery fired a rattling salute from their batteries.

There is a large fleet of transports, all English, at Baltschik, and Varna Harbour is full of vessels. In addition to French transports, there is the Turkish fleet (six line-of-battle ships), the French fleet of three line-of-battle ships, eight steam frigates, two despatch boats, seven transports, and the English men-of-war "Agamemnon" (Admiral Lyons), "Bellerophon," "Sanspareil," "Leander," "Cyclops," "Firebrand," "Simoom," "Vulcan," "Highflyer," and "Megæra." Captain Smith, of the "Simoom," died to-day. The ships, with the exception of the "Montebello," are generally healthy.

The French have been embarking artillery for the last three days, but it is probable only to practise them, as this morning we embarked one-third of a battery merely to land them again, as well as some men of the 44th and 1st Royals. Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and Admiral Lyons, came over from Varna in a small steamer to witness the operations, which took place very early in the morning at the opposite side of the bay. All the officers of the fleet were invited to attend. But it was merely an experiment to see how many the boats would carry, and in what time a given number of men could be embarked on board: it was *experimentum in usum juventutis*, for the benefit of young generals.

The fire has done us great harm. In addition to the bread (biscuit) which has been lost, immense quantities of stores have been destroyed. 19,000 pairs of shoes for the soldiers have been burnt, and an immense quantity of cavalry sabres, which have been found fused amid the ruins into the most fantastic shapes. The soldiers plundered a good deal, and outrages of a grave character are attributed to the Zouaves during the fire. Tongues and potted meats, most probably abstracted from poor Mr. Grace's stores, are to be had in the outskirts of the camp for very little money. Lord de Ros has gone down to Therapia for the benefit

of his health. It was scarcely considerate to take away Dr. Baxter to attend solely on his lordship, at a time when medical attendance is so greatly required in camp and quarters. General Cator is also down at Constantinople, and is going home as soon as he is well enough. If so, the army will suffer a serious loss, for he was a most valuable and talented officer. General Tylden is ill. Colonel Doyle is gone home invalided. Colonels Fergusson and Elliott are dead.

Yesterday the sailors of the "Bellerophon," under Prince Leiningen and Mr. Glyn, returned from Rustchuk. No one who met them could imagine they had ever hailed from Portsmouth. Overgrown with beard, hair, and whiskers, with their trousers thrust into Wellington or jack boots, and some of them with actual spurs (Jack with spurs!) on their heels, and girt in with waist-belts, in which were thrust cutlass and pistols, the honest fellows, but for their resolute *real* look, might almost have been mistaken for the heroes of a masquerade. They were in capital health and spirits, quite delighted with their equestrian feats, but very glad to get on board ship again.

On the 17th, Sir George Brown, attended by Captain Pearson, A.D.C., started at four o'clock a.m. from Varna, to visit his division at Monastir, twenty-seven miles distant. He returned to Varna the same evening as fast as if he had only taken a gallop over the common.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has had an attack of erysipelas in the foot since I wrote last, is better.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sebastopol the destination of the Allied Armies—Marshal St. Arnaud's florid "Order of the day"—Lord Raglan's simple "Memorandum"—Concentration of the English troops at Varna—A cloud of locusts—"Dangerous information"—The London journals—Absurd allegations—Embarkation commenced.

VARNA, *August* 26.

THE blow so long impending is about to fall. A Council of War, attended by all the English and French Generals of rank, sat for several hours, and it is now no secret that we are about to move at once for Sebastopol. The French are to embark at Bourgas and Baltschik; it is said that they will not muster much more than 30,000 men, if they reach that number. There are to be 20,000 Turks sent to aid us on board their own ships, and the English will amount to 25,000 men of all arms. M. St. Arnaud has issued the following order of the day:—

"ARMEE D'ORIENT.

"ETAT MAJOR-GENERAL.—ORDRE GENERAL. (No. 100.)

"Soldats,—Vous venez de donner de beaux spectacles de persévérance, de calme et d'énergie, au milieu de circonstances douleureuses qu'il faut oublier. L'heure est venue de combattre, et de vaincre.

"L'ennemi ne nous a pas attendu sur le Danube. Ses colonnes démoralisées, détruites par la maladie, s'en éloignent péniblement. C'est la Providence, peut-être, qui a voulu nous épargner l'épreuve de ces contrées malsaines. C'est elle, aussi, qui nous appelle en Crimée, pays salubre comme le notre, et à Sebastopol, siége de la puissance Russe, dans ces murs où nous allons chercher ensemble le gage de la paix et de notre rétour dans nos foyers.

"L'enterprise est grande, et digne de vous; vous la réaliserez à l'aide du plus formidable appareil militaire et maritime qui se vit jamais. Les flottes alliées, avec leurs trois mille canons et leurs vingt-cinq mille braves matelots, vos émules et vos compagnons d'armes, porteront sur la terre de Crimée une armée Anglaise, dont vos pères ont appris à respecter la haute valeur, une division choisie de ces soldats Ottomans qui viennent de faire leurs preuves sous vos yeux, et une armée Française que j'ai le droit et l'orgueil d'appeler l'élite de notre armée toute entière.

"Je vois là plus que des gages de succès; j'y vois le succès lui-même. Généraux, Chefs de Corps, Officiers de toutes armes, vous partagerez, et vous ferez passer dans l'âme de vos soldats la confiance dont la mienne est remplie. Bientot, nous saluerons ensemble les trois drapeaux réunis flottant sur les ramparts de Sebastopol de notre cri nationale, 'Vive l'Empéreur!'

"Au Quartier-général de Varna, Août 25, 1854.

(Signée) "Le Maréchal de France, Comm.-en-Chef l'Armée d'Orient,
"A. ST. ARNAUD."

In curious contrast to the above order Lord Raglan has issued a memorandum requesting "Mr. Commissary-General Filder to take steps to insure that the troops shall all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days." It reminds one of the bathos of the Scotch Colonel's address to his men before the Battle of the Pyramids when compared to Napoleon's high-flown appeal on the same ground. However, it is eminently practical, and will probably do more good to the soldiers than the Marshal's order will prove to the French.

The artillery of the Light Division, under Captain Singleton (Captain Thomas's battery), received orders to march from Monastir into Varna on the morning of the 24th inst., and as this move was preparatory to a general march of the whole body, I packed up tents, bag, and baggage, and started in their rear, along with the escort of the commissariat arabas, under the charge of Mr. A. Clark. It was astonishing to see the immense quantity of carts, of horses, and sumpter mules required by this small body of men. Eighteen arabas were filled with sick or convalescent artillerymen; the rest, driven by listless Bulgarians, who plodded wearily along after their carts, and guarded by Turkish cavalry and savage-looking irregulars, moved slowly up the roads for miles, now taking a wrong turn to the right, and now correcting it by a wrong turn to the left, while Ibrahim Chaoush, the Turkish sergeant, and two of our own non-commissioned officers of the same rank rode wildly about, up and down, endeavouring to set the arabas right, and the commissariat officer scampered after them again; and cries of "No bono, Johnny!" "No bono!" filled the air, mingled with scraps of genuine Turkish; for our officers and men are beginning to make more or less progress in the language, and the intelligent sergeants we had could make

themselves pretty intelligible to the natives. Indeed, a private of the 7th, named O'Flaherty, has made such good use of his time since he has been here that he understands both Greek and Turkish, and was passed the other day as third-class interpreter. We got to Devno about half-past two o'clock, for the pace of the arabas is very slow, and we were obliged to wait for them among the hills to see they did not go wrong in those intricate passages through the brushwood.

We arrived at our camping ground an hour before sunset, a fine site near Yursakova, about fifteen miles from Varna, but the arabas were not come up, and we had nothing to eat or drink, while the heat was very great. While strolling about to keep off the hunger, a thin flickering kind of cloud was observed advancing from the sea, and presently above our heads, at the distance of a few yards, passed millions of locusts. As far as the eye could see they were spread over the whole country; after passing along in sheets for a quarter of an hour they became less dense, and at last the rear-guard of tired stragglers came, many of whom settled on the grass, and were eagerly pursued by the men, with very indifferent success; a whole flight of bee-eaters, locust-eaters, and other insectivora followed, and they in their turn were pursued by hawks, kites, and falcons. About six o'clock the horrid truth flashed on us, that about twenty arabas had gone astray, and our hopes of dinner were = 0. Mr. Clark rode after them, and we retired to our tent to sleep away the hunger. About eight o'clock the missing arabas were found, and by some extraordinary chance a box of mine, containing a ham and some ale, turned up, so that we had a sumptuous dinner of fried ham, ration bread, eaten off two plates by the aid of one knife and fork and one penknife, and washed down with Bass. Starting early on Friday morning, we reached Varna about four o'clock in the day. Upwards of 150 mules and horses, under charge of a commissariat officer, and escorted by Turkish cavalry, passed us outside of Varna, on their way to Monastir, where they were ordered for the purpose of carrying the packs of the men of the Light Division. It appears that it is not on account of the actual condition of the men that this step is taken, but in order to save their stamina as much, and take as little out of them as possible. The men are obliged to do it whether they will or not, and some of them actually grumble at parting with their packs. The spirits of the army are fast recovering, and they will soon be fit "to go anywhere and do anything."

August 28.

The Council of War held at Marshal St. Arnaud's quarters on Saturday last, Aug. 26, was no doubt one of the most important which has yet taken place. There were present the Marshal, Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, Sir George Brown, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, &c., and the deliberation lasted several hours. Sir John Burgoyne only arrived that morning, and it is said that his views with regard to the point selected for our landing in the Crimea were not quite in unison with those of the

Generals who have lately made a reconnaissance of the spot and determined the best locality. Of course nothing is known of what happened at the council, and if anything were known it would not be very politic to publish it, therefore any statement of the kind I have mentioned must be received with caution, even though secrets do leak out through closed doors and fastened windows. It has been said out here, indeed, that the London journals have done great mischief by publishing for the information of the enemy, correct intelligence respecting our intended movements against them, by indicating the points to be attacked, and preparing the Russians to resist us. Some people are absurd enough to say, with all possible gravity, that they should not be at all surprised if the whole expedition against Sebastopol were to be abandoned in consequence of certain articles in the English newspapers, which have anticipated the actual operations of the war. Certainly, if any "dangerous information" has been conveyed to the Czar in this way, it has not been sent home from the headquarters of the army, but has been derived from sources beyond a correspondent's reach. But considerations connected with geographical position, or with the probable action of the enemy in face of our fleet and army, do not appear to exercise the slightest influence on the reason of persons who urge the extraordinary propositions that the publication in London of a probable plan of campaign actually influences the Czar in the dispositions he makes to meet our attack. Even if the Czar believed that plan to be correct—and he might well entertain suspicions on that point—is it likely that he would take the trouble as soon as he has read his morning paper to send off a courier to the Crimea to prepare his Generals for an attack on a certain point, which they must (if the article in the paper is of any service to the enemy at all) have hitherto left undefended? Surely the Russian engineers are not so utterly ignorant of the shores of the Crimea that they do not know their weak points, and do not see where a disembarkation of troops is probable or practicable. As a proof of this I may state, that when the "Furious" returned to the fleet the other day, after a cruise along the south-western coast of the Crimea, she saw a Russian intrenched camp of about 6000 men placed above the very spot at which it seemed desirable we should effect a landing. Who told the Russians what the intentions of our chiefs were? They saw the English frigate, with Sir George Brown, General Canrobert, and Sir E. Lyons on board, making a deliberate survey of that very spot some days before, and it was only natural to suppose that the same strategical knowledge which led the English and French Generals to select this place for the landing warned the Russians that it would be wise to defend it. Certainly it was not any article in a London journal which enabled the Russians to know the point selected by our Generals, so as to induce them to throw up an intrenchment there and to form a camp of 6000 men. Now, in point of fact, it matters not very much that they have formed this camp, should it still be the opinion of the commanders that the point in question is the most suitable for our debarkation.

If the camp is at all near the water's edge our fleet can mow down the men like grass, swathe after swathe, and can do so with the greatest impunity. If the camp be beyond the reach of our broadsides it can do very little service indeed in resisting the landing of our troops. We cannot hope in reason to effect a landing without opposition from the enemy, and that opposition must begin somewhere or other—far better then that these 6000 men, if they oppose the advance of our Light Division, should do it in the open field than behind stone walls.

Our artillery is nearly all on board the transports in the bay. The Royal Horse Artillery of the first division is embarked, and Captain Thomas (who succeeded the much-lamented Captain Levinge in command of the C troop) is busy to-day, the 28th August, in embarking his men, guns, and horses. Captain Maude, of the I troop, arrived to-day from Devno to make arrangements for embarkation, but he left his artillery behind him. The several batteries commanded by Captains Barker, Anderson, Wodehouse, Swinton, and Strange, are on board. That commanded by Captain Brandling will embark to-morrow. The first brigade of the Light Division (Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, and 7th, 23rd, and 32nd Regiments) is within a day's march of Varna, on its way to the ships, and the other brigade (19th, 77th, 88th) is marching to join it from Monastir. The men were in the highest spirits on their march, and sang songs much of the way. They left Monastir at five o'clock; their packs were carried by mules and horses. They arrived at Yursakova, near the camp of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, ten miles from Monastir, at one o'clock in the day, and pitched their camp there. Sunday was a day of rest, and many of the men availed themselves of the opportunity afforded to them of receiving the Sacrament. Through the valley of Devno, "the Valley of Death," the men marched in mournful silence, for it was the place where they had left so many of their comrades and where they had suffered so much. The air was tainted by the carcases of dead horses, and as some of the officers rode near the burial-places of the poor fellows in the division who had died of cholera, they were horrified to discover that the corpses had been dug up, most probably by the Bulgarians, for the sake of the blankets in which they had been interred, and had been left half covered as prey to the dogs and vultures. On Monday, the brigade again advanced and reached Karaguel, seven miles from Varna. They are expected to embark on the 30th. It has become a very perplexing matter for the officers to know what to do with their horses and baggage. The greatest care is taken to reduce the baggage and *impedimenta* of the army to a minimum. To each regiment there will only be allowed five horses; and as every officer has at least one—some, indeed, have two and others three—there will be some thirty-five or forty horses from every regiment to be provided for. It is said there is to be a park formed near the town for the derelict animals. It must be a tolerably large one, for there will be nearly 4000 horses belonging to Government, and 1200 horses belonging to officers, to take care of.

Last night (August 27), most of the English men-of-war which had lain at Baltschik came down to Varna. There is now no less than seventeen sail of the line in the bay, including French, Turkish, and English vessels.

Three transports have stood out to-day to Baltschik from Varna, laden with English artillery. The steam-tugs are busily engaged in towing out boats and pontoons to the transports in the bay.

The 5th Dragoon Guards have suffered so much—their commanding officer (Major Le Marchant) absent from ill-health, the senior Captain (Duckworth), the surgeon (Pitcairn), and the veterinary surgeon (Fisher), dead, as well as a number of non-commissioned officers and privates—that it has been disregimented for a time, and has been placed under the command of Colonel Hodge, who incorporates it with his own regiment, the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoons.

The Bashi-Bazouks may be taken as completely *hors de combat*. Yusuf has failed in drilling those disorderly scum into soldiers. Colonel Beatson was not more successful. The rascals ran whenever they could, and carried with them all they could lay their hands on. Captain Greene has returned to Varna, and gives striking anecdotes of his men, their morals, and demeanour. Colonel Beatson has not yet come down, but is expected. The French Bashis, in an encounter with some Cossacks near Kostendje, about a fortnight ago, left their Colonel (Depreuil) to fight almost single-handed, and he received no less than seven lance thrusts before they came to the front to defend their commander; so they are cowardly as well as ferocious. There are now two sad proofs of the savage and brutal ferocity of these wretches on board of her Majesty's ship "Firebrand," in Varna—proofs, too, of the humanity and noble feeling of the ever-to-be-lamented Hyde Parker. When the Greeks were flitting from Kostendje, the Bashi-Bazouks came down and attacked them. One family fled in a boat. The wretches fired into it as they left the beach. There were father, mother, and two young children, one about four years old and the other a little more than a year old, in the frail bark along with some other people. The children were soon orphans; and when Captain Parker searched the boat, he found the two children bathed in blood from their own wounds and the lifeless bodies of their parents. The Bashis had deliberately shot them—their arms were pierced with balls, and burnt with powder, and it was only through the constant and unvarying kindness, care, and attention of the officers and men of the ship, that they ever recovered. When Captain Parker fell, the poor children were again left orphans indeed; but it is understood her Majesty has made inquiries after them with a view to providing for them. At present every Jack in the "Firebrand" is a nurse to them. The eldest, dressed in a miniature sailor's dress, with a gigantesque straw hat on his head, considers himself one of the ship's company, and always attends at division and quarters. He speaks English well, but has not quite forgot his Bulgarian and Greek. They [illegible] with dessert every day, and are as clean and well

kept as if they were turned out from the trimmest nursery in Belgravia.

August 29.

This has been a busy day. This morning the brigade of Guards and the brigade of Highlanders moved down to the beach, and were embarked on board the "Simoom," the "Kangaroo," and other large steamers, in beautiful order, and in a very short period of time. Captain Goldsmith, of the "Sidon," deserves the greatest praise for his exertions; but, indeed, where all did their duty, it is invidious to praise individuals. The plan of fitting out the paddle-box boats to carry seven horses each is, I believe, due to Lieutenant Roberts, commanding her Majesty's steamer "Cyclops," who has also worked very hard, both here and at Constantinople, in fitting up boats and pontoons. The Highlanders and Guards seemed nearly as well as when they landed. They marched down to the pier, and were taken off a thousand a time, by the steamers purchased by our Government from the Austrian Lloyd's, which were built for the navigation of the Danube, and have been found very useful, owing to their speed, power, and light draught of water. In the course of the day the 28th and 44th Regiments embarked. The engineer staff is getting on board also. Several transports have already started, laden, for Baltschik. The cholera still hangs around us. On Sunday night, Mr. Shegog, surgeon of the 88th Regiment, was seized with it, and expired in a few hours, to the profound regret of every man in the regiment.

The troops remain for the present in Varna Bay, on board the ships.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arrangements for landing in the Crimea—Order of sailing—Distribution of the army in the transports—Condition of the troops—Deaths of officers—A catastrophe—Lord Lucan's "ochre and pipeclay" order.

VARNA BAY, OFF VARNA, *September* 4.

WE are all ready to go. I do not know what order the fleet will take, and I believe that it is not yet certain whether the French will be on the right or the left of the line on landing. But, so far as the British forces are concerned, it has been arranged that they shall make their approach to the beach in the following order:—

First will come the little steam tugs "Sharki," "Varna," "Circassian," "Danube," "Brenda," "Pigmy," and another, in a line parallel with the beach, and in the order indicated; they are to tow the transports and the large boats full of troops. Next will advance the line of the first division, parallel to that of the tugs, in the following order, from left to right:—

Transport "No. 50," the "Courier," with the 19th Regiment on board; transport "No. 78," the "Orient," with the 88th Regiment on board (horses and men); steamer "Victoria," with the 7th and

23rd Fusileer Regiments on board. Next, "No. 21" transport, "Pride of the Ocean," with the reserve ammunition; "No. 44," the "Megæra," with 77th Regiment; "No. 43," "No. 42," the "Andes," with 33rd Regiment; "No. 89," with Royal Horse Artillery; "No. 98," with the same force; her Majesty's steamer "Fury;" "No. 30," "No. 60," the "Emperor" steamer, with Brigadier Codrington and staff, Captain Macdonell, aid-de-camp to Sir George Brown, &c.

Sir George Brown, attended by Captain Whitmore and Captain Pearson, will proceed to the scene of operations on board her Majesty's ship "Agamemnon," Sir E. Lyons, Admiral, in command.

On looking at the above arrangement for the Light Division, it will be observed that the line of the Light Division consists of fifteen vessels. Of these five are steamers, the remaining ten are sailing vessels. In proceeding towards their destination the line will, of course, be at right angles to the beach, each steamer taking two transports in tow. Thus, for example, on leaving Baltschik, the "Victoria" steamer will tow transports "50" and "78," and thus will lead the line; the "Megæra," following "No. 78," will tow the transports "21" and "44;" following "No. 44," the "Andes" will drag after her "Nos. 43" and "42." After "No. 42" the "Fury" will come, towing "No. 89" and "No. 98;" and the "Emperor" will bring up the rear, with "No. 30" and "No. 60" transports after her.

On approaching the shore sufficiently near to land, the steamer on the left flank will stop, and the whole line will gradually sweep round to the right, until it is parallel to the shore, instead of being at right angles to it. Those who remember the simple manœuvre of the fleet at Spithead, when the two lines of men-of-war wheeled round, if one may use the phrase, with the leading ship of each line as a fixed point, till they formed one advancing line at right angles to their former position, will be enabled to understand the arrangement at a glance. After the Light Division comes the line of the First Division, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as follows:—Transports "No. 47;" "No. 23," with 79th Highlanders; the "Emeu," with 42nd Highlanders on board; "No. 19;" "No. 14;" the "Kangaroo," with Scotch Fusileer Guards; "No. 10;" "No. 7;" the "Souvenir," with Coldstream Guards; "No. 4;" "No. 3;" "No. 65;" "No. 67;" the "Tonning," with the Duke's staff.

Next come the Second Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans.—"No. 82," with reserve ammunition; "No. 51," the "Vulcan," with Brigadier-General Pennefather and staff and the 30th Regiment on board; "No. 88," "No. 32," the 'Hydaspes," with Brigadier Adams and staff and 49th Regiment; 'No. 31," "No. 91," the "Melbourne," with part of 41st Regiment and 47th Regiment on board, and medical officers; "No. 90," "No. 71," and the "City of London" steamer, with Lieutenant-General Evans, Colonel Wilbraham, Deputy-Adjutant-General, Captain Lane Fox, Deputy-Quartermaster-General, and the rest of the 41st Regiment, &c., on board.

Next come the Third Division, commanded by Sir R. England.—Troopship "Apollo," with 30th Regiment on board; her Majesty's ship "Highflyer;" "No. 6" and "No, 8;" with grand reserve of ammunition; the siege train on board the "Medway," "No. 97;" "No. 96," the "Cambria," 50th Regiment; "No. 93;" "No. 28," with staff and 1st Royals; the "Cottingham," the "Tynemouth," 44th Regiment; "No. 53," 28th Regiment; her Majesty's steamer "Cyclops."

The line of the Fourth Division, under Sir George Cathcart, will be disposed as follows:—Medical stores on board a transport. The "Mauritius," transport, with staff horses, "No. 81." The "Golden Fleece," with 21st Regiment on board; "No. 83" and "No. 57," with reserve ammunition on board; the "Avon," with 63rd Regiment; "No. 56" and "No. 48," with reserve ammunition; the "Columbo," with 20th Regiment on board; "No. 58," "No. 37;" the "Orinoco," with the 1st battalion of Rifle Brigade.

The Fifth, or Cavalry Division, commanded by the Earl of Lucan, will be thus disposed:—"No. 59" and "No. 36," with engineer stores; the "Jason," with 14th Light Dragoons; "No. 2," with engineer stores; "No. 85," with Royal Horse Artillery; the "Trent," with Heavy Cavalry, 4th Dragoons, &c.; "No. 6," with Royal Horse Artillery; "No. 40," with Royal Horse Artillery; the "Himalaya," with the greater portion of the 17th Lancers and of the 8th Hussars, Lord Cardigan, Major-General Commanding Brigade of Light Cavalry, and staff, on board; "No. 34;" "No. 1," with Royal Horse Artillery; and the "Simla," with 4th Light Dragoons on board.

Last of all comes the siege train, as follows:—"No. 49" and "No. 54," the "Sydney," with battering guns, &c.; "No. 5" and "No. 45," with the grand reserve magazines; and the "Australian," with the siege train. A vast number of commissariat vessels and storeships will follow.

From all we can hear, it is most probable that the Turks will be placed in the centre, that the English will take the left, and that the French will take the right of the line of operations. However, even the above programme is not to be received as final and unalterable; nor, indeed, is anything which may be said or written in anticipation of actual proceedings to be regarded as conclusive, for at the last moment changes may take place, and we all know that the best laid schemes go often astray. So far, however, up to a certain date, the authorities at sea and land had determined to arrange the carriage of the troops according to this order, nor do I foresee that any material change can be made in it.

With respect to the proceedings of the troops on landing, Lord Raglan has issued his "instructions," which are remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and precision of language. But here, as before, I have to observe that the circular may be altered, and that the dispositions are subject to change, though it does not seem that there is much to be objected to in them, even by the most fastidious military critic.

The arrangements for the conveyance of the troops to their destination are of the largest and most perfect character; and

when all the transports have united, they will display to the gaze of the enemy an armada of no less than 600 vessels, covered and protected on every side by a fleet with a battery of 3000 pieces of artillery, and manned by the bravest seamen in the world. What preparations our French allies are making, I am not in a position to state; but I believe they will not be able, notwithstanding every effort they may put forth, to move more than 22,000 men at present. They make the most of their limited resources, certainly. They have a complete shore administration for the fleet of transports, and their *Direction du Port*, with its officers and men inspecting every pier and regulating the moorings and movements of every little boat, is admirable in its way, but unfortunately there is a want of material to work upon. Their vessels are the sweepings of French and Italian ports, schooners and brigs from Agde, Nouvelle, Cette, Leghorn, Genoa, Bastia, &c., and although they cram them as much as human nature and French soldiers can bear the process, they cannot carry the army. They must return, therefore, after they have landed one cargo to get the other; on the other hand, we have a fleet of transports of unparalleled magnitude, and the arrangements for their management are of corresponding excellence, so far as I can judge.

The embarkation of our army may now be said to have terminated. Every available man almost is on board his ship. Sir George Cathcart has arrived in the "Himalaya" out from England, and took the command of his division on Friday.

It would appear that the place of disembarkation has not yet been fixed on, for the very good reason that they will be landed where there is the least appearance of successful opposition. Lord Raglan is close to a degree. He consults none of his generals, save perhaps that he takes into his confidence Sir George Brown, who knows how to keep a secret as well as his chief.

However, nearly every one looks with confidence to the result, and places full reliance on Lord Raglan's soundness of head and clearness of judgment. It is probable that the landing will take place at a considerable distance from Sebastopol, and I am firmly persuaded that the patience of people at home who are hungering and thirsting for "the fall of Sebastopol" will be severely tried, and that the chances are a little against the incidents of its capture being ready by Christmas for repetition at Astley's. It is certain the Russians are in force at or near all our pet places of landing; and, although Sir E. Lyons guarantees the army against any fear of attack within one mile of the beach, it is scarcely to be expected that with forces inferior to the garrison of the town we can be in a fit state to invest at once such a fortress as Sebastopol.

It is late, very late in the year, for such a siege as there is before us, and I should not be surprised if we were forced to content ourselves with the occupation of a portion of the Crimea, which might become the basis of larger and more successful operations next year. This army has already lost close upon 700 men by the

cholera alone, and fever promises to do its work. Then to this must be added the loss by ordinary sickness, and the average of invaliding, which is swelled by the unhealthiness of the climate to a larger per centage than it is at home, and it will be seen that with the shock to its *morale* arising from depressed spirits, inactivity, and the spectacle of sudden death, the army is not by any means in the condition in which it landed. In truth, it may be taken as an actual fact that, physically and morally, each division of the army has been weakened by nearly one regiment, and that the division of Sir George Cathcart does little more than raise the force to its original strength. Sickness, I regret to say, has not left the fleet either here or at Baltschik. On Friday I dined in company with poor Captain Longmore, of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars. He was seized with illness (the cholera) on Saturday; at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning he died on board the "Himalaya," and at 11 o'clock I witnessed his remains interred on shore, in a rude coffin, hastily made on board ship, and laid to rest on a ridge of land overlooking the bay, where frequent wooden crosses mark the graves of the French sailors who perished from the cholera. He was an excellent officer, and Lord Cardigan speaks highly of his conduct when commanding the 8th in the recent *reconnaissance* to the Danube.

Poor Colonel Boyle! Who does not remember the boyish-looking member for Frome, as he walked quietly about the house, or bustled through the lobbies on state occasions, the gentlest and most amiable of men? He, too, is dead. He sank yesterday (Sunday, September 3rd), under the attacks of fever. By the directions of Admiral Dundas, to whom he was related, and to whom a telegraph had been sent from Varna to Baltschik for instructions, his body was placed in a boat, taken out a little way to sea, and thrown overboard. The same day Lieutenant A. Saltmarshe, of the 11th Hussars, died of cholera. He appeared in excellent health and spirits the evening previously.

Three cases of cholera were landed from the "Emperor" yesterday. The ships at Baltschik are not quite free from it yet.

As I write (Monday) the Admiral has just telegraphed up from Baltschik to the fleet here to prepare for sailing forthwith, and to get all light canvas ready aloft. There is and has been a strong breeze for the last few days setting into the bay dead in our teeth, and there is a good deal of surf on the beach, but this is all the better for us, once we get to the other side.

On Friday there was a sad catastrophe. A Turkish steamer, used to tow off the troop-boats from the pier to the transports, ran down a lighter with forty Zouaves on board. As the men were fully equipped and laden with their knapsacks, &c., they sank like stones to the bottom. Ten were saved by clinging to the sides of the lighter. The captain of the boat has been arrested, and placed in prison. This event has much disheartened the Zouaves, just as they were beginning to recover from the depression created by their losses in the Dobrudscha.

Her Majesty's steamer "Inflexible" left for Baltschik, with the 95th Regiment on board, on Saturday.

The Duke of Cambridge returned from Therapia in the "Caradoc" on Thursday, restored to health by his short absence.

The "Himalaya," Captain Kellock, which had been left lying useless in the Golden Horn for three long weeks, received orders to go to Varna last Wednesday. The orders reached Scutari at 3 o'clock—at 5 30 p.m. the magnificent vessel was under way, rushing through the opposing current of the Bosphorus like a dolphin, and astonishing the officers of the "Caradoc" as she flew past them at Therapia. She anchored in Varna Bay at 9 30 a.m. the following morning, and immediately proceeded to take on board the 8th Royal Irish Hussars and the 17th Lancers. Lord Cardigan, commanding the Light Cavalry Brigade, and his staff, came on board on Friday.

The "Simla," which had, we hear, a narrow escape of being burnt, came up from Constantinople later in the day; she takes the 4th Light Dragoons. On Saturday the "Colombo" arrived from the Bosphorus with the 20th Regiment on board.

Varna will soon be abandoned to all but its original dreariness. The French, indeed, are building storehouses and magazines on a large scale, and seem inclined to establish their central depôt for the army there; but it is probable that we shall move down to Constantinople when winter comes on. Every convenience for the "hybernation" of our army can be found in that capital or in its neighbourhood, and contracts can be made there with comparative ease for the supply of provisions and necessaries. The presence of our army has indeed affected the prices of food very inconsiderably, and Mr. Filder has, I believe, been able to make contracts for the army on very advantageous terms.

On Wednesday last, the 2nd Brigade of the Light Division marched in, and proceeded to embark at the piers on the south side of the bay. Of the regiments composing it, the 19th seemed to be the strongest and most in working order. Many of the 88th were still suffering from illness, and dropping out of the ranks or almost tottering under the weight of their kits, but they would come on in spite of their weakness. The regiment suffered another heavy loss on the march from Aladyn to Varna. Major Mackay was seized with cholera on the route, and died in a few hours. The deceased officer was a great favourite with the regiment, and they carried his body with them on the march till they could inter it with a little decent solemnity after their halt. His remains rest in a field by the wayside, about three miles from Varna.

The 19th embarked on board the "Courier;" the 88th on board the "Orient." The Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion, is broken up, and distributed among the various vessels carrying the regiments of the division—one company to each of the eight ships.

Soon after the Guards embarked in the "Simoom," Captain Tatham, a few cases of cholera appeared among the men, and, as some of her crew and her former captain had died of that disease, it was deemed expedient to shift the Guards to other vessels. Two companies were sent on board the "Vengeance," and orders were given to Lord George Paulet to prepare for the reception of

500 more on board of the "Bellerophon," but, up to the present time, they have not been sent on board that ship.

On Thursday last, the 2nd Division embarked in excellent order. Sir De Lacy Evans, his Brigadiers, Pennefather and Adams, and his staff, were on the beach before nine o'clock. The first brigade, the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, and the second brigade, the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments, constitute a very fine division, which has suffered less from sickness than any other division of our army. They moved with great regularity down to the rude piers, and embarking, regiment after regiment, on board the long steamers, were soon put on board their respective transports.

Colonel Airey, late Brigadier-General of the 1st Brigade of the Light Division, has been appointed Quartermaster-General of the army. He will be succeeded in the command of his brigade by Major-General Codrington, late Colonel of the Guards. Lieut.-Col. Wilbraham, 7th Regiment, has succeeded to the post of Adjutant-General to the 2nd Division, vacant by the death of Colonel Maule.

Great care is being taken by the medical authorities to make their department as effective as possible; and Dr. Hall has issued a circular containing directions and suggestions as to surgical practice in the field, which is highly spoken of.

Lord Raglan and staff will proceed on board the "Caradoc," Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., to the Crimea. Nearly all the officers of departments have left the town, and have proceeded on board ship, and the postmaster has been desired to take his place in one of the transports.

As a *bonne bouche* I may add, ere I close my letter, that Lord Lucan, in a recent order, expresses displeasure and dissatisfaction at the dirty appearance of the Cavalry Division, and desires that officers commanding troops shall lay in "a stock of yellow ochre and pipeclay," for the use of the men. It is to be hoped we shall have fine weather in the Crimea, should the officers succeed in procuring these valuable pigments in Varna. Will they be allowed a sumpter mule to carry these stores?

THE CRIMEA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rendezvous of the fleet—Place selected for landing—Appearance of the coast—A French boat puts to shore—Planting of the tricolor on the Crimea—Disembarkation commences—The Cossacks at last—Sir George Brown's narrow escape—First cracks of the English rifle, and first blood spilt—Incidents of the landing—Jack Tar's care of "the sojers"—Heavy rain, and abundant discomfort—The Tartars of the Crimea.

THE CRIMEA, *Sept.* 14.

WE are "an army of occupation" at last. The English and French armies have laid hold of a material guarantee in the shape of some

score square miles of the soil of the Crimea, and they are preparing to extend the area of their rule in their progress towards Sebastopol. You have already heard of our proceedings at Eupatoria, when the "Caradoc" ran in with her flag of truce. Having displayed all the vastness of our armaments before the eyes of the astonished natives of the town, our chiefs would appear to have changed their minds, if they ever intended to land at Eupatoria.

All the vessels were drawn up in immense lines, with a front extending over nine miles, and with an unknown depth—for the rigging and sails of the distant transports belonging to the expedition were lost far below the horizon, and after we had anchored, stragglers arrived every hour for two or three days. We were all expectation of a gun from the "Agamemnon," and signals for landing. Thousands of telescopes were earnestly directed to the shore. No gun was fired, however, and no signals made to let loose the expedition on Eupatoria; but a short conversation by signal took place between Generals and Admirals, and towards eight o'clock p.m. the "Agamemnon" sent off boats to the steamers and transports with the following order to the Quartermasters-General of the divisions:—

"ORDERS FOR SAILING.

"Wednesday night.

"The Light Division to be actually under way at one a.m. to-morrow morning.

"The Fourth Division to sail at two a.m.

"The First Division to sail at three a.m.

"The Third Division and the Fifth Division to sail at four a.m.

"Steer S.S.E. for eight miles. Rendezvous in lat. 45 degrees. Do not go nearer to shore than eight fathoms."

The place thus selected for our landing is a low strip of beach and shingle, cast up by the violence of the surf, and forming a sort of causeway between the sea and a stagnant salt-water lake, one of those remarkable deposits of brackish water so frequent along this shore of the Crimea, and which abound close to our present quarters. The lake is about one mile long and half a mile broad, and when we first arrived its borders and surface were frequented by vast flocks of wild fowl. There is another sheet to the south of us, and there is another to the north, between our camp and Eupatoria. The causeway is not more than two hundred yards broad, and it leads, at the right or southern extremity of the lake, by a gentle ascent, to an irregular table land or plateau of trifling elevation, dotted with tumuli or barrows, such as are seen in several parts of England, and extending to the base of the very remarkable chain called, from their shape, the Tent Mountains. Towards the sea this plateau presents a precipitous face of red clay and sandstone, varying in height from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet, and it terminates by a descent almost to the sea-level, at the distance of nearly two miles from the shores of the lake. Thence towards the south there is a low sandy beach, with a fringe

of shingle raised by the action of the waves above the level of the land, and saving it from inundation. This low coast runs as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost beneath the base of the mountain ranges over Sebastopol. The country inland, visible from the decks of our ships, is covered with cattle, with grain in stack, with farm-houses, and seems capable of producing enormous quantities of live stock and fodder. The stubble fields are now covered with wild lavender, southernwood, and other fragrant shrubs, which the troops are busily collecting for fuel, and which fill the air with an aromatic perfume. As we cruised down towards Eupatoria, we could see the people driving their carts and busy in their ordinary occupations.

Now and then some Cossacks were visible, scouring along the roads to the city of Simpheropol, the capital, and down south towards the menaced stronghold of the Czar; but they were not numerous, and at times it was doubtful whether the people we saw were those freebooters of the Don and Bug, or merely Crim Tartar herdsmen, armed with cattle-spears. The post carriage from Sebastopol to Odessa also was seen rolling leisurely along, and conveying, probably, news of the great armament with which the coast is menaced.

We were further disappointed to find the natives in dress and aspect were very like our friends of Bulgaria. They were better kempt, and seemed better clad; but the "style" of the men was the same as that of the people with whom we had been so long and so unpleasantly familiar.

The daybreak of Thursday (September 14) gave promise of a lovely morning, but the pledge was not fully fulfilled. The sun rose from a cloudless sky. Towards noon the heat of his midday beams was tempered by a gentle breeze, and by some floating fleecy vapours, which turned speedily into showers of rain, and the afternoon was dark and gloomy. The vast armada, which had moved on during the night in perfect order, studding the horizon with a second heaven of stars, and covering the face of the sea with innumerable lights, advanced parallel with the coast till it gradually closed in towards the shore near Lake Saki at the place I have attempted to describe.

At seven a.m. most of the fleet were in shore near their prescribed positions, but it was found necessary to send the "Firebrand" and some other steamers to sea, in order to tow up the slower transports and men-of-war. The "Emperor," which was our guiding star, did not keep exactly in her position, or the places taken by the leading steamers of the rest of the fleet were wrong, and some doubt and a little confusion arose in consequence, but the absence of an enemy rendered any slight deviations from order of comparatively trifling importance. The greatest offender against the prescribed order of disembarkation was the Admiral himself, who, instead of filling the place assigned to him in the centre of his fleet, anchored four miles from the shore.

As the ships of our expedition drew up in lines parallel to the beach, as nearly as possible as set forth in the general directions, I

sent you some days ago, the French fleet passed us under steam, and extended itself on our right, and ran in close to shore below the cliffs of the plateau. Their small war steamers went much nearer than ours were allowed to go, and a little after seven o'clock the first French boat put off from one of the men-of-war; not more than fifteen or sixteen men were on board her. She was beached quietly on shore at the southern extremity of the red cliff I have mentioned. The crew leaped out; they formed into a knot on the strand, and seemed busily engaged for a few moments over one spot of ground, as though they were digging a grave. Presently a flag-staff was visible above their heads, and in a moment more the tricolor was run up to the top, and fluttered out gaily in the wind, while the men took off their hats, and no doubt did their "*Vive l'Empereur!*" in good style. The French were thus the first to take possession and seisin of the Crimea. There was no enemy in sight. The most scrutinizing gaze at this moment could not have detected a hostile uniform along the coast. The French Admiral fired a gun shortly after eight o'clock, and the disembarkation of their troops commenced. In twenty-two minutes, they say, they got 6000 men on shore. This was very smart work, but it must be remembered that nearly all the French army were on board line-of-battle ships, and were at once carried from their decks to the land by the men-of-war's boats. The "Montebello" carried upwards of 1400 men, in addition to her crew. The "Valmy" had in all 3000. The "Ville de Paris" and "Henri Quatre" were laden with men in proportion; and all the line-of-battle ships and steamers had full cargoes of troops. In fact, it was found that their small brigs and schooners were neither safe nor comfortable, and that they were better suited for carrying stores and horses than men. The fleet of French men-of-war carried more than 20,000 men. Their whole force to be landed consisted of 23,600 men. Our army amounted to 27,000 men, who were embarked in a vast number of transports, covering a great extent of water. But they were carried in comfort and safety; and, though there was still much sickness on board, it was as nothing compared to the mortality among the closely-packed French. Perhaps no army ever was conveyed with such luxury and security from shore to shore as ours in the whole history of war. The instant the French had landed a regiment, a company was pushed on to reconnoitre—skirmishers or picquets were sent on in front. As each regiment followed in column, its predecessors deployed, extended front, and advanced in light marching order *en tirailleur*, spreading out like a fan over the plains. It was most curious and interesting to observe their progress, and to note the rapid manner in which they were appropriating the soil. In about an hour after their first detachment had landed, nearly 9000 troops were on shore, and their advanced posts were faintly discernible between three and four miles from the beach, like little black specks moving over the corn-fields, and darkening the highways and meadow paths.

In our fleet the whole labour and responsibility of the disem-

barkation rested with Sir E. Lyons. The Admiral remained, as I have said, aloof, and took no share in the proceedings of the day.

About nine o'clock one black ball was run up to the fore of the "Agamemnon," and a gun was fired to enforce attention to the signal. This meant, "Divisions of boats to assemble round ships for which they are told off, to disembark infantry and artillery." There was, as I have said, no enemy in sight, but long before the French had landed their first boat's cargo the figure of a mounted officer, followed by three Cossacks, had fallen within the scope of many a glass. The Russian was within about 1100 yards of us, and through a good telescope we could watch his every action. He rode slowly along by the edge of the cliff, apparently noting the number and disposition of the fleet, and taking notes with great calmness in a memorandum book. He wore a dark green frock coat, with a little silver lace, a cap of the same colour, a sash round his waist, and long leather boots. His horse, a fine bay charger, was a strange contrast to the shaggy rough little steeds of his followers. There they were, "the Cossacks," at last!—stout, compact-looking fellows, with sheep-skin caps, uncouth clothing of indiscriminate cut, high saddles, and little fiery ponies, which carried them with wonderful ease and strength. Each of these Cossacks carried a thick lance of some fifteen feet in length, and a heavy-looking sabre. At times they took rapid turns by the edge of the cliff in front of us—now to the left, now to the rear, of their officer, and occasionally they dipped out of sight, over the hill, altogether. Then they came back, flourishing their lances, and pointed to the accumulating masses of the French on their right, not more than half a mile from them, on the shore, or scampered over the hill to report progress as to the lines of English boats advancing to the beach. Their officer behaved very well. He remained for an hour within range of a Minié rifle, and when the "Highflyer" stood in close to shore, while he was coolly making a sketch in his portfolio of our appearance, we all expected they were going to drop a shell over himself and his little party. We were glad our expectations were not realized, if it were only on the chance of the sketch being tolerably good, so that the Czar might really see what our armada was like.

Meantime, the English boats were nearing the shore, not in the order of the programme, but in irregular groups; a company of a regiment of the Light Division, the 7th Fusileers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Yea, I think, landed first on the beach to the left of the cliffs; then came a company of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence; a small boat from the "Britannia," commanded by Lieutenant Vesey, had, however, preceded the Fusileers, and disembarked some men on the beach, who went down into the hollow at the foot of the cliffs. The Russian continued his sketching. Suddenly a Cossack crouched down and pointed with his lance to the ascent of the cliff. The officer turned and looked in the direction. We looked too, and, lo! a cocked hat rose above the horizon. Another

figure, with a similar head-dress, came also in view. The first was Sir George Brown, on foot; the second we made out to be Quartermaster-General Airey. The scene was exciting. It was evident the Russian and the Cossack saw Sir George, but that he did not see them. A picquet of Fusileers and Riflemen followed the general at a considerable interval. The Russian got on his horse, the Cossacks followed his example, and one of them cantered to the left to see that the French were not cutting off their retreat, while the others stooped down over their saddle bows and rode stealthily, with lowered lances, towards the Englishmen.

Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the picquet advancing towards the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out various spots to the Quartermaster-General. Suddenly they turn, and slowly descend the hill—the gold sash disappears—the cocked hat is eclipsed—Cossacks and officers dismount, and steal along by the side of their horses. They, too, are hid from sight in a short time, and on the brow of the cliff appears a string of native carts. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rise over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle are audible to the men in the nearest ships. In a few minutes more the Cossacks are visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French lines of skirmishers.

When we landed, we heard that Sir George Brown had a near escape of being taken prisoner. He was the first to land, and pushed on without sending videttes or men in front, though he took the precaution, very fortunately, to bring up a few soldiers with him. The Cossacks, who had been dodging him, made a dash when they were within less than a hundred yards. The General had to run, and was only saved from capture by the fire of the Fusileers. The Cossacks bolted. The first blood spilt in this campaign was that of a poor boy, an arabjee, who was wounded in the foot by the volley which dislodged them. Meantime, swarms of boats were putting off from the various ships to carry the English troops to land.

The Light Division got on shore very speedily, and were all landed, with the exception of a few companies, in an hour. The First Division landed simultaneously with a portion of their friends of the leading division; the Duke of Cambridge and his staff being early on the beach with their men, and the Brigadiers Sir C. Campbell and Major-General Bentinck preceding their respective brigades. As each regiment landed, the brigade was formed in contiguous columns at quarter distance. The Light Division was on the left, the First Division the next, and so on in order towards the right. The Second Division was under way ere the whole of the Light or of the First Division had landed. Sir De Lacy Evans got on shore with his staff about half-past ten. By eleven, the Rifles and Fusileers had been inspected, and were marching from the left of the line, along the front of the other regiments, towards the right. They ascended the slope of the hill over the cliffs, pass-

ing by the pickets and sentries who had been placed on outpost duty by Sir George Brown, and marching straight on over the plain I have described inland. It may be as well here to describe our force.

The Light Division, Sir George Brown—2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 7th Fusileers, 19th Regiment, 23rd Fusileers, 33rd Regiment, 77th Regiment, 88th Regiment, Brigadier Major-General Codrington, and Brigadier-General Buller.

The First Division, under the Duke of Cambridge, includes the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusileer Guards, under Major-General Bentinck, and the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, under Brigadier Sir C. Campbell.

The Second Division, under Sir De Lacy Evans, consists of the 30th, 55th, and 95th, under Brigadier-General Pennefather, and the 41st, 47th, and 49th, under Brigadier-General Adams.

The Third Division, under Sir R. England, is composed of the 1st Royals, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 68th Regiments—Brigadiers Sir John Campbell and Eyre. (4th Regiment only six companies.)

The Fourth Division, under Sir George Cathcart—the 20th Regiment, 21st Regiment, Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion, 63rd Regiment. (46th Regiment *en route*; 57th Regiment *en route*.)

The Cavalry Division (Lord Lucan) is made up of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers, forming a Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord Cardigan; the Scots Greys (not yet arrived here), 4th Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoon Guards, 6th Dragoons, making the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett.

Sir John Burgoyne may be presumed to control the Ordnance and Engineers; but it is stated that he will not in any way interfere with Brigadier-General Tylden.

To return to our disembarkation. By twelve o'clock in the day, that barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the seagull and wildfowl, was swarming with life. From one extremity to the other, bayonets glistened, and red coats and brass-mounted shakos gleamed in solid masses. The air was filled with our English speech, and the hum of voices mingled with loud notes of command, cries of comrades to each other, the familiar address of "Bill" to "Tom," or of "Pat" to "Sandy," and an occasional shout of laughter. Very amusing was it to watch the loading and unloading of the boats. A gig or cutter, pulled by eight or twelve sailors, with a paddle-box boat, flat, or Turkish pinnace in tow (the latter purchased for the service), would come up alongside a steamer or transport in which troops were ready for disembarkation. The officers of each company first descended, each man in full dress. Over his shoulder was slung his havre-sack, containing what had been, ere it underwent the process of cooking, 4½ lbs. of salt meat, and a bulky mass of biscuit of the same weight. This was his ration for three days. Besides this, each officer carried his greatcoat, rolled up and fastened in a hoop round his body, a wooden canteen to hold water, a small ration of

are dead, and that the latter have been landed to man the walls. They estimate the whole force between us and Sebastopol at about 15.000 men, and the garrison at 40,000 more. They say, however, that there is an army south of Sebastopol, which had been sent to meet an expected attack on Kaffa. On the whole, the information we have hitherto obtained is most encouraging, and the favourable disposition of the people, and their willingness to furnish supplies, are advantages which had not been expected, but which cannot be overrated.

While the troops were disembarking, one of the reconnoitring steamers returned with news of a Russian camp situate near the beach, about eight miles south of the place where we were landing. The "Sampson," the "Fury," and the "Vesuvius," in company with three French steamers, at once proceeded to the spot indicated. They found a camp of about 6000 men formed at a mile's distance from the sea. The steamers opened fire with shell at 3000 yards. The French shells burst in the air, or fell short. The "Fury" and "Vesuvius" were little more successful; but the "Sampson" pitched shell after shell right in among the tents, knocking them over right and left, and driving the soldiery in swarms out of the camp, which was destroyed after less than an hour's firing.

The squadron returned to the fleet, having effected this service, and will proceed to-morrow to cruise off Sebastopol.

CHAPTER XXV.

A miserable night—The tentless army—Landing the cavalry—Appalling scene—Excesses of the French soldiery—Friendly disposition of the Cimmerians—Important services of Sir E. Lyons.

THE CRIMEA, *Sept.* 15.

FEW of us will ever forget last night. Seldom were 27,000 Englishmen more miserable. The beach was almost cleared, the troops had marched off to their several quarters, the Light Division about six miles in advance, the 1st Division two miles nearer the shore, the 2nd Division on the cliffs and hills, and a part of the 3rd Division on the slope of the hill. No tents were sent on shore, partly because there had been no time to land them, partly because there was no certainty of our being able to find carriage for them. Towards night the sky looked very black and lowering; the wind rose, and the rain fell. The showers increased in violence about midnight, and early in the morning the water fell in drenching sheets, which pierced through the blankets and great-coats of the houseless and tentless soldiers. It was their first bivouac—a hard trial enough, in all conscience, worse than all their experiences of Bulgaria or Gallipoli, for there they had their tents, and now they learned to value their canvas coverings at their true worth. Imagine all these old generals and young lords and gentlemen exposed hour after hour to the violence of pitiless storms, with no bed but the reeking puddle under the saturated blankets or bits of

useless waterproof wrappers, and the twenty odd thousand of poor fellows who could not get "dry bits" of ground, and had to sleep, or try to sleep, in little lochs and watercourses—no fire to cheer them, no hot grog, and the prospect of no breakfast;—imagine this, and add to it that the nice "change of linen" had become a wet abomination, which weighed the poor men's kits down, and you will admit that this "seasoning" was of rather a violent character—particularly as it came after all the luxuries of dry ship stowage. Sir George Brown slept under a cart tilted over. The Duke had some similar contrivance. Sir De Lacy Evans was the only general whose staff had been careful enough to provide him with a tent. In one respect the rain was of service: it gave them a temporary supply of water, but then it put a fire out of the question, even if the men could have scraped up wood to make it. The country is, however, quite destitute of timber.

During the night it blew freshly from the west, a heavy sea tumbled into the bay, and sent a high surf on the beach, which much interfered with the process of landing cavalry and artillery to-day. Early in the day signal was made to the steamers to get up steam for Eupatoria, and it was no doubt intended to land the cavalry and artillery there, in consequence of the facility afforded by a pier and harbour there; but towards noon the wind went down and the swell somewhat abated. In an attempt to land some staff horses several valuable animals were drowned. Lord Raglan lost one charger, and another swam off seaward, and was only recovered two miles from the shore. Several boats were staved and rendered useless, and several others were injured by the roll of the surf on the beach; nor did the horse boats and flats escape uninjured. Operations went on slowly, and the smooth days we had wasted at sea were bitterly lamented. The work was, however, to be done, and orders were given to land cavalry. For this purpose it was desirable to approach the beach as close as possible, and signal was made to the cavalry steamers to do so. The "Himalaya" in a few minutes ran in so far that she lay inside every ship in our fleet with the exception of the little "Spitfire," and immediately commenced discharging her enormous cargo of 390 horses and nearly 700 men. The attendance of cutters, launches, paddlebox boats, and horse-floats from the navy was prompt, and the disembarkation commenced soon after noon. The "Simla," the "Trent," and the "Jason" also set to work with energy and activity to discharge their living cargoes, and the seamen of the Royal and mercantile marine rivalled each other in their efforts. Never did men work so hard, so cheerfully, or so well. The horses, too, are now so acclimated to ship life—they are so accustomed to an existence of unstable equilibrium in slings, and to rapid ascents and descents from the tight ropes, that they are comparatively docile. Besides this, they are very tired from standing for fourteen days in one narrow box, are rather thin and sickly, and must be glad of change of air and position.

The horses from the "Himalaya" came out marvellously well, and many of the officers and men have been restored to health by

the influence of the sea voyage and good living. In a former letter the details of the arrangements for landing the horses were fully explained, according to the official statement. The paddlebox boats and flats are pulled by launches and cutters, under the command of naval officers, up to the ship to be discharged. A certain number of the men get upon these horse-rafts, and their horses are lowered in order, one after the other, to the number of twelve or fourteen to each large flat, and of six or eight to each paddlebox boat (the latter being provided with temporary floorings for the reception of the horses). The troopers not required to hold the horses are stowed away in the row-boats, and the little flotilla sets off on its voyage to land. It generally happens that some smart, active, little tug, commanded by a naval officer, rushes down on them ere they have gone far—"makes fast"—adds them to a string of some six or eight other boats, and flutters off to the beach, where she leaves them to make the best of their way from the edge of the surf to *terra firma*. Arrived in the surf, Jack leaps into the water, and by hauling, shoving, thumping, and kicking, manages to "start" the horses down the inclined plane of planks half resting on the beach, half floating on the breakers, and to do the work of half-a-dozen soldiers in his own wild quaint style. If the greatest care is not taken the floats will tilt over when they touch the ground, and no skill can prevent such a catastrophe at times. It was thus that some horses were lost, and the wonder is, when one stands on the sand and sees the violence of the billows, that many more accidents of the kind are not occurring momentarily. Lord Cardigan and his staff landed from the "Himalaya" at six o'clock on Friday evening. Lord Lucan also disembarked the same evening. The whole of the English cavalry out here—with a Lieutenant-General to command it, and a Major-General second in command—with a large staff, divisional and of brigades, with quartermasters-general and adjutants-general, with staff surgeons, with aids-de-camp, majors of brigade, and commissariat officers attached, does not muster more than 1000 sabres.

Before the disembarkation had concluded for the day, signal was made for all ships "to land tents." It need not be said that this order was most gratefully received. The miseries of the night before were indeed too great to be lightly incurred. Our French allies, close at hand, deficient as they had been in means of accommodation and stowage and transport, had yet managed to land their little scraps of tents the day they disembarked. Whilst our poor fellows were soaked through and through, their blankets and great-coats saturated with wet, and without any change of raiment, the French close at hand, and the Turks, whose tents are much more bulky than our own, were lying snugly under cover. The most serious result of the wetting was, however, a great increase in illness among the troops to-day. Several cases of cholera occurred, and one officer of the 23rd died, after a few hours' illness.

It has been decided to garrison Eupatoria, and Captain Brock and 500 Marines have been sent away for the purpose. The Captain is to be Governor of Eupatoria.

Sept. 16.

A most extraordinary occurrence, which deserves severe censure, took place yesterday. Signal was made from the "Emperor" for all ships to send their sick on board the "Kangaroo." In the course of the day the last-named ship was surrounded by hundreds of boats laden with sick men, and the vessel was speedily crowded to suffocation. Before evening she had about 1500 invalids in all stages of suffering on board, The scene is described as appalling —in fact, too frightful for the details to be dwelt upon. When the time for sailing arrived, the "Kangaroo" hoisted the signal in reply to orders to proceed—"It is a dangerous experiment." The "Emperor" then signalled—"What do you mean?" The reply was—"The ship is unmanageable." All the day she was lying with the signal up—"Send boats to assistance;" and at last orders were given to transfer some of her melancholy freight to other vessels also proceeding to Constantinople. Many deaths occurred on board—many miserable scenes took place, but there is, alas! no use in describing them. It is clear, however, that neither afloat nor on shore is the medical staff nearly sufficient. I myself saw men dying on the beach, on the line of march, and in bivouac, without any medical assistance; and this within hail of a fleet of 500 sail, and within sight of head-quarters! We want more surgeons, both in the fleet and in the army. Often—too often—medical aid cannot be had at all; and it frequently comes too late.

Provisions are becoming plentiful. Sixty arabas, laden with flour for Sebastopol, were seized yesterday. More have come in for sale or hire to-day; horses also are being brought in, and men come and offer themselves as servants. A market has been established for meat and vegetables, and the confidence of the country people in their new customers is confirmed by prompt payment and good treatment. I wish I could say as much for our allies. The village I have mentioned as near the head-quarters of the Light Division, and which had been respected by them, was last night sacked by some French marauders, with every excess of brutal cruelty and ferocity. I need not repeat the details; indeed, they are too shocking to humanity.

This evening, too, a lengthened dark line was seen approaching along the sea coast. As it came nearer it was resolved by the telescope into a train of Spahis, under the command of some cavalry officers, driving in immense flocks of sheep and cattle for the use of their troops in the camp situate on the extreme right of our lines. First came a drove of some hundreds of sheep, captured natives, drivers and all, guarded in the rear by some Spahis, flourishing their long lances in high delight. Then came a mighty herd of cattle, tossing their horns and bellowing, as the remorseless Spahis goaded them on over the hard shingle, and circled like drovers' dogs around them. Next came the French officers in command of the party. They were followed by a string of country carts driven by sad-looking Cimmerians, who seemed very anxious to be out of the hands of their Arab captors. Lastly followed,

with all the gravity of their race, a few camels, which the Spahis had laden heavily with grain. Such razzias cause an amount of evil quite disproportionate to any paltry gains made by plundering these poor people. They frighten them from our markets, and, though for the moment successful, will soon deprive us of the vast supplies to be obtained from the goodwill of the natives. It is necessary already to explain that, though engaged in the same cause, we are not of the same nation, and that, if the French plunder, it is we who pay. The much-abused Turks remain quietly in their well-ordered camp, and live contentedly on the slender rations supplied from their fleet. Their appearance here is very acceptable to the large Mussulman population, and they are very proud of serving on equal terms with their French and English allies.

As prices are at present, eggs are twenty-five for 6*d.*; a good fowl costs 5*d.* or 6*d.*; a turkey can be had for 18*d.*; a sheep is readily exchanged for a Turkish piece of six piastres, or 1*s.* Such is the account brought to us from the officers of a foraging party, who ventured a few miles into the interior, to one of the native villages. The inhabitants part with supplies readily. What will their feelings towards us be, if we emulate the conduct of the French, and rob and plunder them of their property!

Sept. 18.

The "Himalaya" was sent to Constantinople last night to bring up the Scots Greys, and other steamers, English and French, to bring additional cavalry from Varna. There is no movement in advance as yet, nor will there be for, perhaps, a day or two more, although the want of water is very great, and both men and animals suffer severely. None can be had within four miles, and even then it is insufficient in quantity, and such as no one would willingly drink. By the time it has reached the camp, however, it is most dearly prized, and to-day and yesterday wine was more plentiful than water.

The fleet is tolerably healthy, though cholera still lingers in some ships. Officers and men are ardently longing for an opportunity of distinction. In the army every confidence is felt in their chiefs, and the fleet is enthusiastic in its praise of Sir E. Lyons. He has every quality which wins their admiration and respect. To him, and him alone, is this expedition due; but for him the mightiest armament of our own or any time might have rotted in the camps and bogs of Baltschik and Varna—or, when at last roused to action, have wasted itself in an ignoble attack upon Anapa, or Kaffa, or Soujak. To him alone must all the success which has hitherto attended the expedition be ascribed; it was he who prepared the means of landing such a force, who organized, who superintended it; and that so closely that in his eagerness he left but six inches between the keel of his noble ship and the ground below it. If he were really, as he is virtually, in command of the fleet, it would be felt that nothing was impossible. As it is, no one can tell when the Admiral may not reassert his

dormant authority, and put a clog on that Nelsonic zeal and energy which rise superior to all difficulties and "impossibilities," and which, if they have only the enemy to deal with, will soon wrest from Russia the command of the Euxine.

The Russians are said to have 15,000 men posted in an intrenched camp on the Alma river, about twelve miles distant, on the road to Sebastopol. The want of water is so great that there will probably be an advance to-morrow. The siege train still remains on board ship, and will only be landed at the mouth of the Belbek river, within five miles of Sebastopol.

THE ALMA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Order to advance—Strike tents—March of the allied armies to the Alma—The halt—Enthusiasm of the troops—The deserted house—First sight of the enemy—Sharp skirmish with the Cossacks—The bivouac.

BANKS OF THE ALMA, *Sept.* 19.

LAST night, orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents at daybreak, and that all tents should be sent on board the ships of the fleet. Our advance had been determined upon, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had been sweeping the country of all supplies up to a short distance of our lines and outlying pickets.

At three o'clock in the morning the camp was roused by the reveil, and all the 30,000 sleepers woke into active life. The boats from the ships lined the beach to receive the tents. The commissariat officers struggled in vain with the very deficient means at their disposal to meet the enormous requirements of an army of 26,000 men, for the transport of baggage, ammunition, and food; and a scene, which to an unpractised eye would seem one of utter confusion, began and continued for several hours, relieved only by the steadiness and order of the regiments as they paraded previous to marching.

The French, in advance on our right, were up betimes, and the camp fires of the allied armies, extending for miles along the horizon and mingling with the lights of the ships, almost anticipated morning.

Seven thousand Turkish infantry, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-side; next to them came the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. Our order of march was about four miles to the right of their left wing, and as many behind them.

The right of the allied forces was covered by the fleet, which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable columns of smoke, ready to shell the enemy should

they threaten to attack our right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore.

It was nine o'clock in the morning (Sept. 19) ere the whole of our army was prepared for marching. The day was warm, and our advance was delayed by the wretched transport furnished for the baggage, an evil which will, I fear, be more severely felt in any protracted operations. Everything not absolutely indispensable was sent on board ship. The naval officers and the sailors worked indefatigably, and cleared the beach as fast as the men deposited their baggage and tents there. At last the men fell in, and the march of the campaign began.

The country beyond the salt lake, near which we were encamped, is perfectly destitute of tree or shrub, and consists of wide plains, marked at intervals of two or three miles with hillocks and long irregular ridges of hills running down towards the sea at right angles to the beach. It is but little cultivated, except in the patches of land around the unfrequent villages built in the higher recesses of the valleys. Hares were started in abundance, and afforded great sport to the men whenever they halted, and several were fairly hunted down among the lines of men. All oxen, horses, or cattle, had been driven off by the Cossacks. The soil is hard and elastic, and was in excellent order for artillery.

After a march of an hour a halt took place for fifty minutes, during which Lord Raglan, accompanied by a very large staff, Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Forey, and a number of French officers, rode along the front of the columns. The men spontaneously got up from the ground, rushed forward, and column after column rent the air with three thundering English cheers. It was a good omen. As the Marshal passed the 55th Regiment, he exclaimed, "English, I hope you will fight well to-day!" "Hope!" exclaimed a voice from the ranks, "sure you know we will!" The troops presented a splendid appearnce. The effect of these grand masses of soldiery descending the ridges of the hills rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Onward the torrent of war swept; wave after wave, huge stately billows of armed men, while the rumble of the artillery and tramp of cavalry accompanied their progress. At last, the smoke of burning villages and farm-houses announced that the enemy in front were aware of our march. It was a sad sight to see the white walls of the houses blackened with smoke—the flames ascending through the roofs of peaceful homesteads—and the ruined outlines of deserted hamlets. Many sick men fell out, and were carried to the rear. It was a painful sight—a sad contrast to the magnificent appearance of the army in front, to behold litter after litter borne past to the carts, with the poor sufferers who had dropped from illness and fatigue.

Presently, from the top of a hill, a wide plain was visible, beyond which rose a ridge darkened here and there by masses which the practised eye recognised as cavalry. It was our first sight of the enemy. On the left of the plain, up in a recess formed by the inward sweep of the two ridges, lay a large village in flames, right before us was a neat white house unburnt, though the outhouses

and farm-yard were burning. This was the Imperial Post-house of Bouljanak, just twenty miles from Sebastopol.

A small stream ran past us, which was an object of delight to our thirsty soldiers, who had now marched more than eight miles from their camp. The house was deserted and gutted. Only a picture of a saint, bunches of herbs in the kitchen, and a few household utensils were left; and a solitary peahen stalked sadly about the threshold, which soon fell a victim to a revolver. After a short halt for men and horses by the stream, the army pushed on again. The cavalry (about 500 men of the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, and 13th Light Dragoons) pushed on in front, and on arriving about a mile beyond the post-house we clearly made out the Cossack lancers on the hills in front. Lord Cardigan threw out skirmishers in line, who covered the front at intervals of ten or twelve yards from each other. The Cossacks advanced to meet us in like order, man for man, the steel of their long lances glittering in the sun. They were rough-looking fellows, mounted on sturdy little horses, but the regularity of their order and the celerity of their movements showed they were regulars, and by no means despicable foes. As our skirmishers advanced, the Cossacks halted at the foot of the hill. Their reserves were not well in sight, but from time to time a clump of lances rose over the summit of the hill and disappeared. Lord Cardigan was eager to try their strength, and permission was given to him to advance somewhat nearer; but as he did so, dark columns of cavalry came into view in the recesses of the hills, and it became evident that if our men charged up such a steep ascent their horses would be blown, and that they would run a risk of being surrounded and cut to pieces by a force of three times their number. Lord Lucan therefore ordered the cavalry to halt, gather in their skirmishers, and retire slowly. None of the infantry or artillery were in sight of us, as they had not yet topped the brow of the hill. When our skirmishers halted, the Cossacks commenced a fire from their line of videttes, which was quite harmless. Few of the balls came near enough to let the whiz be heard. Two or three officers who were riding between the cavalry and the skirmishers, Lieut.-Colonel Dickson, R.A., Captain Fellowes, 12th Lancers, Dr. Elliott, R.A., were looking out anxiously for the arrival of Captain Maude's Horse Artillery, when suddenly the Russians, emboldened by our halt, came over the brow of the hill, and slowly descended the slope in three solid squares. We had offered them battle, and they had lost their chance, for our cavalry now turned round and rode quietly towards the troops. Our skirmishers, who had replied smartly to the fire of the Cossacks, but without effect, retired and joined their squadrons. At every fifty paces our cavalry faced about to receive the Cossacks if they prepared to charge. Suddenly one of the Russian cavalry squares opened—a spirt of white smoke rose out of the gap, and a round shot, which pitched close to my horse, tore over the column of our cavalry behind, and rolled away between the ranks of the riflemen in the rear, just as they came in view of the cavalry. In another instant a second gun bowled right through the 11th Hussars, and knocked over a horse, taking off his rider's leg above the ankle. Another and another followed,

tearing through our ranks, so that it was quite wonderful so many cavalry escaped. Meantime Captain Maude's artillery galloped over the hillock, but were halted by Lord Raglan's order at the base, in rear of the cavalry on the left flank. This was done probably to entice the Russians further down the hill. Meantime our cavalry were drawn up as targets for the enemy's guns, and had they been of iron they could not have been more solid and immovable. The Russian gunners fired admirably; they were rather slow, but their balls came bounding along, quite visible as they passed, in right lines from the centre of the cavalry columns. After some thirty rounds from the enemy, our artillery opened fire. Their round shot ploughed up the columns of the cavalry, who speedily dispersed into broken lines, wheeling round and round with great adroitness to escape the six and nine pound balls. Our shells were not so successful, but one, better directed than the rest, burst right in the centre of a column of Light Infantry, whom the Russians had advanced to support their cavalry. Our fire was so hot, the service of the guns so quick, that the enemy retired in about fifteen minutes after we opened on them. While this affair was going on, the French had crept up on the right, and surprised a body of Russian cavalry with a round from a battery of nine-pounders, which scattered them in all directions. We could count six dead horses on the field near the line of fire. It is not possible to form an accurate notion of the effect of our fire, but it must have caused the Russians a greater loss than they inflicted on us. We lost six horses, and four men were wounded. Two men lost their legs. The others, up to yesterday, though injured severely, were not in danger. One of the wounded men, a sergeant in the 11th Hussars, rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin to the bone, and told the doctor he had just come to have his leg dressed. Another wounded trooper behaved with equal fortitude, and refused the use of a litter to carry him to the rear, though his leg was broken into splinters. It was strange, in visiting the scene where the horses lay dead, that the first feeling produced on the spectator, when the horror of seeing the poor animals ripped open by shells from chest to loin, as though it were done by a surgeon's knife, had subsided, was that Sir E. Landseer, in his picture of "War," must have seen one of the animals before us—the glaring eye-ball, the distended nostril, the gnashed teeth, are all true to life. When the Russians had retired beyond the heights, orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night, and our tired men set to work to gather the weeds for fuel. As soon as the rations of rum and meat were served out, the casks were broken up, and the staves served to make fires for cooking, aided by nettles and long grass. At night the watch-fires of the Russians were visible on our left. Great numbers of stragglers came up during the night, most of them belonging to the 4th Division. It was a cold night, and if I could intrude the recital of the sorrows of a tentless, baggageless man wandering about in the dark from regiment to regiment in hope of finding his missing baggage, I might tell a tale amusing enough to read, but the incidents in which were very distressing to the individual concerned. The night was cold and damp, the watch-fires were mere flashes, which gave little heat,

and barely sufficed to warm the rations; but the camp of British soldiers is ever animated by the very soul of hospitality; and the wanderer was lucky enough to get a lodging on the ground beside a kindly colonel, who was fortunate enough to have a little field-tent with him, and a bit of bread and biscuit to spare after a march of ten miles and a fast of ten hours. All night arabas were arriving, and soldiers who had fallen out or got astray came up to the sentries to find their regiments. Sir George Brown, Sir De L. Evans, the Brigadier-Generals and staff officers went about among their divisions and brigades ere the men lay down, giving directions for the following day, and soon after dusk the regiments were on the ground, wrapped up in great coats and blankets to find the best repose they could after the day's exertions. It was much regretted that our cavalry force was so miserably deficient, for if we had been even two to three we could readily have disposed of the vapouring lancers on the hill, who had irritated the men very much by their derisive cries when our skirmishers retired. It was admitted that as a military spectacle, the advance of our troops and the little affair of artillery, as well as the management of the cavalry, formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful that could be imagined. No pencil could do it justice, for the painter's skill fails to impart an idea of motion, and the writer has not yet been born who can describe with vividness and force, so as to bring the details before the reader, the events of even the slightest skirmish.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Strategic operations—The river Alma—Position and force of the Russians—Earthwork batteries to defend the heights—The French charge—Advance of the British line—Gallantry of Lord Raglan—Passage of the river, and brilliant charge up the heights—Sanguinary struggle—The Russian battery taken, and retreat of the enemy.

HEIGHTS OF THE ALMA, *Sept.* 21.

THE order in which our army advanced was in columns of brigades in deploying distance, our left protected by a line of skirmishers, of cavalry, and of horse artillery. The advantage of the formation was, that our army, in case of a strong attack from cavalry and infantry on the left or rear, could assume the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre. Our great object was to gain the right of the position, so that our attacking parties could be sheltered by the vertical fire of the fleets.

We had, in fact, altered our base of operations. As we marched forward to Barljanak, we allowed the enemy to deprive us of our old basis of operations, in order that we might get a new one. For this purpose the baggage was brought up and covered by the 4th Division, and the Cossacks were allowed to sweep the country in our rear far behind us. Our new principle, in fact, was to open communication with our fleets, and as far as possible obtain their material and moral aid. In advancing towards the sea obliquely, on the morning of the 19th, we were met by seventeen squadrons

of cavalry, deployed to meet our handful of horse, and it was necessary to make a demonstration of artillery and infantry to extricate our men from the difficulty into which they had been plunged by advancing too far in front of their supports. However, the enemy were driven back by our guns, which made beautiful practice, and the cavalry maintained their ground, having retired in splendid order before a force which refused to meet them when they might have done so, by a charge down from the elevated position they occupied, with a fair chance of an encounter ere our artillery could come up. Our line of march on the 20th, as I have said, was towards the right of our former base, and brought us in contact with the French left, under Prince Napoleon, it being understood that Sir De Lacy Evans's division on the extreme right should act in concert with that of his Royal Highness the Prince, which was of course furthest from the sea. As soon as we had ascertained the position of our allies accurately, the whole line, extending itself across the champaign country for some five or six miles, advanced. At the distance of two miles we halted to obtain a little time to gather up our rear, and then the troops steadily advanced in grand lines like the waves of the ocean, with our left frittered away as it were into a foam of skirmishers under Colonel Lawrence and Major Norcott, of the Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, covered by squadrons of the 11th and 8th Hussars, and portions of the 4th, 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers. This was a sight of inexpressible grandeur, and for the first time one was struck with the splendid appearance of our Infantry in line in the distance. Red is the colour, after all, and the white slashings of the breast of the coat and the cross belts, though rendering a man conspicuous enough, give him an appearance of size which other uniforms do not produce. The dark French columns on our right looked very small compared to our battalions, though we knew they were quite as strong; but the marching of our allies, laden as they were with all their packs, &c., was wonderful—the pace at which they went was really "killing." It was observable, too, that our staff was more conspicuous and more numerous than the staff of our brave friends. Nothing strikes the eye at such a distance as a cocked hat and bunch of white cock's feathers, and several of our best officers very wisely doffed the latter adornment, thinking that they were quite conspicuous enough by their advanced position on horseback, and by the number of their staff around them.

The scheme of operations concerted between the generals, and chiefly suggested to Lord Raglan, it was said, by MM. Marshal St. Arnaud and General Canrobert, was, that the French and Turks on our right were to force the passage of the river, a rivulet of the Alma, and establish themselves on the heights over the stream at the opposite side, so that they could enfilade the position to their right and opposite to our left and centre. The Alma is a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red clay soil, deepening its course as it proceeds seawards, and which drains the steppe-like lands on its right bank, making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees. It need not be said that the high banks formed by the action of the stream in cutting through

the soil are sometimes at one side, sometimes at another, according to the sweep of the stream.

At the place where the bulk of the British army crossed, the banks are generally at the right side, and vary from two and three to six or eight feet in depth to the water; where the French attacked the banks are generally formed by the unvaried curve of the river on the left-hand side. Along the right or the north bank of the Alma are a number of Tartar houses, at times numerous and close enough to form a cluster of habitations deserving the name of a hamlet, at times scattered wide apart amid little vineyards, surrounded by walls of mud and stone of three feet in height. The bridge over which the post road passes from Bouljinanak to Sebastopol runs close to one of these hamlets—a village, in fact, of some fifty houses. This village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at the distance of three hundred yards a man on horseback can hardly see the tops of the nearer and more elevated houses, and can only ascertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its banks. At the left or south side of the Alma the ground assumes a very different character—smooth where the bank is deep, and greatly elevated where the shelve of the bank occurs, it recedes for a few yards at a moderate height above the stream, pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, so as to form small ravines, commanded, however, by the heights above. It was on these upper heights that the strength of the Russian position consisted. A remarkable ridge of mountain, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma on the left or south side with the course of the stream, and assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea. This ridge is marked all along its course by deep gullies, which run towards the river at various angles, and serve no doubt to carry off the floods produced by the rains, and the melting of the winter snows on the hills and tablelands above. If the reader will place himself on the top of Richmond-hill, dwarf the Thames in imagination to the size of a Hampshire rivulet, and imagine the lovely hill itself to be deprived of all vegetation and protracted for about four miles along the stream, he may form some notion of the position occupied by the Russians, while the plains on the north or left bank of the Thames will bear no inapt similitude to the land over which the British and French armies advanced, barring only the verdure and freshness. At the top of the ridges, between the gullies, the Russians had erected earthwork batteries, mounted with 32 lb. and 24 lb. brass guns, supported by numerous field pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the ravines parallel to them, or swept them to the base, while the whole of the sides up which an enemy, unable to stand the direct fire of the batteries, would be forced to ascend, were filled with masses of skirmishers armed with an excellent two-groove rifle, throwing a large solid conical ball with force at 700 or 800 yards, as the French learnt to their cost. The principal battery consisted of an earthwork of the form of two sides of a triangle, with the apex pointed towards the bridge, and the sides covering both sides of the stream, corresponding with the bend in the river below it, at the distance of 1000 yards, while, with a

fair elevation, the 32-pounders threw, as we saw very often, beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1400 and 1500 yards. This was constructed on the brow of a hill about 600 feet above the river, but the hill rose behind it for another 50 feet before it dipped away towards the road. The ascent of this hill was enfiladed by the fire of three batteries of earthwork on the right, and by another on the left, and these batteries were equally capable of covering the village, the stream, and the slopes which led up the hill to their position. In the first battery were thirteen 32-pounder brass guns of exquisite workmanship, which only told too well. In the other batteries were some twenty-five guns in all. It was said the Russians had 100 guns on the hills, and 40,000 men (40 battalions of infantry, 1000 strong each, of the 16th, 31st, 32nd, and 52nd regiments). We were opposed principally to the 16th and 32nd regiments, judging by the number of dead in front of us. Large masses of cavalry, principally Lancers and heavy Dragoons, manœuvred on the hills on the right of the Russians, and at last descended the hills, crossed the stream, and threatened our left and rear. As we came near the river our left wing was thrown back, in order to support our small force of cavalry, and a portion of our artillery was pushed forward in the same direction. Our danger in this respect was detected by the quick eye of Sir George Brown, and I heard him give the order for the movement of the artillery almost as soon as he caught sight of the enemy's cavalry, and just as we were coming to the village. As I have already said, our plan of operations was that the French should establish themselves under the fire of the guns on the heights on the extreme of the enemy's left. When that attack was sufficiently developed, and had met with success, the British army was to force the right and part of the centre of the Russian position, and the day was gained. When we were about three miles from the village, the French steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore at the south side of the Alma, and presently we saw them shelling the heights in splendid style, the shells bursting over the enemy's squares and batteries, and finally driving them from their position on the right, within 3000 yards of the sea.

The French practice commenced about half-past twelve o'clock on the 20th, and lasted for about an hour and a half. We could see the shells falling over the batteries of the enemy, and bursting right into them; and then the black masses inside the works broke into little specks, which flew about in all directions, and when the smoke cleared away there were some to be seen strewed over the ground. The Russians answered the ships from the heights, but without effect. A powder tumbril was blown up by a French shell; another shell fell by accident into an ambuscade which the Russians had prepared for the advancing French, and at last they drew off from the sea-side, and confined their efforts to the defence of the gullies and heights beyond the fire of the heavy guns of the steamers. At one o'clock we saw the French columns struggling up the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, whose fire seemed most deadly. Once, at sight of a threatening mass of Russian infantry, in a commanding position above them, who fired rapid volleys among them, the French paused, but it was only to collect

their skirmishers, for as soon as they had formed, they ran up the hill at the *pas de charge*, and broke up the Russians at once, who fled in disorder with loss, up the hill. We could see men dropping on both sides, and the wounded rolling down the steep. At 1 50, our line of skirmishers got within range of the battery on the hill, and immediately the Russians opened fire at 1200 yards with effect, the shot ploughing through the open lines of the riflemen, and falling into the advancing columns behind. Shortly ere this time, dense volumes of smoke rose from the river, and drifted along to the eastward, rather interfering with the view of the enemy on the left of our position. The Russians had set the village on fire. It was a fair exercise of military skill—was well executed—took place at the right time, and succeeded in occasioning a good deal of annoyance. Our troops halted when they neared this village, their left extending beyond it by the verge of the stream; our right behind the burning cottages, and within range of the batteries. It is said the Russians had taken the range of all the principal points in their front, and placed twigs and sticks to mark them. In this they were assisted by the post signboards on the road. The Russians opened a furious fire on the whole of our line, but the French had not yet made progress enough to justify us in advancing. The round shot whizzed in every direction, dashing up the dirt and sand into the faces of the staff of Lord Raglan, who were also shelled severely, and attracted much of the enemy's fire. Still Lord Raglan waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length an aid-de-camp came to him and reported the French had crossed the Alma, but they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round. Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw men on whom he knew he might stake the honour and fate of Great Britain by his side, and anticipating a little in a military point of view the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose these serried masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round, case shot, and shell, they dashed into the Alma, and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, and to our surprise they were occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were here shot down, but led by Lord Raglan in person, they advanced cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river and up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the

murderous fire of the batteries, and by grape, round shot, shell, canister, case shot, and musketry, from some of the guns of the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2nd Division, led by Sir De L. Evans in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusileers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry, and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided them in the battle. Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light Division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one-half, fell back to re-form their columns lost for the time; the 23rd, with eight officers dead and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 15th, 33rd, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted, "23rd, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again, but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly, while paralyzed for a moment. Meantime the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde-park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that we were just able to contend against the Russians, favoured as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry, harassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes," and an artillery officer, whose name I do not now know, brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. The Duke encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the Royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell,

ere they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favour of you; it is, that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said the Scots Fusileer Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. It is won with a loss of nearly 3000 killed and wounded on our side. The Russians' retreat was covered by their cavalry, but if we had had an adequate force, we could have captured many guns and multitudes of prisoners.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The day after the battle—Miraculous escapes—Russian arms—Melancholy labours—Further details of the battle—Spoils of the enemy—Want of ambulances—Removal of the wounded to the fleet—Inefficient assistance rendered by the Admiral.

HEIGHTS OF THE ALMA, *Sept.* 22.

MANY wounded men were necessarily left on the hills last night in spite of all our exertions. To-day the army renewed its painful labours. I forgot to mention that during the onward march of our army the bandsmen, with litters, were employed in going over the fields in their rear collecting the wounded and bringing them to the surgeons, so that many men had immediate aid. Our officers were all in full uniform, and were only too conspicuous marks for the enemy. When the Light Division advanced across the stream of the Alma they were in some confusion—they were not formed or dressed up, and the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd went up pell-mell, so that it was almost hopeless for them to attempt to force the entrenched works. They and the brigade of the 2nd Division, consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments were literally pressed down by the weight of the enemy's fire. The individual escapes of officers and men are miraculous—chin straps were shot off, buttons carried away, belts torn, coats ripped up—all without further injury to the wearer. Most of the officers of the Guards have to recount stories of this kind. No doubt the despatches will give a better idea of the action—one being read by the light of the other—than any account of an unofficial character. Almost as soon as the men got up on the hills after action, they spread over it, opening the knapsacks which were lying in thousands all over the field, many of the enemy having lightened themselves in order to run the better. While the soldiers were still excited, they commenced breaking all the

enemies' firelocks and rifles which lay on the ground. As many of them were loaded, the concussion set several of them off, and the result was that balls were singing through the air in all directions on the night of the 20th, all yesterday and to-day; in fact, dropping shot have never ceased for the last forty hours. The men are also busy cleaning out the firelocks which got choked or would not go off during the fight, and kept up a constant discharge all over the country. The Russian musket is a good weapon to look at, but it must be rather a bad one to use. The barrel, which is longer than ours and is kept polished, is of iron, and is secured to the stock by brass straps like the French. The lock is, however, tolerably good. The stock is of the old narrow Oriental pattern, and the wood of which it is made—white-grained and something like sycamore—breaks easily. From the form of the heel of the stock, the "kick" of the musket must be sharp with a good charge. The cartridges are beautifully made and finished, the balls being strongly gummed in at the end, but the powder is coarse and unglazed, and looks like millet-seed; it is, however, clean in the hand, and burns very smartly. The rifles we found were a better description of arm; they were two-grooved, and projected a large conical ball with two raised grooves in it. The ball is flat at the base, and has neither hollow cup nor pin; its weight must exceed that of our Minié ball. The bayonets were soft, and bent easily. Some wooden bayonets were left on the ground, and one officer is in possession of a wooden pistol, found on the road subsequently. Some good swords belonging to officers were picked up, and very effective weapons, probably belonging to drummers or bandsmen, exactly like the old Roman sword, very sharp and heavy, were also left on the field. Some six or seven drums were left behind, but nearly all of them were broken—several by the shot which killed their owners. No ensign, eagle, standard, or colour of any kind was displayed by the enemy or found on the field. Our regiments marched with their colours, as a matter of course, and the enemy made the latter a special mark for the rifles. Thus it was so many ensigns, lieutenants, and sergeants fell. The 33rd Regiment lost no less than twenty sergeants, killed and wounded, nearly all of them round the colours. The Queen's colour was struck in fourteen, the regimental colour in eleven places.

The sad duty of burying the dead was completed to-day. The wounded not carried in yesterday were collected and sent on board ship in arabas and litters, and the surgeons with humane barbarity were employed night and day in saving life. Upwards of 1000 cases occurred in the Light Division alone. Drs. Prendergast, Smith (16th), and Brown (94th), accompanied the staff during the day.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the regiment which captured the gun, but it is now generally admitted, I believe, that the Grenadier Guards took it. The Scots Fusileers say they were the first within the battery, but it is said the words "Grenadier Guards" were chalked on the gun at the very first rush of the brigade. When the Light Division was overwhelmed, the regiments came pouring through the Coldstreams, going on the rear to re-form, and hence may have been the slight confusion in which

that regiment were for a moment placed on receiving the fire of the battery. The small loss of the Highland Brigade is attributed by Sir C. Campbell to their rapidity, but in truth their advance was greatly sheltered from fire by the rise of the hill up which they charged. Nor was the artillery of the enemy so well served there as in other points so far as the direction went, though a storm of shot flew over the brigade and went far to their rear. When the "advance" was sounded, the Light Division was lying down on the extreme right of the line. Behind them were the Second Division. On the left of the Light Division were the Guards, and next them the Highland Brigade. Behind the First Division was the Third Division. The Light Division deployed in the following order:—On the left were the 77th, next the 88th; in advance of the 88th a little, and on their right, were the 19th. These regiments formed Buller's Brigade, and seemed to have been somewhat mismanaged. The 88th were actually in square under fire, were stopped as they were in motion by Sir C. Campbell, who had nothing to do with the Division, and were ordered by him to form line. Neither they nor the 77th suffered any loss. At one time the bugles of a portion of the Light Division sounded a retreat, it is said, and an order was given them "to cease firing," on the cry arising that they were firing into the French, a body of Russian Infantry in front having from some cause or other been mistaken for our Allies. In line with the 19th were the 33rd, next the 7th. These formed Codrington's Brigade, and on them fell the brunt of the terrible fire of the enemy on advancing up the hill. On the right of the 7th was the 95th, with its front inclining at an angle to the line of Codrington's Brigade. On the left of the 95th were originally the 30th and 55th Regiments; Pennefather's Brigade in line on the right of the Light Division, but their advance was stopped by the flames of the village, and they were obliged to make a detour across the bridge enfiladed by the redoubt, ere they could join the advance up the hill.

In the advance of the Guards, the 79th were on the left of the Brigade, the 93rd in the centre, and the 42nd on the right. Next to the 42nd were the Coldstream Guards, on their right were the Scots Fusileers, and on their right again were the Grenadier Guards. Our artillery could do but little, on account of the smoke, though admirably worked and served, but the services of Captain Turner's guns have been already alluded to in a former letter. Our rocket practice seemed a failure. Captain Maude's battery, R.H.A., was most useful towards the close of the day, and Captain Brandling, in command of Captain Thomas's battery, assisted by Captain Strange, who volunteered as second in command, as well as Captain Anderson, were remarkable for the energy and precision with which they directed the fire of their guns. The cavalry had nothing to do, but they held in check a vastly superior force of the enemy's horse. The latter acted in the most spiritless and ineffective manner, though they might have occasioned us great annoyance. The stories of individual prowess on the part of our troops and officers would fill a volume. Poor Captain Monck, of the 7th, had run one man through with his sword, and had struck down another (who was in the act of firing at him) with a blow of his clenched

fist, when he was shot dead by the rear-rank man. A private of the same regiment, ere they were driven back, rushed to the front and bayonetted in quick succession two men of the foremost column of the enemy—in fact, the anecdotes of this kind are innumerable, and seem to have occurred all over the field; however, they must form the subject of a supplementary letter on some future day.

Every one of the enemy had a loaf of black bread, and the linen roll containing coarse broken biscuit or hard bread. This seemed their only food. Though the troops had probably been at the Alma for a couple of days no meat bones were found about the ground, and the only sign of preparation of food was two or three small ovens built in the hill side. The ground about the position was in a most horrible and filthy state.

The Russian dead were all buried together in pits, and were carried down as they lay. Our parties, on the 21st, and to-day, buried 1200 men. The British soldiers who fell were buried in pits in the same way. Their firelocks, and the useful portions of their military equipment, were alone preserved. It was a sad sight to see the litters borne in from all quarters hour after hour—to watch the working parties as they wandered about the plain turning down the blankets which had been stretched over the wounded to behold if they were yet alive, or were food for the worms, and then adding many a habitant to the yawning pits which lay with insatiable mouths gaping on the hill side—or covering up the poor sufferers destined to pass another night of indescribable agony. The thirst of the wounded seemed intolerable, and our men—all honour to the noble fellows!—went about relieving the wants of the miserable creatures as far as they could.

The quantity of firelocks, of great coats, of bearskin caps, of shakos, of Russian helmets and foragers, of knapsacks (English and Russian), of cross and sling belts, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, cartridges, swords, lying all over the hills, exceeded all computation, and round shot, fragments of shell smeared with blood and hair, grape-shot, Minié balls, and bullets were under the foot and eye at every step. There was more than an acre of Russian wounded when they were brought in and disposed on the ground. Many wounded were brought in to-day by parties of our men, and stragglers came up and rendered themselves prisoners. They were all infantry. We did not see one cavalry man. The prisoners told us they belong to the army of Moldavia, and had only arrived in the Crimea within the last twelve or fourteen days. If that be so, it is to be regretted our Expedition did not arrive here three weeks earlier, for no one can tell what results might have been achieved by our arms at very little cost. All the Russian firelocks, knapsacks, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, &c., have been collected together, near Lord Raglan's tent, and form heaps about twenty yards long by ten yards broad. The gun has been sent on board ship. When I was looking at the wounded men going off to-day, I could not see an English ambulance. Our men were sent to the sea, three miles distant, on jolting arabas or tedious litters. The French—I am tired of this disgraceful antithesis—had well-appointed covered hospital vans, to hold ten or twelve men, drawn by fine mules, and their wounded were sent in much greater com-

fort than our poor fellows, so far as I saw. The beach, when I got down there, was lined with boats carrying off the wounded. Commander Powell, of the "Vesuvius," acting as the beachmaster, was indefatigable in his exertions, and the order and regularity which prevailed under such painful circumstances were admirable. The number of men with amputated legs and arms was very considerable. Some poor fellows died on their way to the sea. Not only the wounded but the sick were sent on board the fleet. As a sanatorium alone, the value of the floating batteries of our dear friends the sailors is beyond all price. The Russian officers who were wounded, and all prisoners of rank, were likewise sent on board. We have sent 1000 sick on board, in addition to our wounded. I understand, on good authority, that the French return of 1400 killed and wounded includes those who have died of cholera.

We might have expected—or rather if we had not known too well how unreasonable it would have been to expect much from such a source—we might have relied on more efficient assistance in our duty of burying the dead, and collecting and carrying the wounded on board, from the Admiral in command of the fleet. Had a couple of thousand seamen and marines been landed, they could have done all that was required, have released us from two days' fearful duty, enabled us to follow the footsteps of our flying enemy, and to have completed his signal discomfiture, and have in all probability contributed materially to the issue of the campaign. As it is, in all probability the Russians will think, or at all events will say, we are not in a fit condition to pursue them, and will attribute to any cause but the right one the delay which has alone been dictated by humanity and pity. Mr. Worthington, of the 33rd regiment, died of his wounds to-day. Major Wellesley died on board ship of cholera. Exposure to the night air, which is now very cold, has increased the number of sick very much. Firewood is scarce, and the watch-fires barely warm the poor fellows who lie around them in great coat and blanket.

The colours of the Scots Fusileer Guards have sixteen balls through them, and the staff is broken. The conduct of Lieutenant Lindsay and Lieutenant Thistlethwayte, who bore them, is highly spoken of. Eleven officers of this regiment were more or less injured by the enemy's fire. Lord Chewton is severely wounded.

The 57th Regiment arrived to-day off the mouth of the Alma.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Move from the Alma—The morning march—Wounded Russians left on the field—Beautiful valley of Katcha—Vineyards and gardens—A physician's villa—Scene of ruin and desolation—Panic and flight of the Russians—March to Belbeck—Character of the country.

MARCH ON THE KATCHA, *Sept.* 23.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TYLDEN died in his tent early this morning of cholera. He was buried in the valley under the heights of

Alma. He is succeeded in his command by Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, R.E., the next senior officer, but who has not been promoted to the rank of Brigadier. Many men died of cholera last night. My sleep was disturbed by the groans of the dying, and on getting up in the morning I found that the corpse of a Russian lay close to the tent in which I had been permitted to rest. He was not there when we retired to rest, so that the wretched creature, who had probably been wandering about without food upon the hills ever since the battle, must have crawled down towards our fires and there expired in the attempt to reach them; several men had died close to our tent during the night. Late last night, orders were sent round the divisions to be prepared for marching after daybreak, and early this morning we left the blood-stained heights of the Alma—a name that will be ever memorable in our history. Soon after dawn the French assembled all their drums and trumpets on the top of the highest of the hills they carried, and a wild flourish and roll, repeated again and again, and broken by peals of sound from the horns of the Infantry, celebrated their meeting ere they departed. It was spirited, stirring, and thrilling music, and its effect, as it swelled through the darkness of early morning down over the valley, can never be forgotten. Our watch-fires were still burning languidly, as the sleepers roused themselves, all wet with dew, and prepared to leave the scene of their triumphs. The fogs of the night crept slowly up the hill sides, and hung in uncertain folds around their summits, revealing here and there the gathering columns of our regiments in dark patches on the declivities, or showing the deep black-looking squares of the French battalions, already in motion towards the south. Dimly seen in the distance, the fleet was moving along slowly by the line of the coast, the long lines of smoke trailing back on their wake. But what is that grey mass on the plain, which seems settled down upon it almost without life or motion? Now and then, indeed, an arm may be seen waved aloft, or a man raises himself for a moment, looks around, and then lies down again. Alas! that plain is covered with the wounded Russians still. Nearly sixty long hours have they passed in agony on the ground, and now, with but little hope of help or succour more, we must leave them as they lie. All this nameless inconceivable misery—this cureless pain—to be caused by the caprice of one man. Seven hundred and fifty wounded men are still upon the ground, and we can do nothing for them. Their wounds have been bound and dressed—we have done all we can do for them—and now, unable as we are to take them along with us, or to send them away, we must depart. Ere our troops marched, however, General Estcourt, by order of Lord Raglan, sent into the Tartar village up the valley, into which the inhabitants were just returning, and having procured the attendance of the head men, he proceeded to explain to them that the wounded Russians would be confided to their charge, and that they were to feed and maintain them, and when they were well they were to be let go their ways. In order to look after their wounds, an English surgeon was left behind with these 750 men. This most painful and desolate duty devolved on Dr. Thomson, of the 44th regiment. He was told his mission would be his protection in case the Cossacks came, and

that he was to hoist a flag of truce should the enemy appear in sight, and then, provided with some rum, biscuit, and salt meat, he was left alone with his charge. Ere the army went, however, one of the Russian officers addressed the wounded, and explained the position in which they were placed, and they promised to obey Dr. Thomson's orders, to protect him as far as they could, and to acquaint any Russian force which might arrive with the peculiar circumstances under which he was among them.

It was nearly eight o'clock ere the tents of head-quarters were struck, and the march began. We had heard from the fleet that the enemy had not only left the Katcha, but that they had even retired across the Belbek. Our course was directed upon the former stream, almost in continuation of our march of the 20th ere the battle. As we moved along, the unfinished stone building, intended by the Russians for a telegraph station, came into view. The French had cut upon the entablature the simple inscription—*La Bataille d'Alma, 20 Septembre,* 1854. A similar building was visible further on towards Sebastopol; and on reaching the top of one of the hills on our way, we could see the white light-house of Sebastopol at the end of the promontory which juts out into the sea. The country through which we marched was hilly and barren. Amidst steep hillocks covered with thistles, and separated from each other at times by small patches of steppe, or by more undulating and less hillocky ground, winds the road to Sebastopol—a mere beaten track, marked with cart-wheels, hoofs, and the nails of gun-carriage wheels. We advanced uninterruptedly at an average rate of two and a quarter miles an hour, halting occasionally to rest the troops, and allow the baggage waggons to come up. At three o'clock the beautiful valley of the Katcha came in sight, its opposite side formed by a ridge of hills clad with verdure and with small forests of shrubs, through which here and there shone the white walls of villas and snug cottages. The country over which we were marching slid down as it were gradually to the level of the river, whose course was marked all along the base of the hills to the stream by lines of trees, and by the most luxuriant vegetation, forming a strong contrast to the barren and bleak-looking tract on which our troops advanced. Lord Raglan and his staff rode on considerably in advance of the troops, to the great astonishment and indignation of a Prussian officer, who loudly declared such conduct was quite opposed to the rules of war. Fluellin himself could not have been more angry at such disregard of martial etiquette than the gallant gentleman in question, and certainly we did show marked contempt for the enemy, and the most superb disdain of his famed Cossacks. The fact was, that 200 cavalry of the smallest enterprise might have cut off my Lord Raglan, his aids, his generals of artillery and engineers and their staff, his quartermaster-general and his staff, his adjutant-general and his staff, Sir John Burgoyne and his staff, and all the staff doctors, at any time for hours during the day, and they all actually came within a few hundred yards of the shrubberies and plantations at the river, a mile in advance of even the cavalry, and were pushing on in the same form, till Captain Chetwode and his troop of the 8th Hussars pushed on in the front to reconnoitre. However,

there was not a trace of the enemy, except that which we found soon afterwards in the houses. The Katcha is a small and rapid rivulet, with banks like those of the Alma. We found its whole course was marked by neat white cottages, and that it watered the most delicious vineyards and gardens, amid which their habitations were placed, but there were no inhabitants visible. Wheeling over the bridge, we turned eastward towards the little village of Eskel, on the left bank. The first building on the road was the Imperial Post-house, with its sign-post of the double-headed eagle, and an illegible inscription. The usual wooden direction-post, with a bluish riband painted round it diagonally on a white ground, informed us we were on our way to Sebastopol, distant about ten miles. The place was abandoned, and the house destitute of the smallest particle of furniture. The road now assumed the character of an English by-way in Devonshire or Hampshire. Low walls at either side were surmounted by fruit trees laden with apples, pears, peaches, and apricots, all ripe and fit for use, and at their foot clustered grapes of the most delicate flavour. The first villa we came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon. It had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks. A verandah, laden with clematis, roses, and honeysuckle in front, was filled with broken music stools, work tables, and lounging chairs. All the glasses of the windows were smashed. Everything around betokened the hasty flight of the inmates. Two or three side-saddles were lying on the grass outside the hall-door, a parasol lay near them, close to a Tartar saddle and a huge whip. The wine casks were broken and the contents spilt, the barley and corn of the granary were thrown about all over the ground—broken china and glass of fine manufacture were scattered over the pavement outside the kitchen, and amid all the desolation and ruin of the place a cat sat blandly at the threshold, winking her eyes in the sunshine at the new comers. No pen can describe the scene within. Mirrors in fragments were lying on the floor, the beds had been ripped open, and the feathers littered the rooms a foot deep, chairs, sofas, fauteuils, bedsteads, bookcases, picture-frames, images of saints, women's needlework, chests of drawers, shoes, boots, books, bottles, physic jars all smashed or torn in pieces, lay in heaps in every room. Even the walls and doors were hacked with swords. The very genius of destruction had been at work, and had revelled in mischief. The physician's account-book lay open on a broken table; he had been stopped in the very act of debiting a dose to some neighbour, and his entry remained unfinished. Beside his account-book lay a volume of "Madame de Sévigné's Letters" in French, and a "Pharmacopœia" in Russian. A little bottle of prussic acid lay so invitingly near a box of bonbons, that I knew it would be irresistible to the first hungry private who had a taste for almonds, and I accordingly poured out the contents to prevent the possible catastrophe. Our men and horses were soon revelling in grapes and corn, and we pushed on to Eskel, and established ourselves in a house which had belonged to a Russian officer of rank—at least many traces of the presence of one was visible. Every house and villa in the place was a similar scene to that which I have in vain tried to describe,

The better the class of the residence, the more complete and pitiable the destruction. Grand pianos, and handsome pieces of furniture covered with silk and damasked velvet, rent to pieces with brutal violence, were found in more than one house, but one of the instruments retained enough of its vital organs to breathe out "God save the Queen" from its lacerated brass ribs, and it was made to do so accordingly—ay, under the very eye of a rigid portrait of his Imperial Majesty the Czar which hung on the wall above! These portraits of the autocrat were not uncommon in the houses—nearly as common as pictures of saints with gilt and silver glories around their heads. The houses, large and small, consist of one story only, and magnitude is gained by lateral extension. Each house stands apart, with a large patch of vineyard around it, and a garden of fruit trees, and is fenced in from the road by a stone wall, and a line of poplars or elms. A porch, covered with vines, protects the entrance. The rooms are clean and scrupulously whitewashed. Large out-houses, with wine-presses, stables, &c., complete the farmer's establishment. On our march a deserter came in, and was taken before Lord Raglan. He was, however, only a Tartar, but he gave such information respecting the feelings of the inhabitants towards us, that steps were at once taken to inform those who were hiding, that if they returned to their homes, their lives and property would be protected. Some hour or so after we had arrived at Eskel, a number of bullet-headed personages, with sheepskin caps, and loose long coats and trousers, made their appearance, stealthily creeping into the houses, and eyeing the new occupants with shy curiosity. From the people who thus returned, we heard that the Russians had arrived at the Katcha in rather a fatigued and dispirited condition the night of the battle of Alma, and had taken up their position in the villages and in the neighbouring houses. At twelve o'clock the same night there was an alarm, however, that the English and French were coming. Up got the whole army of the Russians pellmell, and snatching up whatever they could, they rushed off in disorder across the country. A part of the army went towards Bakschiserai. They were said to consist of about 20,000, and to be under the command of Menschikoff in person. The rest proceeded direct to Sebastopol, and entered it in much disorder. The evidences of this flight were found along the road, linstocks, cartridges, shakos, and caps lined it all the way. In the house which we occupied, were abundant traces of the recent visit of a military man of rank; books on strategy in Russian lay on the floor, and a pair of epaulettes, which seemed to have belonged to a colonel, were found in the passage, looking as if they had been torn from the shoulders. Lord Raglan occupied a handsome villa for the night, but all the furniture had been destroyed by the Cossacks. Orders were given to prevent the soldiers destroying the vineyards or eating the fruit, but of course it was quite impossible to guard so extensive and tempting a region as the valley of the Katcha from thirsty and hungry men. There our soldiers fared on the richest of grapes and the choicest pears and apples, but they did not waste and spoil as the French did at Marnaschei, lower down the river. A guard was set over the Greek Church of the village, and nothing was plundered; nothing

gunshot of Sebastopol for a quarter of an hour. As Lord Raglan was riding on in front of his staff he found himself, on emerging from a wooded road on the open space in front, in the immediate presence of a body of Russian infantry; which turned out to be the baggage guard of a large detachment of the Russian army marching from Sebastopol to Bakschiserai. They were not more than a few hundred yards distant. Lord Raglan simply turned his horse, and accelerating his pace, he and his staff quietly cantered back to the rear of the first division of Artillery. The cavalry, consisting of a portion of the 11th and 8th Hussars, were quickly got in front—the guns were unlimbered and opened on the retreating mass of Russians: the 2nd battalion of Rifles in skirmishing order threw in a volley of Minié balls, the cavalry executed a charge, and the result was, that after a few rounds the Russians broke and fled along the road in great haste without an attempt at resistance, leaving behind them an enormous quantity of baggage of every description for two miles strewed over the ground in the direction of their flight. This was fair and legitimate plunder, and the troops were halted and allowed to take what they liked, and what they could carry. They broke open all the carts and tumbled out the contents on the road, but the pillage was conducted with regularity, and the officers presided over it to see that there was no squabbling, and that no man took more than his share. Immense quantities of wearing apparel, of boots, shirts, coats, dressing-cases, valuable ornaments, and some jewellery were found in the baggage carts, as well as a military chest containing some money (there are people who say it held 3000*l.*). The carriage of Prince Menschikoff fell into our hands; in it were found his grand orders as a Great Prince of the Russian Empire, and they are now in the hands of Captain Peel. A Russian artillery officer, who was found in one of the carriages, was in a very jovial mood, and had evidently been making rather free with the bottle. Plenty of Champagne was discovered among the baggage, and served to cheer the captors during their cold bivouac that night. A great number of very handsome hussar jackets, richly laced with silver, and made of fine light blue cloth, which had never yet been worn, were also taken, and sold by the soldiers for sums varying from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a-piece. Fine large winter cloaks of cloth, lined with rich furs, were found in abundance. The enemy were pursued two or three miles on the road to Bakschiserai, but they fled so precipitately the cavalry could not come up with them.

This plunder put the soldiers in great good humour, and they marched on the whole day, in excellent spirits, leaving Sebastopol on their right, till they arrived at the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Black River, just before sunset, and halted for the night. As the baggage was separated from the bulk of the army by the distance of some miles, Lord Raglan was fain to put up in a miserable little lodge for the night, while the bulk of his staff slept on the ground in a ditch outside it. The baggage had to march all during the night, and it was literally a forced march for them, and for the baggage guard, as well as for a portion of the 4th Division. Not the smallest attempt was made by the enemy to interrupt or annoy us during this very remarkable march, which could at any time

have been greatly harassed by the smallest activity on the part of the Russians; but the fact is, we have learned to despise them thoroughly so far, and all I hope is, our contempt may not lead us into danger by inducing us to neglect ordinary precautions. Our march was through woods, along bad and often precipitous roads, and a few trees felled at intervals would have sufficed to stop the army for hours. We had, however, taken the enemy by surprise, and they showed themselves quite destitute of resources. Near our halting-place for the night is a place called Mackenzie's Farm. It derives its name from a Russian admiral, of Scotch origin, who made a plantation of trees for the Imperial navy here, and there is a long guard-house for the soldiers to watch it. We were greatly disappointed when it was discovered that there were neither eggs, butter, nor cheese produced by the farm, and that its only stores were of deal and fir planks. However, it was burned by the French ere we left.

BALAKLAVA, *Sept.* 26.

He was a bold mariner who first ventured in here, and keen-eyed too. I never was more astonished in my life than when I halted on the top of one of the numerous hills of which this portion of the Crimea is composed, and looking down saw under my feet a little pond, closely compressed by the sides of high rocky mountains; on it floated some six or seven English ships, for which exit seemed quite hopeless. The bay is like a highland tarn, and it is long ere the eye admits that it is some half mile in length from the sea, and varies from 250 to 120 yards in breadth. The shores are so steep and precipitous that they shut out as it were the expanse of the harbour, and make it appear much smaller than it really is. Towards the sea the cliffs close up and completely overlap the narrow channel which leads to the haven, so that it is quite invisible. On the south-east of the poor village, which struggles for existence between the base of the rocky hills and the margin of the sea, there are the extensive ruins of a Genoese fort, built some 200 feet above the level of the sea. It must have once been a large and important position, and its curtains, bastions, towers, and walls, all destroyed and crumbling in decay though they are, evince the spirit and enterprise of the hardy seamen who penetrated these classic recesses so long ago. There may be doubts whether the Genoese built it, but there can be none that it is very old, and superior in workmanship to the edifices of the Turks or Tartars. The town of Balaklava is approached in this direction through a narrow defile, leading from the more open country about Traktir. It is a formidable pass, and a few resolute men posted here might occasion great trouble even to a great army, but we were permitted to go through without let or hindrance of any kind. The staff advanced first on the town, and were proceeding to enter it, when, to their surprise, from the old forts above came four spirts of smoke in rapid succession, and, thew, thew, thew, thew, down came four shells into the ground close to them. We then saw that on a small piece of level ground, outside one of the towers of the ruin, the Russians had got a small body of men, who seemed resolved on a hopeless defence. The dose of shell was repeated, but by this time the "Agamemnon," outside the rocks, was heard busily sending her

shot against the fort. The Rifles also advanced, and some of the Light Division, and opened fire within 700 yards with their rifles, closing up as they crept along, and the fort, after a few harmless rounds more, was summoned, hung out a flag of truce, and surrendered. The Colonel or Commandant had only sixty men under him, and they were all made prisoners. On being asked why he fired from a position which he must have known to be untenable, he replied that he did so in order that he might be summoned, and that he felt bound to fire till required to surrender. The guns which projected the shells were small brass mortars: the men belonged to the militia of Balaklava. Lord Raglan entered about twelve o'clock in the day. As he came towards the principal street the inhabitants came out to meet him, bearing trays laden with fruit and flowers. Some of them bore loaves of bread cut up in pieces and placed on dishes covered with salt, in token of good will and submission. He assured them of his protection, and rode down to the beach, and soon after an English steamer came in and anchored. The fleet and army were thus once more united, and Lord Raglan had secured his base of operations. The prisoners were sent on board ship, and conveyed to Constantinople. Our head-quarters were stationed in the town in the principal houses. The fleet is outside. Towards evening, to the great alarm of Admiral Dundas, and to the joy and delight of us all on shore, the huge bulk of the "Agamemnon" glided in between the rocks of the entrance, and soon afterwards made her appearance in the narrow harbour, and anchored opposite the house of the General, whom Sir E. Lyons speedily visited.

On our march to-day the cavalry took a Mr. Upton, an Englishman by birth, and son of the English engineer who constructed so many useful works at Sebastopol. He was captured on his farm, and was taken before Lord Raglan, but he refused in the most decisive way to give any information respecting the Russians, as he said he could not reconcile it to his notions of honour to injure a Government in whose military service he had been.

The town is a poor fishing village, inhabited by a Greek colony. There are, however, one or two good houses of the usual character in the neighbourhood, and we found very seasonable stores of hay in the farm-yards. All the hills around us are barren rock; towards the land they became more fertile, and for a mile towards Sebastopol and Simpheropol they are studded with pleasant-looking white villas and farm-houses, principally inhabited by Russian officials from Sebastopol.

September 27.

The "Australian," "Sidney," and "Gertrude," with the heavy artillery and siege-train, are coming in, and will at once proceed to disembark their 50 heavy guns, 32-pound, 64-pound, and Lancaster guns throwing a 90-pound solid shot, at a pier which has been repaired by the 3rd company of the Sappers. The 4th and 2nd Divisions have been pushed on towards the south-west side of Sebastopol, and are encamped on ridges about two miles from the city, separated from each other by a ravine, which commences near Balaklava and runs nearly to the head of the creek of Sebas-

topol. The city is quite visible below us. Across the north of the harbour, near the most easterly of the creeks, there is placed a two-decker, painted so as to look like a three-decker, with springs on her cable, and her broadside turned towards our position. On the northern side is visible a large circular work, with three tiers of guns—Fort Constantine, and more inland there is another large fortification, called the Star Fort. A round tower of white stone, on an eminence, over the extremity of the harbour, promises to prove very troublesome. Underneath it are two forts, and large barracks, but we could see no soldiers in them. On the side near us there is a very large fortification, with curtains, running inland, a semicircular bastion, and some rudimentary earthworks—all outside the town. The people are working very hard at these defences, and their progress was quite visible to-day. Lord Raglan and staff rode out and made a reconnaissance. A frigate anchored inside the two-decker, near the end of the creek, amused herself by firing round shot and shell at the staff, and at our men, but did no damage. Provisions are very scarce with us, and for two days the Fourth Division at least had no meat whatever.

September 30.

The cholera, which has never left us, is making many victims. Many of those whom Alma spared have fallen before this inscrutable pest. We are said to be badly furnished with medicines to meet it. The fifty heavy guns of the siege train are all landed, and have been dragged to a park about a mile outside the town. The French are landing their guns at Arrow Bay and two creeks to the east of it. They have worked round to our left as we face Sebastopol, and have again got the sea on their flank. During the march they were on our right, and of course had the sea on their right then also. The 4th and 6th Dragoons have arrived from Varna in the "Trent" and "Jason." The reinforcement is seasonable, for men and horses of the small cavalry force here are greatly "done up."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ravages of the cholera—Marshal St. Arnaud leaves for France—The defences of Sebastopol—Batteries thrown up—Interchange of compliments—Gaiety of the Sebastopolitans — Indisposition of Lord Cardigan — Lines and parallels for the trenches marked.

BALAKLAVA, *October 3.*

THE cholera continues its ravages. Col. Beckwith (1st battalion Rifles), Captain Cox (Grenadier Guards), Col. Hoey (30th Regiment), Dr. Mackay, Lieutenant Grant (79th), the Rev. Mr. Mockler, and others whose names I cannot collect, have died since my last was written.

On the 30th, all our heavy guns were parked. On the 1st there was a general rest throughout the army. The enemy the whole of that day amused themselves firing shot and shell over the heads of our artillery, and General Catheart was obliged to move his quarters, as the Russians found out his range and made beautiful

practice at them. However, he left his flagstaff, which seemed of much attraction to them, in the same place, and they continue to hammer away at it as usual. The Second Division moved up on the left of our position to-day, and the Light Division took ground on the extreme right. The tents have been landed from the "Orinoco," but they have not as yet been sent up to the troops, who have to bivouac as best they may. It is very cold at nights.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson has got the command of Captain Patton's battery of artillery, vacated by the decease of the latter-named officer by cholera.

The light-house of Cape Cherson has fallen into our hands, and is lighted up by English sailors. The Russians had left it in darkness, but a party of blue-jackets dashed at it on the 26th, and compelled the Russian lighthouse-keeper to illuminate it. They have kept fast hold of it ever since, for the Russians cannot get at it without coming under the fire of our ships. Jack is in great delight at this little feat. The "Firebrand" and "Sanspareil" landed 1000 sailors from the fleet on the 1st. They are under canvas at the head of the Bay of Balaklava. One thousand marines garrison the heights above the town, and the First Division, liberated by their presence, has moved on in advance, and is now supporting the Fourth Division. The Turks are encamped at the rear and to the right of our Third Division.

On Friday, Marshal St. Arnaud left Balaklava for France, and fears are entertained he will never live to see it. The day after the Alma, he was so unwell he was obliged to resign his command to General Canrobert, and the trust could not be placed in more soldierly hands.

There was a reconnaissance of the enemy's position yesterday, October 2nd, by Lord Raglan and staff. Sir John Burgoyne also made an engineering reconnaissance. The enemy fired on them, but without effect. A large body of Russians left Sebastopol this morning, and marched towards the north-east. General Airey and Major Woodford came upon a body of about 5000 Russian troops marching along our right flank this morning, and later in the day a French officer rode across to the camp with intelligence that a large body of Russian infantry was being concentrated on our right. Our sailors are busy dragging ships' guns up the hilly roads to-day. They did good service in the same way yesterday. The "Firebrand," which brought in nearly 700 sailors from the fleet yesterday, left again as soon as they were landed, and returned to-day with howitzers for the heights around the town of Balaklava.

It will be understood from what has been written that Sebastopol is by no means "invested." It is only threatened on the south and south-east side by the army, while the fleet attacks it on the east side. There is an enormous boom across the entrance, and many ships have been sunk also close to the batteries. We have already found by experience that heavy as our ships' guns are, the Russians, by giving their heavy metal great elevation, are able to throw further from their batteries than we can from our decks. Their shot went over us the other day when ours were falling 500 yards short. At present our army is disposed in two lines of divi-

sion between Balaklava and Sebastopol. In advance on the left, about two miles from the town, is the Second Division. On their right is a deep ravine running towards Sebastopol. At the opposite side of this ravine is the Fourth Division. The Third and Light Divisions are to the right and rear of these columns, and the First Division almost rests on the town, which is garrisoned by marines. The cavalry are on our right flank, about two miles, and four miles from Balaklava. We are in possession of all the heights, and an enemy would attack us at great disadvantage.

Since we landed in the Crimea as many have died of cholera as perished on the Alma. We lost 380 men killed in the action out of the 2000 *hors de combat*. The dead from cholera now amount to nearly as many. We hear strange things from the deserters. They say that thirty Russian ladies went out of Sebastopol to see the battle of the Alma, as though they were going to a play or a picnic. They were quite assured of the success of the Russian troops, and great was their alarm and dismay when they found themselves obliged to leave the telegraph house on the hill, and to fly for their lives in their carriages. Had the cavalry done anything at all, we might have tested the truth of this strange story. There is no doubt but that our enemies were perfectly confident of victory—their dejection now is as great as their exultation was before.

It appears that fifty-four out of our sixty guns were engaged in the action of the Alma, and that we have fired 900 rounds of ammunition from all the guns since we landed, including the affair at Bouljanak.

The Russians tried to throw some troops into the town to-day, but were obliged to retire by the French. Finally they got in at the north side.

The Light Division was kept on the alert all day by the shot and shell of the enemy. They now throw shell 4500 yards, right into our camp, and the division has been constantly moving to-day. To the great astonishment of some Cossacks, a rifleman of the 2nd battalion, named Hubert, dropped one of their number at 900 yards to-day.

The state of the Artillery is very healthy, and the fact of their having tents is supposed to account for their exemption from cholera. Our Line regiments have not yet received their tents, but a few have been sent up for present use.

October 4.

Forty pieces of heavy artillery were sent up to-day to the park, and twelve tons of gunpowder were safely deposited in the mill on the road towards Sebastopol. As the French had very little ground left on which to operate on our left, the 2nd Division moved to-day from its position, crossed the ravine on its right, and took up ground near the 4th Division. The French immediately afterwards sent up a portion of their troops to occupy the vacant ground. The Russians have been indefatigable all day in throwing up batteries, and have shelled our advanced posts incessantly. From the range of the guns it is supposed that they have actually got the heavy pieces which were on board the "Tiger." One shell which fell in the camp of the 4th Division was marked with

the English broad arrow, and had the English brass-covered fusee; it did not burst. Another, fired with more fatal effect, fell right into a tent in which were several men of the 63rd Regiment, exploded, and killed a sergeant and two men. This was at a distance of upwards of 4000 yards. As yet we have not a gun up to answer them, and it is understood that Lord Raglan is opposed to any desultory fire, and wishes to have all our batteries opened at once. The French will have sixty heavy guns—our siege guns will number fifty, and the ships will furnish sixty more. Including mortars, Lancaster guns, and howitzers, we shall have about 200 pieces of artillery in position, and available for the fire on the forts. The round fort on the right has been nearly hid from view by deep earth works, all made last night and to-day by the Russians. A spy was captured by Sir John Burgoyne's orders last night. It was a clever notion of the Russians to send out a woman of unquestionable character into our quarters; but as it was clear she came from Sebastopol, the trick was a stale one to an old campaigner, and the woman was not permitted to return. We hear that the Sebastopolitans are very gay; that parties and balls take place every night in the forts and on board the ships. Furnaces for heating shots were sent up from the beach to the park to-day, and Sir John Burgoyne ordered Captain D'Aguilar to place his guns on the open ground, and fire with red-hot shot on the two-decker anchored across the harbour. The distance exceeds 3000 yards, and is rather too far for red-hot shot to travel with effect. However, the furnaces are not yet available. Dr. Thomson, of the 44th, who was left with the Russian wounded at the Alma, has returned. Many of them died, others were sent to Odessa and delivered to the Russians. It is said Dr. Thomson had a narrow escape before he got off from a party of Cossacks. He and his servant buried sixty men in one day.

The "City of London," Captain Cargill, arrived to-day from Varna with staff horses. She brings very bad news indeed. It appears that seventy-eight horses of the Enniskillen Dragoons, and upwards of one hundred horses of the Royal Dragoons, were shipped some days ago on board the "War Cloud" and the "Wilson Kennedy" at Varna, for transport to this place. On the passage a violent gale of wind arose, and lasted for nearly two days. The sea ran high, the ships laboured and strained excessively; all the fittings and horse-boxes gave way, and the horses got loose upon the deck. In this terrible condition the captains of the ships seem to have been unable to do anything to save the valuable animals entrusted to their charge. Seventy out of the seventy-eight horses on board the "War Cloud," and one hundred horses on board the "Wilson Kennedy," perished.

The "Firebrand" landed guns and howitzers from the fleet, and returned this morning. The cholera continues. We lose about twenty-five men a day out of our greatly diminished force. I have to report the loss, from this fatal pest, of one of the most promising young officers in the British army. Captain Hylton Jolliffe, of the Coldstream Guards, expired last night, and was interred this morning.

October 5.

We hear with shame and astonishment to-day that the French Admiral has absolutely sent in a proposition to the Admiral in command of the English fleet, that he—Admiral Hamelin—should send in some French men-of-war to batter the seaward forts of Sebastopol, and that, in order to ascertain the best points for placing his ships, he should be accommodated with the loan of the "Samson," as being one of our most serviceable steamers. Admiral Dundas is said to have disapproved of the suggestion. Such is the rumour which is in everybody's mouth, and, coupled as it is with most painful remarks on the inactivity of our fleet—every officer and man of which is burning with a desire to vindicate the reputation of our flag—it has not failed to produce very irritating results.

The sailors are busy in dragging up guns with their wonted alacrity. Great quantities of ammunition have been sent up to the artillery park to-day.

Dr. Thomson, of the 44th, and Mr. Reade, Assistant Surgeon-Staff, died to-day of cholera. There are 170 men sick in the Light Division alone. The town is in a filthy, revolting state. Lord Raglan has ordered it to be cleansed, but there is no one to obey the order, and no one attends to it.

Lord Cardigan is indisposed, and it is understood he will be obliged to go on board ship. The cavalry have had fatiguing, but not very important duties. They certainly have not done as much as was expected of them, and at the Alma they were quite inactive. The misfortunes we have met at sea tend to multiply to a great extent the value of our reinforcements. The loss of 170 horses out of two small regiments is a serious evil, and worse than that, it is quite irreparable at present. No trenches have been cast up as yet. Gabions and fascines are scarce, and it is difficult to get earth to fill them. The Sappers commenced tracing lines and drawing the parallels this morning, and were not molested by the enemy. The French, on our left, have got five guns in position, but have not yet opened fire.

The news of a large force of Russians concentrating in our rear and flank, at or near Simpheropol, is repeated in various forms to-day.

Our Sappers, when tracing lines to-day, were within half a mile of the Russians, but the latter did not interrupt their labours.

Some sutlers, to our infinite mischief, established themselves here to-day. The result is that, for the first time, we have drunken men in the streets, and work for the Provost Marshal will soon follow.

HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lord Raglan moves his head-quarters—Activity of the Russians—The expedition to Yalta—A surprise—Progress of the works—Cheering influence of music—Picqut duty—Intense cold at night—Increased sickness in the camp.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October* 6.

LORD RAGLAN and Staff moved yesterday from the town of Balaklava, and established head-quarters near the farm of Dzeuzde-otar, about four and a half miles from Balaklava. From the rising ground in front of this position, about a mile and a half distant from head-quarters, the town of Sebastopol is plainly visible. The outworks on the south side are not more than three miles from us, and every day since our army made the masterly march on Balaklava, the Russians have been throwing up works and fortifying the exposed portions of the town with the greatest energy. We hear that terror and disaffection prevail within the walls; but assuredly there is no outward sign of them. There are some military critics who imagine that if we had marched immediately after the battle of the Alma on the track of the defeated army, we might, by a forced march to Balaklava, have entered the town on the south side, and have carried the works by storm. The forts on the north side, Fort Constantine and the Star Fort, command the town, and could inflict great injury on an army in occupation, should such an attempt be crowned with success. Whether the Commandants would hold out after the fall of the town, depends on the nature and disposition of the men; but, as a general rule, outlying works fall with the principal fortification on which they depend.

I am now sitting on the wall of a ruined farmhouse, which serves as a picquet-post for the Third Division, and from which I can look down on the town of Sebastopol. It shines, white and clear, in the fine October sun, and, on a first view, it seems open and defenceless on the south and south-east side. The Russians are plainly visible through the glass, working like bees; women and children are carrying up earth in baskets, and already the white tower on the right of our lines is blocked up with a double line of earthworks pierced for guns. The fort is no longer the white fort—it has been painted of a buff colour, probably not to look so conspicuous at night. Fort Constantine and the Star Fort are silent—not a soul is visible around them. A large camp has been formed opposite to the extreme left of our lines, defended by earthworks, but not many men are visible inside. Large masses of men are, however, at drill or parade on a piece of land inside the camp, and probably belong

to it. There are a few Cossacks prowling about in front, perched on the high grounds and watching our motions. The spires and domes of the various public buildings would be fine marks for our guns if we were inclined to fire upon them. There is nothing doing in our front, but in the rear the sailors are busy dragging up guns and carriages. They are splendid fellows at this work, which is a pleasure and not a toil to them, and their merry songs as they drag and strain at the ropes cheer the ear of the passer-by. They have a camp full of quaint names—"Albion's Pets," "Tiger's Revenge," "Rule Britannia," such terms being marked on the tents, which are pitched on the side of a pleasant hill near the town. The naval officers are very active. Captain Peel has landed the heaviest guns of the "Diamond" *proprio motu;* and Captain McCleverty has contributed some fine specimens of heavy metal, sixty-eights, from the "Terrible."

The expedition from the Yalta returned to-day. It did nothing. It was not French exclusively, for the English contributed the "Sanspareil," "Tribune," "Firebrand;" the "Jason" and "Golden Fleece" were also sent to carry off the expected stores. The "Napoleon" and three war steamers represented the French nation. They found a beautiful little Brighton on the shore, and in the valley of the Yalta, still inhabited by Russian "nobility and gentry;" but they found nothing else. The people were informed that they and their property would be protected, and that all the allies wanted was an open market. The natives rewarded them by demanding prices which would be considered exorbitant in London, and the result was that the expedition returned as it went, *plus* four hogsheads of sour wine and a great deal of indignation.

The "Golden Fleece," "Hydaspes," and "Jason" sailed this evening for Bourgas to embark the Chasseurs d'Afrique and French infantry. The reinforcements landed by the French to day increase their strength by 11,000 strong. The "Rip Van Winkle" has come in with the loss of fifty horses of the Royal Dragoons; the "Wilson Kennedy" has lost still more. This, coupled with the loss of some horses on board the "Simla," and seventy on board the "War Cloud," has deprived us of nearly 150 horses.

The "Himalaya" arrived here to-day with 330 horses. She was only four days from the time she left the fleet till her return here.

Lord Raglan made a reconnaissance to-day. The Russians fire at long ranges every quarter of an hour, and drop the shot close to our advanced camp.

October 7.

This morning at six o'clock, the sound of field-guns on our right and rear roused every one up at head-quarters. After some fifteen or twenty rounds the firing ceased, and our minds were at rest. The cause of the alarm was soon known. A patrol of the 4th Dragoons, on duty in the right of our rear, were surprised by a large force of regular cavalry in the gray of the morning, and the three hindmost men were lanced and either killed or taken prisoners. The rest of the patrol fell back and prevented the vedettes being surprised in the early dawn. The cavalry turned out, but the enemy appeared in force, and displayed not less than 3500 or 4000 cavalry, supported by several battalions of infantry. Captain Maude, however,

soon brought up his active battery of Horse Artillery, and opened on them with such effect that the enemy speedily retreated, leaving two or three dead on the field and several horses. At ten o'clock three battalions of French infantry and one battalion of Tirailleurs Indigènes marched across from Arrow Bay, through our head-quarters, and joined their corps on the rear of our army, near Balaklava. Their line now stretches from Arrow Bay, the advanced posts being within one and a half mile of Sebastopol in that direction, as far as the main road from Inkermann to Sebastopol, and consequently projects beyond our rear, and is at right angles nearly to the columns of our divisions, which are formed towards Sebastopol. The Third, or Bosquet's Division, lies on our left, close to the sea, and has pushed its advanced posts into some farmhouses and stores overlooking Sebastopol on the south-west; next to it lies the Second Division, nearly in a line with our head-quarters. Behind our head-quarters, or more to the south-east, is the First Division. The Light Division and head-quarters are on the rear of our right, and are busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments which command the valley leading to Balaklava.

Another Polish deserter was brought in to-day. He is a common soldier, and his statements may not be entitled to much weight, but he asserts positively that there are 90,000 men within the walls of Sebastopol. Menschikoff is still Commander-in-Chief, Gortschakoff second in command, and Chomutoff has the direction of the artillery. The Russians have great confidence in the latter, who is said to have greatly distinguished himself on that apocryphal field of glory, the Caucasus. When he came in, the day before yesterday, the garrison received him with tremendous cheering. General Lüders is next in command to Gortschakoff.

To-night the investment of the place on the south side will be completed. Our lines will be pushed on the right and closed in towards the north, so as to prevent supplies or reinforcements passing out or in on this side of the Black River. This measure is absolutely necessary to enable our engineers to draw the lines or measure the ground. It is said we shall have a parallel, one only, at the distance of 2000 yards. To render the fire of our heavy guns really effective against the stone-works of the forts, we must run them within 800 or 600 yards. We cannot invest Sebastopol completely —we cannot close it on the north side; and there is this great peculiarity about our operations, that there is no breach to be made. The place is nearly open on the south side, and all the works are of an offensive character, such as forts and batteries.

Lord Raglan rode out at seven this morning, attended by the Quartermaster-General Airey and staff, and reconnoitred the ground towards our right. This evening he held a council of war.

October 8.

Orders were issued last night to complete the southern investment, but owing to some cause or other those orders were not carried out, and the investment is still incomplete. During the night, however, our men ran up a battery for a Lancaster gun at about 3000 yards from the Russian right. The gun is not yet mounted, and the works have been discontinued, lest the enemy

should notice us. They have opened fire from very heavy guns on the French right and English left; these guns are in the advanced earthworks. We are still silent as the grave.

Illness in the camp diminishes, the weather is very fine; nevertheless, we have to deplore the loss of Major Banner, of the 93rd Highlanders, Lieutenant Freeman, of the Scotch Greys, Lieutenant Walmsley, 77th, and several men since I last wrote.

October 9.

The whole of this day was spent in getting up guns and ammunition to the camp. The ambulance corps, under Captain Grant, were disembarked from the Himalaya. Where were they on the night of the Alma, and on the two terrible days which followed? It seems the strangest thing in the world that the very men whose services were especially destined for such an occasion, were left behind at Varna.

The Russians have been busy working at the White Fort, and have cast up strong earthworks in front of it, and also on the extreme left, facing the French. They have fired shell and shot during all the day at intervals of ten minutes, and somtimes pitch them into the camps of the Second and Light Divisions. Sir George Brown has had to move his quarters more to the rear. The Russians sometimes hit an araba—a cow or a horse—some animal, in fact, that has not wit to get out of the way. They have obliged the Third and Fourth Divisions with a few rounds at intervals to-day, and have thrown their shot right over the tents of the commissariat officers of the latter division, though they are well in the rear. There are no casualties of consequence to report. Our men, to-day, under good cover, got down to work in advance of our picquets, and threw up earthworks for a battery of four guns, at a distance of 2500 yards from the Russian lines. This is intended for Lancaster and 10-inch guns. The Russians seemed to take little notice of them at first, but at last opened from an earthwork to the left of the White Tower. Their shot and shell fell far behind, and plumped into the hill behind them. The Russians making bad practice with shell, they try very long fuses in order to make up for bad calculation, and a shell often lies on the ground for several seconds ere it explodes.

The silence and gloom of our camp, as compared with the activity and bustle of that of the French, are very striking. No drum, no bugle-call, no music of any kind, is ever heard within our precincts, while our neighbours close by keep up incessant rolls, fanfaronnades, and flourishes, relieved every evening by the fine performances of their military bands. The fact is, many of our instruments have been placed in store, and the regimental bands are broken up and disorganized, the men being devoted to the performance of the duties for which the ambulance corps was formed. I think, judging from one's own feelings, and from the expressions of those around, that the want of music in camp is productive of graver consequences than appear likely to occur at first blush from such a cause. Every military man knows how regiments, when fatigued on the march, cheer up at the strains of their band, and dress up, keep step, and walk on with animation and vigour when it is playing. At camp, I have always observed

with pleasure the attentive auditory who gathered every evening at the first taps of the drum to listen to the music. At Aladyn and Devno the men used to wander off to the lines of the 77th, because it had the best band in the division; and when the bands were silenced because of the prevalence of cholera, out of a humane regard for the feelings of the sick, the soldiers were wont to get up singing parties in their tents in lieu of their ordinary entertainment. It seems to be an error to deprive them of a cheering and wholesome influence at the very time they need it most. The military band is not meant alone for the delectation of garrison towns, or for the pleasure of the officers in quarters, and the men are fairly entitled to its inspiration during the long and weary march in the enemy's country, and in the monotony of a standing camp ere the beginning of a siege. Our neighbours have made the head-quarter camp quite lively by their vicinity and their excellent music at night.

October 10.

Soon after daybreak this morning the Russian batteries opened a heavy fire on the right of our position, but the distance was too great for accuracy of range or precision of flight.

The French have achieved a great success. Towards sunset, four battalions, numbering 2,400 men, marched to the front on our left, and at nine o'clock they commenced work. Before daybreak they had finished a ditch, parapet, and banquette, 1200 metres long, at a distance of 900 metres from the enemy's line; and so little did the Russians suspect the operation, that they never fired a gun to disturb them. Each man worked and kept guard as one of the covering parties in turn till daybreak, and by that time every man had finished his half metre of work, so that the 1200 metres were completed. From this position a considerable portion of the enemy's defences on their right is quite under control, and the French can command the heaviest fort on that side. From the top of the ditch seventy-six guns can be counted in the embrasures of this fort. The French have got forty-six guns lying behind the work, ready to mount when the embrasures are made and faced with gabions and fascines, and the platforms are ready. Their present line will be from 200 to 300 yards nearer to the enemy's lines than ours; but the superior weight of our siege guns will more than compensate for the difference of distance.

Our men will commence the left attack to-morrow morning, or rather this evening. They go out soon after sunset, and return at daybreak, so as to get into camp ere the enemy can see them. A colonel of a regiment takes charge of the picquets each night in rotation. This picquet work is most trying for officers and men. The cold for the last two nights has been intense, the wind being bitterly sharp and high, and blowing freshly from the north. It has brought with it colds, fevers, ague; it pierces one's bones even in the warmest tents, and it has produced an increase to our large list of sick. I should be afraid to mention the number of effective men we have at present. It would hardly be credited if I did, and the statement would produce no possible benefit to any one. Deaths from cholera have decreased from twenty-six to about ten per diem. Towards evening to-day the Russians opened a most furious

fire of enormous shot and shell on our new battery, in which were stationed Captain Colville and his company of the Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion. It is almost miraculous how they escaped. For about two hours the pounding was incessant. It is plain the Russians see we are setting to work in earnest, and that they think to deter us by round shot and shell. Our cavalry rides about a good deal, but does nothing. We don't hear any more stories of Cossacks. I rode round all the lines to-day; Lieut. Stopford, R.E., who was on duty, accompanied me, and we had some good opportunities of witnessing the effect of the Russian fire from various points in front. Shot and shell ploughed up the heights at either side and behind us, but the cover was excellent; and, notwithstanding the awkward look and the noise of these angry missiles, there was little damage. At the camp of the 30th I saw two enormous shot (84lb. I think), which had first fallen short of their lines, and a 56lb. ball fell into the camp of the Connaught Rangers, and lodged before the very tent-door of an officer just before we arrived there. The fire was so hot towards half-past four o'clock, that an officer of the 30th had to withdraw a working party.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The British trenches commenced—Tremendous fire from the enemy—A night *sortie*—Position of the allied armies—The defences of Sebastopol—Miserable condition of the Turkish troops—Difficulties and dangers of the siege—Delay unavoidable—Jack Tars working up a gun to the camp—Neglect of the sick.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Oct.* 11.

LAST night, after dark, the British troops broke ground before Sebastopol on the extreme right and centre of our position. As an earthwork for a battery had been thrown up the previous day within fire of the enemy's guns, their attention was particularly directed to our movements, and throughout the day they kept up a most tremendous fire on the high grounds in front of the Light and Second Divisions. Shells, 32, 56, and 68-pound shot, and even some of 84 pounds, were thrown every quarter of a minute from the Russian batteries, and ploughed up the ground in every direction. The bursting of the shells all along the hills resembled the fire of a park of artillery, and the roaring and whizzing of the large shot filled up the intervals between the noise of the explosions of the cannon. It is almost incredible that no one was hurt all day yesterday; but our divisions were all screened by the heights from the direct range of the guns. The shot and shell flew over the earthwork in which were Captain Colville and his company of Rifles, and bounding and bursting on the hills behind, rarely reached the summit. When the shot did top the heights, they merely rolled down, and stopped harmlessly among the tents. The Russians, who have usually ceased firing at sunset, were on the alert last night, and continued their fire against the whole line of our approaches almost uninterruptedly. Every instant the dark-

ness was broken by a flash which had all the effect of summer lightning—then came darkness again, and in a few seconds a fainter flash denoted the bursting of a shell. Our amusement was to sit with stop watches, and count till the report came bursting upon us, followed by the roaring sound of the shot, the peculiar noise which the Scotch would call the "soughing" of the shell, and the explosion of the bomb, and then to estimate the distance of the gun and the range of the ball. The silence in the English camp afforded a strange contrast to the constant roar of the Russian batteries, to the music and trumpet calls and lively noises of the encampment of our allies. After nightfall the batteries on the Russian centre opened so fiercely that it was expected they were covering a sortie, and the camp was on the alert in consequence. Lord Raglan, accompanied by our active Quartermaster-General, Colonel Airey, and several officers of his staff, started at ten o'clock, and rode along the lines, minutely inspecting the state and position of the regiments and works. They returned at half-past one o'clock in the morning. The only casualties we had during this heavy fire on the night of the 10th were—one man, 68th, died of wounds, legs taken off; one man, 57th, killed by cannon shot; another man, 57th, arm shot off; Lieutenant Rotherham, 20th, slightly wounded by a stone in the leg, which had been "started" by a cannon shot.

Soon after dark, 800 men were marched out silently on our left front, and commenced making the first British trenches before Sebastopol. They were under the charge and direction of Captain Chapman, R.E., who has the construction of the works and engineering department of the left attack under his control. About 1200 yards of trench were made, though the greatest difficulty was experienced in working, owing to the rocky nature of the ground. These trenches will be immediately turned into batteries as soon as the platforms are laid. The cover was tolerably good. The Russians never ceased firing, but attempted nothing more, and those who were hoping for a sortie were disappointed.

The "Simla" arrived to-day with 320 Chasseurs d'Afrique.

There was an amusing incident to-day, which I wish I had more time to describe. Towards noon a large ship, under Austrian colours, was seen standing in towards Sebastopol. Fort Constantine opened fire on her at 2500 yards, but the ship never paid the least attention to the shot and shell which flew over her. The other batteries followed suit, still the Austrian cared not; "not a sheet did she slack, nor a brace, nor a tack," while the Russian shot hulled her, and roared through her rigging. She came right in front of the batteries, and passed them unscathed, nearing the shore as she came. The "Firebrand" went off to her assistance, and received several shot in her hull while doing so, but Captain Stuart persevered, and, aided by a screw gunboat, brought her off. She was found to be deserted by her crew, who had gone on board the "Britannia" when the wind failed and it was found she was getting near Sebastopol. She was laden with 600 tons of hay for the English army; her escape is almost miraculous, but it is a satisfactory proof of the bad gunnery of the Russians.

Colonel Waddy, Captain Gray, and Lieutenant Mangles, 50th, were wounded by a shell this evening.

Oct. 12.

Contrary to their usual custom, the Russian batteries were silent last night. This was so ominous that we expected a sortie from the fort, and it was also rumoured that the Russians said to be in our rear would attack Balaklava, while the Greeks were to aid them by setting fire to the town. The information on this point was so positive that the authorities resorted to the extreme measure of ordering the Greeks, men, women, and children, to leave the town, and the order was rigidly carried into effect before evening. An exception was made in favour of the Tartar families, who were all permitted to remain. The Greeks were consoled in their flight by the thought that they carried off with them a good deal of plunder in the shape of clothes which had been left with them to wash, and that they were allowed to take all their property with them. Lieut.-Colonel Daveney is Commandant of the town. Capt. Gordon, R.E., commenced the formation of our right attack soon after dark. Four hundred men were furnished from the Second and Light Divisions on the works, and strong covering parties were sent out in front and in rear to protect them. The working party was divided into four companies of 100 men each, and they worked on during the night with such good will that before morning No. 1 party had completed 160 yards; No. 2, 78 yards; No. 3, 95 yards; No. 4, 30 yards—in all 363 yards of trench ready for conversion into batteries. These trenches are covered very perfectly. It was intended that a party of similar strength should be employed on the left and centre, but, owing to one of those accidents which unavoidably occur in night work, the sappers and miners missed their way, and got in advance towards the lines of the enemy. They were perceived by an advanced post, which seems to have been the van of a sortie. The Russians opened fire on them at short distance with rifles, and, wonderful to relate, missed them all. The flashes, however, showed our men that strong battalions of Russian infantry were moving silently on towards our works, and the alarm was given to the division in the rear. At twenty-five minutes past one a furious cannonade was opened by the enemy on our lines, as they had then ascertained that we had discovered their approach. The Second and Light Divisions turned out, and our field guns attached to them opened fire on the enemy, who were advancing under the fire of their batteries. Owing to some misunderstanding, the covering parties received orders to retire, and fell back on their lines—all but one company of riflemen, who maintained the ground with tenacity, and fired into the columns of the enemy with effect. The Russians pushed on field-pieces to support their assault. The batteries behind them were livid with incessant flashes, and the roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant "pingpinging" of rifle and musket-balls. All the camps went up. The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums and the shrill blast of trumpets were heard amid the roar of cannon and small arms. For nearly half an hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer was audible on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the

cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect, for the Russians, already pounded by our guns and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours was very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the four gun battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac.

It is difficult to describe a military position without reference to a map; but supposing that each of your readers has a good plan of Sebastopol before him, I may generally indicate our lines in this way. At the distance of about 700 sagines (a sagine is seven feet), from the south extremity of the Careening Bay, is placed a round tower, around which the Russians have thrown up extensive intrenchments, armed with heavy guns. There is a standing camp of cavalry and infantry on a rising ground, on the summit of which this tower is placed, and probably 10,000 or 12,000 men are encamped there. This round tower is provided with guns, which, equally with those in the earthworks below, throw shot and shell right over our advanced posts and working parties, and sometimes pitch them over the hills in our front into the camps below. At the distance of 1200 yards from this round tower, in a direction nearly due south south-east, our first batteries will be formed, and the earthworks have been already thrown up there, inclining with the slope of the hill towards the end of the Dockyard Creek, from which they are distant 930 yards. The guns of this work will command the Dockyard Creek, the ships placed in it, and the part of the town and its defences on the west and south of the creek, while its fire will speedily silence the guns which the Russians have placed on the slope of the hills south of the dockyard buildings. All their shot and shell at present fly over these works, and fall on the hill-side behind them.

Our left attack extends up towards the slope of the ravine which divides the French from the British attacks, and which runs south-east from the end of the Dockyard Creek up to our head-quarters at Khutor. Dominating both of these intrenchments, for most of their course is a heavy battery of eight Lancaster and ten inch naval guns, placed at a distance of 2500 yards from the enemy's lines. The extreme of the French right is about two and half miles from the extreme of the British left attack. South of the Cemetery, and inclining up towards Quarantine Bay and the fresh-water wells, are the French lines, which are beautifully made and covered. The fire of the Russian batteries thrown up from the circular position at the end of the western wall towards the barracks near the end of the Dockyard Harbour, is incessantly directed on them, and shells sometimes burst in the lines, but as a general rule they strike the hill in front, bound over, and burst in the rear. As to heavy round shot, no one now cares about them at that distance, for they can be readily seen coming, and may be avoided by ordinary care and agility. Our left attack creeps round towards Inkermann, and commands the place from the influx of the Tchernaya

into the head of the bay or harbour of Sebastopol, to the hills near the round tower already threatened by our right attack. The French command the place from the sea to the ravine at the end of the Dockyard Harbour, and when their guns are mounted, all the forts, intrenchments, buildings, earthworks, barracks, batteries, and shipping must be destroyed, unless, as is very unlikely, the Russians silence their fire or dismount their guns. The front of both armies united, and the line of offensive operations to be covered by them, extends from the sea to the Tchernaya for seven and a half or eight miles. From our extreme right front to Balaklava our lines extend for about the same distance, and the position of the army has been made so strong on the eastern, south-eastern, flank and rear, as to set all the efforts of the Russians to drive us from it utterly at defiance. In the first place, the road from Kadikoi to Kamara, and the western passes of the mountains, have been scarped in three places so effectually that it would be difficult for infantry, and therefore impossible for artillery, to get along it to attack us. A heavy gun has, however, been placed in position on the heights to command this road, and to sweep the three scarps effectually. On the heights over the east side of Balaklava, are pitched the tents of about 1000 marines from the various ships of the fleet, and several 24 pound and 32 pound howitzers have been dragged up into position on the same elevation. At Kadikoi, towards the north-west, is situate a sailors' camp of about 800 men, with heavy guns in support, and with a temporary park for artillery and ship-guns below them. From Kadikoi towards Traktir the ground is mountainous, or rather it is exceedingly hilly, the heights having a tumular appearance, and the ridges being intersected by wide valleys, through a series of which pass on one side Prince Woronzoff's road, the road to Inkermann, and thence to Sebastopol, by a long *détour* over the Bakshiserai road, and that to Traktir. On five of these tumular ridges overlooking the road to Balaklava, a party of 2000 Turks are busy casting up earthworks for redoubts, under the direction of Captain Wagman, a Prussian engineer officer, who is under the orders of Sir John Burgoyne. In each of these forts will be placed two heavy guns and 250 Turks. These poor fellows work most willingly and indefatigably, though they have been exposed to the greatest privations. For some mysterious reason or other the Turkish government, instead of sending us the veterans who have fought under Omar Pasha, have been contented with conveying to our aid a body of men who are, if I am rightly informed, young soldiers, though many of them are certainly elderly men. They are mostly soldiers of only two years' service, the latest levies of the Porte, and belong to the non-belligerent class of barbers, tailors, and small shopkeepers. Still they are patient, hardy, and strong—how patient I am ashamed to say. It is asserted, on the best authority, to me, that these 8000 men were landed without the smallest care for their sustenance, except that some Marseilles biscuits were sent on shore for their use. These were soon exhausted—the men had nothing else. Since the Alma up to the 10th of October, the whole force have had only two biscuits each! The rest of their food they had to get by the road-side as best they might, and in this inhospitable and desolated

country they could not get their only solace; tobacco; still they marched and worked day after day, picking up their subsistence by the way as best they might, and these proud Osmanli have been actually seen walking about our camps, looking for fragments of rejected biscuit. But their sorrows are now turned to joy, for the British people feed them, and such diet they never had since Mahomet enrolled his first army of the faithful. They delight in their coffee, sugar, rice, and biscuits, but many of the True Believers are much perturbed in spirit by the aspect of our salt beef, which they believe may be pork in disguise, and they subject it to strange tests ere it is incorporated with Ottoman flesh and blood. They are pressing in their demands for butter and grease, but these unctuous ingredients of the pilaff are not forthcoming in our commissariat. When I visited them the day before yesterday they were working heartily, and those who were not on guard or engaged in the trenches, had made much snugger places for themselves, by scooping out the earth and fencing the hole with boughs, than the English soldiers would have thought of doing. On the heights above and behind these batteries, the French are constructing two lines of earthworks completely controlling the gorge by which alone a considerable force could march to the attack of the rear of the right of our position. These trenches will be at once mounted with guns, and will of themselves constitute a formidable work. The French camps extend thence all along our rear to their trenches beyond Arrow Bay.

October 13.

It is now eighteen days since our army by a brilliant and daring forced march on Balaklava obtained its magnificent position on the heights which envelope Sebastopol on the south side from the sea to the Tchernaya; sixteen days have elapsed since our troops occupied these heights, and in conjunction with the French proceeded to invest the town as closely as its extent would allow them to perform that operation. The public must not be indignant when they are told that up to this moment not a British or French gun has replied to the fire of the enemy, and that the Russians have employed the interval in throwing up earthworks, trenches, and batteries, to cover the south side of the town, which have made it almost, if not altogether, as formidable as the opposite side of the creek on which the town is situated, which have gone far to neutralize the advantages we had gained by our masterly flank movement from the Belbek to Balaklava, and which promise to increase very considerably the difficulties and dangers of the siege. The delay has been, I honestly believe, quite unavoidable. Any officer who has been present at great operations of this nature will understand what it is for an army to land in narrow and widely-separated creeks all its munitions of war—its shells, its cannon shot, its heavy guns, mortars, its powder, its gun carriages, its platforms, its fascines, gabions, sand-bags, its trenching tools, and all the various *matériel* requisite for the siege of extensive and formidable lines of fortifications and batteries. But few ships can come in at a time to Balaklava or Arrow Bay; in the former there is only one small ordnance wharf, and yet it is there that every British cannon must be landed. The nature of our descent on the Crimea

rendered it quite impossible for us to carry our siege train along with us, as is the wont of armies invading a neighbouring country only separated from their own by some imaginary line. We had to send all our *matériel* round by sea, and then land it as best we could. But when once it was landed the difficulties of getting it up to where it was required seemed really to commence. All these enormous masses of metal were to be dragged by men, aided by such inadequate horse-power as is at our disposal, over a steep and hilly country, on wretched broken roads, to a distance of eight miles, and one must have witnessed the toil and labour of hauling up a Lancaster or ten-inch gun under such circumstances to form a notion of the length of time requisite to bring it to its station. It will, however, serve to give some idea of the severity of this work to state one fact—that on the 10th no less than thirty-three ammunition horses were found dead, or in such a condition as to render it necessary to kill them, after the duty of the day before. It follows from all these considerations that a great siege operation cannot be commenced in a few days when an army is compelled to bring up its guns as we have done. Again, the nature of the ground around Sebastopol offers great impediments to the performance of the necessary work of trenching, throwing up parapets, and forming earthworks. The surface of the soil is stony and hard, and after it has been removed the labourer comes to strata of rock and petrous masses of volcanic formation, which defy the best tools to make any impression on them. The result is that the earth for gabions and for sand-bags has to be carried from a distance in baskets, and in some instances enough of it cannot be scraped together for the most trifling parapets. This impediment is experienced to a greater extent by the British than by the French. The latter have had better ground to work upon, and they have found fine beds of clay beneath the first coating of stones and earth, which have been of essential service to them in forming their works. Having gone thus far in the way of apology, or rather having pointed out to persons who may not be thoroughly acquainted with such undertakings the causes of the delay which has taken place since our partial investment of Sebastopol in opening fire upon its defences, it is gratifying to be able to state that on Sunday, or at furthest on Monday morning next, upwards of 130 pieces of heavy artillery will be in position, and that our guns will be able to reply to the fire of the Russians. We have opened about 1500 yards of trench, much of which is in a fit state for the reception of heavy guns. The French have completed somewhat more, say 1600 metres, and are rather more forward than we are, but they have not yet landed all their heavy guns. An immense amount of gunpowder, shot, and shell has been carried up from Balaklava to the lines, and is placed in park and reserve ready for use; but there are many guns landed for which we have no present use, and large numbers of heavy pieces and quantities of ammunition and ball remain in the town magazines or in the field magazines along the road. Jack has been of essential service in this hard work. The only thing against him is that he is too strong. He pulls strong carts to pieces as if they were toys. He piles up shot-cases in the ammunition wagons till the horses fall under the weight, for he cannot understand

'the ship starting till the hold is full." He takes long pulls and strong pulls at tow ropes till they give like sewing silk, and he is indefatigable in "rousing" crazy old vehicles up hill, and running full speed with them down hill till they fall to pieces. Many a heap of shot or shell by the roadside marks the scenes of such disasters; but Jack's good humour during this "spree on shore" is inexhaustible, and he comes back for the massive cargo from the camp with the greatest willingness when he is told it must be got up ere nightfall. It is most cheering to meet a set of these jolly fellows "working up a gun to the camp." From a distance you hear some rough hearty English chorus borne on the breeze over the hill side. As you approach the strains of an unmistakeable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle with "a stamp and go," strange cries, and oaths sworn by some thirty tars, all flushed with honest exercise, while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Hercules who are sitting astride on the gun or on the few horses in front, with vine-leaves in their hats or flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of "Bono! Bowno! Johnny!"

The sailors' camp is now formed near the artillery park of the left attack, near the lines of the Third Division. There are about 2000 men on shore. The officers who command the Naval Brigade, are—Capt. S. Lushington, Capt. William Peel, and Commander Randulph.

The Marine Battalions, numbering about 1200 men, are encamped on the heights over Balaklava. They are to have charge of the batteries of howitzers which will be placed on those heights, and are intrusted with the charge of the road to the town from the eastern heights.

Our siege-train is divided into two "attacks"—the "right" and the "left" attack.

The officers commanding the batteries on the right attack, are—Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, Captain D'Aguilar, and Captain Strange. The officers commanding the batteries of the left attack, are—Major Young, Major Freese, and Major Irving. The whole of the siege-train is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier.

The medical officers of the British division have unhappily laid themselves open to very severe animadversion, in an order which was issued by the Commander-in-Chief, on the 11th inst., for their neglect of the sick sent down from the Camp to Balaklava, but for whose reception no preparation had been made; the consequence was, that many of them remained in the streets for several hours exposed to very inclement weather.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Allies open fire on the Russian defences—Furious cannonade on both sides—Explosions in the French batteries—Attack on the sea-side—False alarms—Advance of the French works—Serious diminution of the English army—Our fire slackens.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October* 17.

ON the night of the 16th it was determined that our fire should be opened on the Russian lines the following morning, as it was evident the enemy was intrenching himself with much activity, and greatly strengthening his position. In spite of the efforts of our engineers, our works were not quite completed, and most of the mortars could not be mounted in the batteries. Firing commenced, however, from the French and English batteries by signal at 6 30 a.m. on the 17th, but for thirty minutes previous the Russians fired furiously on all the batteries. The cannonade on both sides was most violent for nearly two hours.

Our left attack consisted of four batteries and 36 guns; our right attack, of 20 guns, in battery. There were also two Lancaster batteries and a four-gun battery of 68-pounders on our right. The French had about 46 guns. In all we were supposed to have 117 guns to subdue about 130 guns of the Russians.

At eight o'clock it was apparent that the French batteries in their extreme right attack, overpowered by the fire and enfiladed by the guns of the Russians, were very much weakened; their fire slackened minute after minute.

At 8 30 the fire slackened on both sides for a few minutes, but recommenced with immense energy, the whole town and the line of works enveloped in smoke.

At 8 40 the French magazine in the extreme right battery of twelve guns blew up with a tremendous explosion, killing and wounding 100 men. The Russians cheered, fired with renewed vigour, and crushed the French fire completely, so that they were not able to fire more than a gun now and then at intervals, and at ten o'clock they were nearly silenced on that side.

At 10 30 the fire slackened on both sides, but the Allies and Russians re-opened vigorously at 10 45. Our practice was splendid, but our works were cut up by fire from the Redan and from the works round a circular martello tower on our extreme right.

At 12 45 the French line-of-battle ships ran up in most magnificent style and engaged the batteries on the sea side. The scene was indescribable, the Russians replying vigorously to the attacks by sea and land, though suffering greatly.

At 1 25 another magazine in the French batteries blew up. The

cannonade was tremendous. Our guns demolished the Round Tower, but could not silence the works around it.

At 1 40 a great explosion took place in the centre of Sebastopol amid much cheering from our men, but the fire was not abated. The Lancaster guns made bad practice, and one burst. At 2 55 a terrific explosion of a powder magazine took place in the Russian Redan Fort. The Russians, however, returned to their guns, and still fired from the re-entering angle of their works. The cannonade was continuous from the ships and from our batteries, but the smoke did not permit us to see if the British fleet was engaged.

At 3 30 a loose powder store inside our naval battery was blown up by a Russian shell, but did no damage. The enemy's earthworks were much injured by our fire, the Redan nearly silenced, and the fire of the Round Tower entrenchments diminished, though the inner works are still vigorous.

At 3 35 the magazine inside the works of the Round Fort was blown up by our shot.

At four the ships outside were ripping up the forts and stoneworks and town by tremendous broadsides. Only the French flag was visible, the English fleet being on the opposite side of the harbour. Orders were given to spare the town and buildings as much as possible.

From four to 5 30 the cannonade from our batteries was very warm, the Russians replying, though our fire had evidently established its superiority over theirs, the ships pouring in broadside after broadside on Forts Nicholas and Constantine at close ranges. Towards dusk the fire slackened greatly, and at night it ceased altogether, the Russians for the first time being silent.

The French have lost about 200 men, principally by the explosions; our loss is very small—under 100 killed and wounded since the siege began.

October 18.

The fire was resumed this morning soon after daybreak. The French were still unable to support us. Their extreme left is still silenced. They will not be ready till the 19th or 20th, so damaged are they by the Russian fire.

During the night the Russians remounted their guns and brought up fresh ones, and established a great superiority of fire and weight of metal.

At 10 a.m. the alarm was given that the Russians were marching to attack our rear on the Balaklava road. Lord Raglan and staff, with large bodies of French troops, at once moved there, and found the Russian cavalry and two battalions of infantry, with one gun, endeavouring to creep up in a fog to the outposts. The Turks opened a fire from the redoubts, and the Russians retired.

At this moment (3 p.m.) the Russians are pressing us very hard, returning three shots for our two. Colonel Hood, of the Guards, was killed in the trenches to-day.

Some deserters came in from the enemy. Admiral Kornileff is, they state, dead; he was wounded in the thigh so severely while superintending the fire in the Round Tower battery that he had to undergo an amputation, from the effects of which he died. The

Russians have suffered a severe loss in the death of this officer, whose name may be familiar to some readers in connexion with the Sinope expedition.

October 19.

The enemy scarcely fired a shot during the night of the 18th. Our batteries were equally silent. The French on their side opened a few guns on their right attack, which they had been working to get into position all night; but they did not succeed in firing many rounds before the great preponderance of the enemy's metal made itself felt, and their works were damaged seriously; in fact, their lines, though nearer to the enemy's batteries than our own in some instances, were not sufficiently close for the light brass guns with which they were armed. At daybreak the firing continued as usual from both sides. The Russians, having spent the night in repairing the batteries, were nearly in the same position as ourselves, and, unaided or at least unassisted to the full extent we had reason to expect by the French, we were just able to hold our own during the day. Some smart affairs of skirmishers and sharp-shooters took place in front. Our riflemen annoy the Russian gunners greatly, and prevent the tirailleurs from showing near our batteries. On one occasion the Russian riflemen and our own men came close upon each other in a quarry before the town. Our men had exhausted all their ammunition; but as soon as they saw the Russians they seized the blocks of stone which were lying about, and opened a vigorous volley on the enemy. The latter either had empty pouches, or were so much surprised that they forgot to load, for they resorted to the same missiles. A short fight ensued, which ended in our favour, and the Russians retreated, pelted vigorously as long as the men could pursue them. The coolness of a young artillery officer, named Maxwell, who took some ammunition to the batteries through a tremendous fire along a road so exposed to the enemy's fire that it has been called "The Valley of Death," is highly spoken of on all sides. The blue jackets are delighted with Captain Peel, who animates the men by the exhibition of the best qualities of an officer, though his courage is sometimes marked by an excess that borders on rashness. When the Union Jack in the sailors' battery was shot away, he seized the broken staff, and leaping up on the earthworks waved the old bit of bunting again and again in a storm of shot, which fortunately left him untouched.

Our ammunition is running short, but supplies are expected every moment. Either from a want of cartridges or from the difficulty of getting powder down to the works, our 12-gun battery was silent for some time. *The* Admiral (Sir E. Lyons), on his little grey poney, is to be seen hovering about our lines indefatigably. To-day he rode out with Lord Raglan and his staff, and spent some time in examining the progress of our fire from a quarry in a hill overlooking the right attack. Two more 68-pounders were brought up to Captain Gordon's attack, and two more were ordered to be added to Captain Chapman's attack last night, but they could not be got into position in time for the opening of the fire. We have to deplore the loss of Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, R.E., a most energetic and indefatigable officer. By his decease, Captain Gordon,

R.E., succeeds to the command of the Royal Engineers, and his place in command of the left attack will be taken by Major Tylden, late Brigade-Major of Royal Engineers.

The smoke was so thick at intervals to-day that but little could be seen but its continual folds. The French fire slackened very much towards one o'clock, the enemy pitching shells right into their lines and enfilading part of their new works. Hour after hour one continuous boom of cannon was alone audible, and the smoke screened all else from view. At a quarter past three there was an explosion of powder in the tower opposite to our right attack. The Flagstaff Fort seemed much knocked about by the French. The Redan and Round Tower earthworks fire nearly as well as ever. As it was very desirable to destroy the ships anchored in the harbour below us, and to fire the dockyard buildings, our rockets were brought into play, and, though rather erratic in their flight, they did some mischief, though not so much as was expected. Wherever they fell the people could be seen flying up the streets when the smoke cleared. At three o'clock p.m. the town was on fire, but after the smoke had excited our hopes for some time, it thinned away and went out altogether. They kept smartly at work from three guns in the Round Tower works, and from some four or five in the Redan, on our batteries. The Lancasters came out in force to-day. The men begin to understand them, and the true value of the arm is becoming apparent.

October 20.

Two 68-pounders were mounted last night in our batteries, and the firing, which nearly ceased after dark, was renewed by daybreak. We are all getting tired of this continual "pound-pounding," which makes a great deal of noise, wastes much powder, and does very little damage. It is very hard to batter down earthworks. Most people about London have seen the Artillery butt at Woolwich. How long has it lasted our "heavy fire" of artillery? Then, again, the Russians have plenty of labourers. They easily repair at night what we destroy and damage during the day. It is difficult for us to do the same. Our men are worn out with fatigue; the daily service exhausts them, and the artillerymen cannot have more than five hours' rest in the twenty-four. They are relieved every eight hours, but it takes them three hours to get down to their work and return from it to the camp. Our amateurs are quite disappointed and tired out. I fear so are people in England, but they must have patience. Rome was not built in a day, nor will Sebastopol be taken in a week. In fact, we have run away with the notion that it was a kind of pasteboard city, which would tumble down at the sound of our cannon as the walls of Jericho fell at the blast of Joshua's trumpet. The news that Sebastopol had fallen, which we received *viâ* England, has excited great indignation and ludicrous astonishment here. The whole army is enraged about it, as they feel the verity, whatever it may be and whenever it may be realized, must fall short of the effect of that splendid figment. They think, too, that the laurels of the Alma will be withered in the blaze of popular delight at the imaginary capture. In fact, people at home must know very little about us or our position. I was much amused at seeing in a recently-

arrived journal a letter from an "Old Indian" on the manufacture of campaign bread *more Indico*, in which he advises us out here to use salt! milk! and butter! in the preparation of what must be most delicious food. Salt is a luxury which is rarely to be had except in conjunction with porky fibre; and as to milk and butter, the very taste of them is forgotten. Lord Raglan was very glad to get a little cold pig and ration rum and water one night on our march here. However, the hardest lot of all is reserved for our poor horses. All hay rations for baggagers are rigidly refused; they only receive a few pounds of indifferent barley. There is not a blade of grass to be had—the whole of these *plateaux* and hills are covered with thistles only, and where the other covering of the earth goes I know not. The hay ration for a charger is restricted to 6 lb. daily... Under these circumstances horse-flesh is cheap, and friendly presents are being continually offered by one man to another of "a deuced good pony," which are seldom accepted.

When day broke this morning we saw the Russians actively engaged in throwing up new works at the rear of the Redan, to protect the ordnance stores and buildings.

October 21.

The pounding of Sebastopol has now been going on for five days, and amid the thunder of artillery in the front I snatch a few moments to write to you. Our position here is the same, and we are in constant expectation of having something warm upon our hands. On the 18th, early in the morning, a vedette was seen "circling left" most energetically;—and here, in a parenthesis, I must explain that when a vedette "circles left," the proceeding signifies that the enemy's infantry are approaching, while to "circle right" is indicative of the approach of cavalry. On this signal was immediately heard the roll-call to "boot and saddle;" the Scots Greys and a troop of Horse Artillery assembled with the remaining cavalry on the plain; the 93rd got under arms, and the batteries on the heights were immediately manned. The distant picquets were seen to advance, and a dragoon dashed over the plain with the intelligence that the enemy was advancing quickly. Then cavalry and infantry moved upon the plain, remaining in rear of the eminences from which the movements of the vedettes had been observed. This position of things continued for an hour, when, from the hills, about 3000 yards in front, the Turks opened fire from their advanced intrenchments on their summits from 24-pounder howitzers, firing several rounds from two batteries. At this moment we were informed that the enemy "meant advancing," and that they numbered several thousands, and that we should have a hard day. We were thoroughly prepared for them, and remained *in statu quo*. The Moskows, however, halted in their onward course, and in the evening lighted their watch-fires about 2000 yards in front of our vedettes, the blaze showing bright and high in the darkness. The Russians had made a reconnaisance three weeks ago in this direction, when there were no works here, so had not bargained for a first reception at this point. Of course, we were on the alert all night, and before the day broke were particularly attentive to our front. If the Russians had intended to attack us at that time, they could not have had a more favourable morning, a low dense white fog covering the whole of the plain.

The sun rose, and the mists disappeared, when it was found the Russians had vanished also. The next day we naturally expected would be a quiet one, and that we should not be annoyed by remaining at our arms for our final work. Not a bit of it; we had just laden ourselves with havresacks to forage among the merchant shipping in the harbour, when a vedette was seen to "circle right" most industriously. "Boot and saddle" again resounded through the cavalry camps, and Sir Colin Campbell again ordered all to be under arms, and another day was passed like its predecessor, the enemy finally once more retiring, this time without advancing near enough for a shot from the Turks. The next day I had a foraging expedition, and returned with a goose, butter, preserved milk, &c. —a very successful foray, and a full havresack. We were just beginning our meal of commissariat beef and pork, tempered with the contents of the aforesaid havresack, when away went the vedette again, first circling right and then reversing as suddenly to the left. Again sounded trumpet, bugle, and drum through the plain, and masses again moved into position upon it. So we remained till dark, a night attack on the Turkish position in our front being anticipated, and the batteries received orders to fire upon any troops perceived in certain eventualities, and so we again stand all ready for some hours, during which the only amusement is in the hands of the Turks, who fire a round or two; darkness finds us similarly occupied. About nine o'clock a smart fire of musketry is heard from the Turkish heights, and its light sparkles over the hills; we now feel that our *vis-à-vis* means something; then again all is unaccountably quiet, until some batteries open a pealing fire, and then the bursting shells illuminate the sides of the hills. We strain our eyes in the darkness, and wonder what the deuce it means; afterwards all is still, and the men lie down in their great coats to rest, though ready for momentary action. No camp fires were allowed to burn during the night; the men were dismissed at eight o'clock for two or three hours, and the vedettes have at present allowed us tranquillity.

Noon.—We learn that the Turkish musketry was directed upon some Cossacks, and that the batteries had mistaken the preparations for chibouque lighting of a strong Turkish advanced picquet for flashes of musketry, and blazed away—fortunately, in the thick darkness of the night, having given their guns sufficient elevation for the shell to pass harmlessly over the heads of our astonished allies, and burst far beyond.

The "Agamemnon" led in (she was within 500 yards of Fort Constantine, and had only two feet water under her bottom), and the "Albion" made signal, "Where you go, I will follow."

The Garden Battery is very troublesome to us and the French. The latter are pushing up zig-zags and parallels close to the enemy's lines, and expect to be able to get their batteries to within 400 metres of the place. They are exposed to very heavy fire, and the Russians ply them with shell admirably.

At 2 50 p.m. a fire broke out behind the Redan, caused by our rockets, shell, and red-hot shot. At 3 15 p.m. a fire of less magnitude was visible to the left of the Redan, further in towards the centre of the town.

I regret that H.R.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, who is a universal favourite, and has behaved with the greatest gallantry throughout the campaign, was wounded to-day in the trenches. His wound is, however, not at all serious. Our loss yesterday was three killed and thirty-two or thirty-three wounded.

I have just heard that the fires we saw to-day were most disastrous. We have unfortunately burnt the hospital, which, the deserters say, was full of wounded men from the Alma and from the batteries. We have also destroyed a small war steamer.

The "Earl of Shaftesbury" has come into Balaklava, with siege train and ordnance stores—just in time. The Russians slacken fire. There are only three guns from the Redan to-day, worked vigorously. The Round Tower and Garden Battery are as strong as ever.

The enemy have got up a large gun to Inkermann, with which they pitch shot and shell into the camp of the Second Division merely to annoy them.

October 22.

Last night a battery was finished before Inkermann, and two 18-pounders were mounted in it, in order to silence the heavy ship gun which annoyed the Second Division yesterday.

The steamer "Vladimir" came up to the head of the harbour, and opened fire on the right attack of our men. She threw her shells with beautiful accuracy, and killed two men and wounded twenty others before we could reply effectually. A large traverse was erected to resist her fire, and she has hauled off. Twenty-two guns have been placed in a condition to open in this attack by the exertions of the men under Major Tylden, who directs it. They have all begun this morning. There were nearly a dozen silent last night.

On the left attack, under Captain Chapman, traverses and platforms were repaired, and a new battery was commenced. Our men also commenced a new battery, to be armed with 32-pounders, to fire on the shipping below. The site of this is on the left and in front of the left attack, and it will not be further than 550 yards from the place.

Lord Dunkellin, Captain Coldstream Guards, and eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, was taken prisoner this morning. He was out with a working party of his regiment, which had got a little out of their way, when a number of men were observed through the dawning light in front of them. "There are the Russians," exclaimed one of the men. "Nonsense, they're our fellows," said his lordship, and off he went towards them, asking in a high tone as he got near, "Who is in command of this party?" His men saw him no more. As they were unarmed, they retreated rapidly, but there is no fear of his lordship's safety, for the Russians fired no shot, and merely closed round and seized him ere he could get away.

The Russians opened a very heavy cannonade on us this morning; they have always done so on Sundays. Divine service was performed with a continued bass of cannon rolling through the responses and liturgy. The French are terribly cut up by the Garden Battery, more so, however, by their misfortune of last night. The Russians made a stealthy sortie towards morning, and

advanced close to the French picquets. When challenged, they replied, "Inglis, Inglis," which passed muster with our allies as *bonâ fide* English, they say; and before they knew where they were, the Russians had charged them, got into their batteries and spiked five mortars. They were speedily repulsed; but this misadventure has mortified our brave allies exceedingly. The night before they fired on a party of men who used the same *passe partout*, and they turned out to be Russians. They were too confiding the second time.

No incident of consequence occurred to-day. It was all filled up with volleys of artillery. A Pole and some Russians deserted last night. They tell us that the enemy have lost 3000 killed and wounded, that the town is in a frightful state—the shops closed, the merchants fled, the goods placed underneath in the cellars, and that the "pointed" balls and shells (Lancasters) do frightful mischief. There are no longer *volunteers* to work the guns, as there were at first. The men have now to be forced to the batteries. Many poor women and children have lost their lives in this terrible cannonade. It seems incredible that the Russian authorities should have let them stay in the town when they could have easily sent them across by the bridge of boats to the north side. Provisions still continue plenty, and water is abundant in the town.

Sir E. Lyons went out to-day in front as usual. There was brisk skirmishing to-day between our sharpshooters; we killed and wounded thirty men, and took several prisoners, among them a young officer shot through the jaws, who cannot speak. The loss of our men was very small. Our artillerymen are very much exhausted; our fuses are bad, and the platforms are much complained of.

October 24.

The return of killed and wounded for the 22nd of the month, during the greater part of which a heavy fire was directed on our trenches, and battery attacks right and left, shows the excellent cover of our works and their great solidity. We only lost one man killed in the Light Division, and two men in the Siege Train; of wounded we had one in the First Division, two in the Second Division, two in the Third Division, six in the Fourth Division, five in the Light Division, and ten in the Siege Train. A request made to us by the French that we would direct our fire on the Barrack Battery, which annoyed them excessively, was so well attended to that ere evening we had knocked it to pieces and silenced it. The Garden Battery is little better.

About 500 men came to-day, as fit for service, from Scutari. They were landed at Balaklava, and proceeded to march out to their camps, but I regret to say that before, they had marched many miles—indeed, there are not many to march—more of the poor fellows than it was pleasant to count fell out exhausted, proving that they had not quite recovered from their illness.

The diminution of our numbers every day is enough to cause serious anxiety. Out of 35,600 men borne on the strength of the army there are not more now than 16,500 rank and file fit for service. Since the 10th of this month upwards of 700 men have been sent as invalids to Balaklava. There is a steady drain of some

forty or fifty men a-day going out from us, which is not dried up by the numbers of the returned invalids. Even the twenty or thirty a-day wounded and disabled, when multiplied by the number of the days we have been here, becomes a serious item in the aggregate. We are badly off for spare gun carriages and wheels, for ammunition and forage.

On dit that the Russian Governor sent in yesterday to Lord Raglan to ask for a day's truce to bury the dead on both sides. The same authority has it that Lord Raglan replied, "He had no dead to bury." The Russians, in revenge for this, are leaving their dead where they fall outside the lines, and also bring them out from the town, and place them in the valley frequented by our picquets and skirmishers, who are much annoyed by the stench. This is a new engine of warfare. An ambulance corps under Captain Grant is doing good service now that it has arrived. The weather continues to be beautifully mild.

The "Tonning" brought in Colonel Hood, of the Guards, Lord James Murray, Captain Ellison, &c. Several officers of the Irish constabulary, and of the commissariat departments, also arrived in her. The French send out 400 men of each battalion every night to their works, and all the ground in front of them is excoriated with trenches, parallels, zig-zags, and approaches. Our mortar fire has nearly ceased. The complaints against our fusees are louder every day. The Russians opened a new battery last night. They now have 230 guns upon us and the French, and our fire has been reduced considerably.

THE ACTION AT BALAKLAVA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Position of the armies on the 25th of October—The Russians debouch through the gorge of the Tchernaya into the valley of Balaklava—The Turks abandon their redoubts—Tremendous charge of the Russian cavalry—Bravo Highlanders!—Glorious charge of the Scots Greys and Enniskillen—Rout of the enemy—The rash onslaught of the Light Cavalry—Terrible slaughter—Barbarous ferocity of the enemy—Retreat of the Russians.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October* 25.

IF the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry can afford full consolation for the disaster of to-day, we can have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

I shall proceed to describe, to the best of my power, what occurred under my own eyes, and to state the facts which I have heard from men whose veracity is unimpeachable, reserving to myself the exercise of the right of private judgment in making

public and in suppressing the details of what occurred on this memorable day. Before I proceed to my narrative, I must premise that a certain feeling existed in some quarters that our cavalry had not been properly handled since they landed in the Crimea, and that they had lost golden opportunities from the indecision and excessive caution of their leaders. It was said that our cavalry ought to have been manœuvred at Boulganak in one way or in another, according to the fancy of the critic. It was affirmed, too, that the Light Cavalry were utterly useless in the performance of one of their most important duties—the collection of supplies for the army—that they were "above their business, and too fine gentlemen for their work;" that our horse should have pushed on after the flying enemy after the battle of the Alma, to their utter confusion, and with the certainty of taking many guns and prisoners; and, above all, that at Mackenzie's farm first, and at the gorge near Inkermann subsequently, they had been improperly restrained from charging, and had failed in gaining great successes, which would have entitled them to a full share of the laurels of the campaign, solely owing to the timidity of the officer in command. The existence of this feeling was known to many of our cavalry, and they were indignant and exasperated that the faintest shade of suspicion should rest on any of their corps. With the justice of these aspersions they seemed to think they had nothing to do, and perhaps the prominent thought in their minds was that they would give such an example of courage to the world, if the chance offered itself, as would shame their detractors for ever.

In my last I mentioned that several battalions of Russian infantry had crossed the Tchernaya, and that they threatened the rear of our position and our communication with Balaklava. Their bands could be heard playing at night by the travellers along the Balaklava road to the camp, but they "showed" but little during the day, and kept up among the gorges and mountain passes through which the roads to Inkermann, Simpheropol, and the south-east of the Crimea wind towards the interior. The position we occupied in reference to Balaklava was supposed by most people to be very strong—even impregnable. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable entrenchments. Below those entrenchments, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, are four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they recede from our lines; the furthest, which joins the chain of mountains opposite to our ridges being named Canrobert's Hill, from the meeting there of that general with Lord Raglan after the march to Balaklava. On the top of each of these hills the Turks had thrown up earthen redoubts, defended by 250 men each, and armed with two or three guns—some heavy ship guns—lent by us to them, with one artilleryman in each redoubt to look after them. These hills cross the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two and a half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his

right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and plain of coarse meadow land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side; he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down, then another in the valley, then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks, then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two and a half miles across the valley there is an abrupt rocky mountain range of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and *plateaux* of rock. In outline and appearance this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trosachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava as they close in the entrance to the harbour on the right. The camp of the Marines, pitched on the hill sides more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders.

The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the Highlanders, but nearer to the town than the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and rocky mountain ranges gradually close in towards the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Balaklava, the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tiers after tiers of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of the Tschatir Dagh. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's farm, Inkermann, Simpheropol, or Bakshiserai, to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French works on the northern side—*i.e.*, the side which, in relation to the valley to Balaklava, forms the rear of our position. It was evident enough that Menschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our picquets, which are not always as watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turks.

At half-past seven o'clock this morning, an orderly came galloping in to the head-quarters camp from Balaklava, with the news, that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley, and had already nearly dispossessed the Turks of the redoubt No. 1 (that on Canrobert's Hill, which is farthest from our lines), and that they were opening fire on the redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which would

speedily be in their hands unless the Turks offered a stouter resistance than they had done already.

Orders were despatched to Sir George Catheart, and to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, to put their respective divisions, the Fourth and the First, in motion for the scene of action; and intelligence of the advance of the Russians was also furnished to General Canrobert. Immediately on receipt of the news, the General commanded General Bosquet to get the Third Division under arms, and sent a strong body of artillery and some 200 Chasseurs d'Afrique to assist us in holding the valley. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command of Balaklava, had drawn up the 93rd Highlanders a little in front of the road to the town, at the first news of the advance of the enemy. The marines on the heights got under arms; the seamen's batteries and marines' batteries, on the heights close to the town, were manned, and the French artillerymen and the Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's little camp was the scene of great excitement. The men had not had time to water their horses; they had not broken their fast from the evening of the day before, and had barely saddled at the first blast of the trumpet, when they were drawn up on the slope behind the redoubts in front of their camp, to operate on the enemy's squadrons. It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced, the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, and then "bolted," and fled with an agility quite at variance with common-place notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field. But Turks on the Danube are very different beings from Turks in the Crimea, as it appears that the Russians of Sebastopol are not at all like the Russians of Silistria.

Soon after eight o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff turned out and cantered towards the rear of our position. The booming of artillery, the spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns in front before Sebastopol. As I rode in the direction of the firing, over the thistles and large stones which cover the undulating plain that stretches away towards Balaklava, on a level with the summit of the ridges above it, I observed a French light infantry regiment (the 27th, I think) advancing with admirable care and celerity from our right towards the ridge near the telegraph-house, which was already lined by companies of French infantry, while mounted officers scampered along its broken outline in every direction.

General Bosquet, a stout soldierlike-looking man, who reminds one of the old *genre* of French generals as depicted at Versailles, followed, with his staff and a small escort of Hussars, at a gallop. Faint white clouds rose here and there above the hill from the cannonade below. Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascend-

ing volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en echelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came

their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers, and Dragoons, and Hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a

moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irre-

sistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian Horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

In the Royal Horse Artillery we had a severe, but I am glad to say a temporary loss. Captain Maude, who directed the service of his guns with his usual devotedness and dauntless courage, was struck in the arm by a shell which burst at his saddle bow and killed his horse. To the joy of all the army, it is ascertained that he is doing well on board ship. After the charge, Captain the Hon. Arthur Hardinge came galloping up to Lord Raglan with the news of what the cavalry had done.

At ten o'clock the Guards and Highlanders of the First Division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his Lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at Balaklava, told his Royal Highness to place himself under the direction of the Brigadier. At forty minutes after ten, the Fourth Division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the Light Cavalry Brigade was on the left flank forward; the Heavy Cavalry Brigade *en echelon* in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th Dragoons and 5th Dragoons and Greys on the left of the brigade, the Enniskillens and 3rd Dragoons on the right. The Fourth Division took up ground in the centre; the Guards and Highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

At fifty minutes after ten, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and Brigadier-General Rose, rode up to Lord Raglan, and the staffs of the two Generals and their escorts mingled together in praise of the magnificent charge of our cavalry, while the chiefs apart conversed over the operations of the day, which promised to be one of battle. The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had retired in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men. In carrying an order early in the day, Mr. Blunt, Lord Lucan's interpreter, and

son of our Consul in Thessaly, had a narrow escape. His horse was killed; he seized a Russian charger as it galloped past riderless, but the horse carried him almost into the Russian cavalry, and he only saved himself by leaping into a redoubt among a number of frightened Turks who were praying to Allah on their bellies. I should mention here that the Turks who had been collected on the flanks of the 93rd fled at the approach of the Russians without firing a shot! At fifty-five minutes after ten, a body of cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, passed down to the plain, and were loudly cheered by our men. They took up ground in advance of the ridges on our left.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the Light Cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his Lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He was known to all his arm of the service for his entire devotion to his profession, and his name must be familiar to all who take interest in our cavalry for his excellent work, published a year ago, on our drill and system of remount and breaking horses. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier. Properly led, the British Hussar and Dragoon could in his mind break square, take batteries, ride over columns of infantry, and pierce any other cavalry in the world as if they were made of straw. He thought they had not had the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them,—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced. A matchless horseman and a first-rate swordsman, he held in contempt, I am afraid, even grape and canister. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. He is now dead and gone. God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his Lordship. I should premise that as the Russian cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley, on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted in the order I have already mentioned. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect, according to the statements made since his death. Lord Lucan, with

reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote in his tilt against the windmill was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven, our Light Cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat,

an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

Captain Nolan was killed by the first shot fired, as he rode in advance of the Hussars, cheering them on. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded. Lord Cardigan received a lance thrust through his clothes. Major Halkett, of the 4th Light Dragoons, was killed. Lord Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars, was desperately wounded, and has since, I fear, died.

While our affair was going on, the French cavalry made a most brilliant charge at the battery on our left, which was firing on our men, and cut down the gunners; but they could not get off the guns without support, and had to retreat with the loss of two captains and fifty men killed and wounded out of their little force of 200 Chasseurs. The Heavy Cavalry, in columns of squadrons, moved slowly backwards, covering the retreat of the broken men. The ground was left covered with our men and with hundreds of Russians, and we could see the Cossacks busy searching the dead. Our infantry made a forward movement towards the redoubts after the cavalry came in, and the Russian infantry in advance slowly retired towards the gorge; at the same time the French cavalry pushed forward on their right, and held them in check, pushing out a line of skirmishers, and forcing them to withdraw their guns. The Russians from the redoubt still harassed us very much by shell and shot, and our infantry (First Division) were ordered to lie down in two lines to escape their effect. The Fourth Division, covered by the rising ground, and two regiments of French infantry, which had arrived in the valley followed by a strong artillery, moved onwards to operate on the Russian right, already threatened by the French cavalry. The Russians threw out skirmishers to meet the French skirmishers, and, as it would be madness to attack them as our light horse had done, the French contented themselves with keeping their position. At eleven a.m., the Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance and at the symptoms of our intention to turn or cut off their right, retired from No. 1 redoubt, which was taken possession of by the allies. At fifteen minutes past eleven, they abandoned redoubt No. 2, blowing up the magazine;

and, as we still continued to advance, they blew up and abandoned No. 3 at forty-five minutes past eleven, but, to our great regret, we were not in time nor in force to prevent their taking off seven out of nine guns in these earthworks. At forty-eight minutes past eleven the Russian line of infantry all began to retire slowly, and a strong portion of it crept up the hills behind the 1st redoubt, which still belongs to them, in the hope that we would attack them in that position; but it was not our desire to risk a battle, and we had already found out that our position was too large to be readily defended. We made up our minds, therefore, to let the Russians have the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and even 4 if they liked, and to content ourselves with keeping Balaklava and the communication with it open by the westerly and southerly heights behind our camp. The artillery on right of First Division fired shot and rockets at the 1st redoubt, but could not do much good, nor could the heavy guns of the batteries near the town carry so far as to annoy the Russians. At twelve o'clock the greater portion of the French and English moved on more rapidly, and an accession to the strength of our artillery was made by two French batteries, who pushed on towards the front of our left in support of their cavalry. The First Division remained still in line along the route to Balaklava. From twelve to fifteen minutes past, not a shot was fired on either side, but the Russians gathered up their forces towards the heights over the gorge, and, still keeping their cavalry on the plain, manœuvred in front on our right.

At twenty-eight minutes after twelve, the whole of the allies again got into motion towards the enemy, with the exception of the First Division, which moved *en echelon* towards the opposite hills, keeping their right wing well before Balaklava. At forty minutes after twelve, Captain Calthorpe was sent by Lord Raglan with orders to the troops, which seemed to have the effect of altering the disposition of our front, for the French, at one p.m., showed still further up on our left. When we got to the ridges, they took possession of redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. But the Russians evidently intended to keep No. 4, and to draw us after them, if possible, into the gorge, where they had retired their guns. As our object was solely to keep Balaklava, this was not our game; and as the Russians would not advance, but kept their cavalry in front of the approach to the mountain passes, it became evident there would be no further engagement to-day. The cannonade, which began again at a quarter past twelve, and was continued with little effect, ceased altogether at a quarter-past one, and the two armies retained their respective positions. Our men and horses were alike tired and hungry, and the French were no better.

Lord Raglan continued on the hill-side all day, watching the enemy. It was dark ere he returned to his quarters. With the last gleam of day we could see the sheen of the enemy's lances in their old position in the valley; and their infantry gradually crowned the heights on their left, and occupied the road to the village which is beyond Balaklava to the southward. Our Guards were moving back, as I passed them, and the tired troops, French and English, were being replaced by a strong French division, which was marched down to the valley at five o'clock. All our

operations in the trenches were lost sight of in the interest of this melancholy day, in which our Light Brigade was annihilated by their own rashness, and by the brutality of a ferocious enemy.

Four o'clock p.m.

In our cavalry fight to-day we had 13 officers killed or missing, 156 men killed or missing; total, 169; 21 officers wounded, 197 men wounded; total, 218. Total killed, wounded, and missing, 387. Horses, killed or missing, 394; horses wounded, 126; total, 520.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sortie of the garrison—Progress of the siege—Turkish reinforcements—The Russians throw up new works—"Whistling Dick"—A "deceitful beggar"—Lord Raglan's despatches—Mistakes in the writer's account of the battle of the Alma corrected.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Oct.* 26.

LAST night, when our guns were taken into Sebastopol, there was great joy throughout the city, and it was announced that the Russians had gained a great victory. A salvo of artillery was fired, and at nine o'clock, p.m., a tremendous cannonade was opened against all our lines by the enemy. It did no injury. At one p.m. to-day, about 4000 men made an attack on our right flank, but were repulsed by Sir De Lacy Evans's Division, with the loss of 500 men killed and wounded. Captain Conolly, in command of a picquet, behaved in the most gallant way; he was severely wounded. We have taken about 100 prisoners, among them two officers, one of whom is the officer to whom Lord Dunkellin surrendered. We have had seventy men killed and wounded; four officers wounded, none killed, and nine men killed and fifty-eight men wounded. The Russians were utterly routed, and fled in confusion, harassed by our artillery and one Lancaster, which mowed them down by twenty at every discharge. Our lines were pushed up much nearer. The French magazine again blew up to-day inside their right attack. It was fired by a Russian shell. They fire 13-inch shells into our batteries; and yesterday they silenced nine guns in our 21-gun battery by this means alone. We cannot touch the ship which fires these mortars. The Russians very nearly surprised us. The Fourth, Third, Second, and First Divisions were turned out, but Sir De Lacy Evans had the honour of driving them back with his Division. 1000 French cavalry landed to-day. The work in the trenches goes on much as usual. We make very little way, and it is evident this cannot last. The men are worn out.

Oct. 27.

Nothing was done to-day. Admiral Lyons, Sir George Brown, and General Cathcart visited Lord Raglan in the course of the day. The fire on both sides is very feeble. It is decided that we keep

Balaklava, and the "Sanspareil" has come into the harbour, and is moored with her broadside towards the road to the valley. The Russians are still in force in the gorge, and their vedettes are not far distant from ours. This force seems to have its head-quarters at the village of Kamiskoi, and keeps its communication with Sebastopol open by the other side of the Tchernaya. The body of the troops which attacked us on the 26th came out of Sebastopol.

A very formidable battery has been erected by the sailors on the heights in front of the French. Our guns are becoming very shaky from repeated firing. We must have more men, and that speedily. The weather is lovely, the days being as warm as ours in best July time.

October 28.

Last night the Russians gave us their usual salvo. They showed in some force in front of the French, but were repulsed by musketry from the covering parties. To pay them off for their audacity, the allies have sent strong parties of sharpshooters to-day, and between the lull of the eternal cannonade, which keeps up monotonously, morning, noon, and night, till the ear is frenzied and worn out, one can now hear the pop! pop! pop! of the rifles at the embrasures.

Late last night there was an "alert" in our rear. Our vedettes fell back. The French opened with guns and rifles, and our Jacks were quite delighted to wake up the echoes with a few rounds of their big guns. Just as we were roused into wakefulness the noise ceased, but we heard a cheer which is yet unaccounted for.

Towards morning there was some musketry heard from the French lines, and, to our wonderment, an inexplicable apparition of riderless horses took place in our camp. They turned out to be fully equipped and accoutred—saddled, bridled, and all, and were recognised as belonging to Russian dragoons. How they turned up no one knows, it is supposed that their owners got into a panic, and "bolted" ere they could get into the saddle. Already 193 have been caught.

The firing at this moment on our front lines has nearly slackened altogether.

To-day our cavalry abandoned their old camp. They have taken up ground on the hills on the road to Balaklava, close to the rear of the French centre. We have thus abandoned the lower road to the enemy. To-day 1600 Turks have arrived. They are to be used in assisting us and the French in the trenches. Our cavalry, I am glad to say, have not been cut up as much as was supposed, for many of them have turned up since the 25th. The way in which the stampedo among the Russian horses, on the night of the 27th, is accounted for is, that a rocket was fired by us into their cavalry camp, and that all the Russian horses broke away. Many of them, accustomed to the station of the monastery of St. George, galloped over in the direction of our lines, and were captured. A well-written and graceful despatch, received from the Duke of Newcastle, has given great satisfaction to the officers and men of our army. It does full justice to their noble courage at the Alma, singles out Sir George Brown and Admiral Lyons for special praise,

and pays a courtly and honest compliment to Lord Raglan. Our cavalry are now close to the camp of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the men fraternize as much as they possibly can, through the moderate medium of water and wood—our two great luxuries and necessaries out here just at present.

Lord Fitzgibbon's death is now quite certain. The poor young fellow had been seen by his men, as they retreated, pursued by the Russians, sitting up, though very severely wounded, and it was hoped he might be still alive. A dead body, supposed to be his, had been brought in, but it was subsequently ascertained that it was a mistake. The Russians stripped our dead. Their Lancers were seen killing the wounded as they lay on the field. This is credibly affirmed by many witnesses of the horrible deed. The Russian cavalry had *three* rations of spirits served out to each man ere they made the attempt at a charge which met with such signal chastisement at the hands of the Heavy Brigade. They were also blessed by a priest. Our swords, however, were not blunted, nor our speed stayed in the charge, by the holy man.

Lord Dunkellin has been sent to Moscow on his way to St. Petersburg. Our losses to-day are very trifling.

October 29.

To-day the fire on our lines was very slack, but it is observed that the Russians are working hard at fresh lines nearer to the town. At present we are all waiting for the French. I am not sure but that the French think they are waiting for us to "*écraser*" some of the obnoxious batteries which play upon their works from ugly enfilading positions. They certainly are exposed, in their advance towards their portion of the town, to very heavy fire. It is opposite to them that the assault must be made, and the first lodgment effected. The Quarantine Fort is opposed to them on their extreme left. Then comes a long, high, loopholed wall or curtain extending in front of the town from the back of the Quarantine Fort to the Flagstaff Battery. The Russians have thrown up a very deep and broad ditch in front of this wall, and the French artillery have as yet made no impression on the stonework at the back. The Flagstaff Battery, however, and all the houses near it are in ruins; but the earthworks in front of it, armed with at least twenty-six heavy guns, are untouched, and keep up a harassing fire on the French working parties, particularly at certain periods of the day, and at the interval between nine and eleven o'clock at night, when they think the men are being relieved in the trenches. Inside the Road Battery we can see the Russians throwing up a new work, armed with six heavy ships' guns. They have also erected new batteries behind the Redan and behind the Round Tower. The latter is now a mass of crumbled stone, but two guns keep obstinately blazing away at our 21-gun battery from the angle of the earth-work around it, and the Redan has not yet been silenced, though the embrazures and angles of the work are much damaged. The heavy frigate which has been "dodging" our batteries so cleverly gave us a taste of her quality in the right attack again to-day. She escaped from the position in which she lay before, where we had laid two 24-pounders for her, and came out again to-day in a great passion, firing regular broadsides at

our battery and sweeping the hill up to it completely. Occasionally she varied this amusement with a round or two from 13-inch mortars. These shells have done our works and guns much damage; but the sailors, who are principally treated to these agreeable missiles, have got quite accustomed to them. "Bill," cries one fellow to another, "look out, here comes 'Whistling Dick!'" The 13-inch shell has been thus baptized by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air. They all look up, and their keen, quick eyes discern the globe of iron as it describes its curve aloft. Long ere "Whistling Dick" has reached the ground, the blue jackets are snug in their various hiding-places; but all the power of man cannot keep them from peeping out now and then to see if the fusee is still burning. One of them the other day approached a shell which he thought had "gone out;" it burst just as he got close to it, and the concussion dashed him to the ground. He got up, and in his rage, shaking his fist at the spot where the shell had been, he exclaimed, "You —— deceitful beggar, there's a trick to play me!" Our losses continue to be remarkably slight.

Five p.m.—I have just heard that Major Powell, of the 49th, a most active and intelligent officer, has been killed in the trenches. Captain Maxwell, 50th Regiment, M.P., had a miraculous escape lately. He was in a trench behind an embrasure, and happened to stoop for a moment. As he did so a 32 lb. shot came in through the embrasure, knocked off his cap, and carried away a piece of skin from the top of his head about the size of a crownpiece.

The arrival of "The Times," with the copy of Lord Raglan's despatches relating to the Battle of the Alma, has produced more emotion and excitement here than can be imagined by those who do not understand that a soldier's very existence is the praise of his commander. It is admitted on all hands that the simple and nervous language of his lordship has done full justice to the bravery of our men and to the undaunted resolution with which they overcame those difficulties of position he so well describes; but it is not to be expected that even the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief can escape the jealous eye of men who are morbidly sensitive lest they should suffer the loss of the smallest particle of the honours they have so hardly won.

Not even the general who directs the operations can describe a battle. It is proverbially impossible to do so. Who can hope to satisfy every officer engaged, when each colonel in the smoke and tumult and excitement of the conflict sees only what is done by his own men, and scarcely knows even where the next regiment is? He beholds but the enemy before him and that small portion of his regiment which may be close to him at the time.

On looking at my own account of the battle of the Alma, which was written literally on the field—part of it while exposed to a broiling sun, the morning after the action, on the grass, in the open air (for tents were rare coverings then, and all that were on the heights were crowded)—part while exposed to an incessant fire of small-talk in a tent full of excited and garrulous officers, I find I have made mistakes which I confess without a blush, and which, I trust, are excusable under the circumstances in which I was placed,

especially when it is considered that the undertaking, under the most favourable conditions, is not an easy one. For instance, Lord Raglan and staff did not cross the stream by the bridge. It had been destroyed by the enemy, and was impassable till repaired by the exertions of Captain Montagu and his Sappers. Nor did the Highlanders "take" the battery which dealt such destruction upon us. As I saw their advance, their bonnets mingled with the bearskins of the Russians, they *appeared* to have got into the Guards' battery, but the fact is, their line was considerably to the left of the line of the Guards, and the left of the Guards extended beyond the front of the battery, so as to turn its right flank. The march of the Highlanders took place up the other slope of the hill, and it was their firm appearance, together with the tremendous volleys the three regiments poured into the Russian infantry on their flank, which produced such an effect on the Russians. The Highlanders, as will be seen by the returns, were exposed to very little fire; scarcely any of the enemy's guns bore upon them, and their advance was too rapid to allow the Russians "to take their measure" for practice.

There is no doubt the Light Division, the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, and 19th first carried the battery opposed to them. A man of the 7th rushed in and bayoneted two men inside the earthworks, when the regiment was obliged to re-form. Colonel Yea made him a sergeant on the spot. A man of the 33rd chalked the number of his regiment on one of the guns which was subsequently taken by the Grenadier Guards, and I understand the gun has been given up to the former regiment. Men of the 7th, 33rd, 23rd, and 55th were all inside the battery at one time or other ere the Russians were finally broken. Major-General Codrington, who led his brigade of the Light Division in a manner beyond all praise, was twice within the earthwork of the battery. *Ergo*, he must at one time have been driven back along with his men. Indeed, I saw the Russians coming out of the battery and actually charging the Light Division, which was broken up into clumps of men firing independently on the enemy, and huddled together round their officers; but they never crossed bayonets, except in one or two instances, when some of them closed with the 55th, and they all dearly repented their temerity. At one time an order was actually given to halt or to fall back and re-form. I am assured Colonel Yea declared he would not go back an inch, and that he remained with a portion of his regiment (the 7th) firing away till the supports came up. It was not the Scots Fusileers—it was the Grenadier Guards who first got into the battery or redoubt; the Scots Fusileers were broken and disordered by the tremendous fire to which they were exposed, and by the men of the Light Division, who were retiring to re-form, and who passed through the files of the regiment. It was while they were in this state so many of their officers were marked out and wounded by the enemy. Lieutenant Nixon and three men of the Rifle Brigade went skirmishing up the hill in front of the Coldstream Guards. The Riflemen were all dispersed in little groups, and advanced, led by their officers, along the front of all our line, so that they were often exposed to two fires. The 30th, 55th, and 95th did their duty equally well;

no officers or men ever behaved better, and it was perhaps erroneous to have said that the 19th, that Brigadier-General Codrington's brigade of the Light Division, or that Brigadier-General Pennefather's brigade of the Second Division ever "retired," as it is asserted that there were some men of the regiments forming these brigades who never receded a step. They certainly *never turned their backs* on the enemy—not one of them faced about. If they were driven by an overwhelming fire to draw back to re-form, they drew back with their front to the foe, and never ceased their fire. I have said so much on this point because I find some most excellent soldiers and estimable men have rather taken it to heart that I should have stated their regiments were driven back; nor are they even contented with Lord Raglan's statement that the first brigade of the Light Division, having carried a redoubt, was "obliged partially to relinquish its hold."

The French this morning nearly completed their new work, which is opposite the Flagstaff battery, whence it runs towards the centre of the town at the distance of 400 metres. The cold is very severe to-night. Diarrhœa is prevalent among the men. It is calculated that about 100 men *every day* are invalided and sent to hospital.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Accident to Sir De Lacy Evans—"*No* bono Johnnies"—The besiegers besieged—An "alert" without consequence—The French batteries open fire—Writing under difficulties—Severity of the weather—Escape of a Russian spy—Formidable aspect of the batteries around Sebastopol—The Turkish works—Strong Russian position.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October* 30.

SIR DE LACEY EVANS met with an accident yesterday which will compel him to resign the command he has so ably held to Brigadier-General Pennefather for a few days. His horse fell with him as he was going at a sharp trot; and, as the General had been suffering from diarrhœa for some days before, the shock so weakened him that he has been obliged to go down to Balaklava and get on board the "Simoom." The whole army hope that his illness will be of short duration, and that he will soon be with them once more.

The Turks, or, as they are now universally called, the "Bono Johnnies," except by the sailors, who call them "*No* bono Johnnies," have been employed for the last few nights in working in the trenches, and have done good service. The first night they set to work in Captain Chapman's attack, they worked on manfully till ten o'clock at night, when a Russian shell came over them. They at once shouted out, "We shall be killed!" and ran off as fast as they could, carrying off a portion of our working and covering parties with them. However, they were at last re-formed and brought back, and then they worked on till eleven o'clock, when they declared that it was "the will of Heaven they should labour no more that night," and, as they had really exerted themselves, it was considered advisable to let them go. They remained quietly in the trenches, and ever since they have been labouring regularly, repairing damages and casting up earthworks, which they do

exceedingly well. The poor creatures are decimated by dysentery, fevers—the typhus particularly—and by diarrhœa, and die in swarms. They have no medical officers, and our surgeons are not sufficient in numbers for the wants of our army. Nothing can exceed their kindness to their own sick. It is common to see strings of them on the road to Balaklava carrying sick and dying men on their backs down to the miserable shed which serves them as a hospital, or rather as a "dead-house."

The French were to have opened their new batteries to-day, but the nature of the ground has delayed them, coupled with the determined fire of the Russians all over the approaches to their ranks.

A deserter from the Russian cavalry at Balaklava-valley came in to-day. He says he was two days hiding among the brushwood of the hills ere he could make his escape. The Russians are without tents or cover; their fare is scanty and miserable, and their sufferings are very great. We learn that it is Prince Gortschakoff who commands in the valley. The siege went on to-day as it has gone on for the last two or three days. The Russians in our rear are fortifying their position. Thus it appears that we are rapidly becoming "invested" by the Russians. In fact, they are besieging us just as much as we are besieging them. They have the north and the north-east side of Sebastopol open to them, as we the sea from Balaklava and Cherson open to us. They have put heavy guns on the redoubts and on the hills over their cavalry lines; we in turn are making a number of "*trous-de-loup*" and pitfalls all along the approaches to Balaklava, so as to prevent any rapid dash of their cavalry. *Trous-de-loup* are merely deep holes, in which men can lie and scramble in and out, but which are too broad and deep for a mounted man to cross. Captain Powell, of the "Vesuvius," and his bluejackets and Marines are busy throwing up a redoubt on the right-hand side of the road. They are all under canvas.

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As to our progress before Sebastopol itself, it is evident that our shell practice is not as good as it is at Woolwich; and a rocket is certainly one of the most eccentric missiles ever invented. Even if we landed every shell and rocket in the exact spot aimed at, I doubt if we would have much on which to congratulate ourselves, because the town seems asbestos-like, and utterly incombustible. With our glasses we can see that the doors and window-frames of most of the houses have been removed; and it is not improbable that the wooden floors, and other parts of the buildings which could have been set on fire, have been taken away also. They sung *Te Deum* on the night of the 25th for "their victory," and the troops were so excited that they demanded to be led against us the following morning. The 2nd Division soon satisfied them in full. Forty non-commissioned officers and privates were busy on the 27th and 28th burying the Russian dead. They buried more than 150 bodies—more than that number lay within the Russian lines. We made nearly 100 prisoners.

The commissariat officers have issued several rewards of 5*l.* to private soldiers for "distinguished bravery in the field." One was paid yesterday to Patrick Macgrath, of the 33rd Regiment, who when captured by two Russians, as mentioned in a former letter of

mine, seized a firelock from one, shot him, and with the butt dashed out the brains of the other, and thus made his escape.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October* 31.

There was an "alert" last night, which roused our head-quarters and the French troops all along the rear of our line over the valley of Balaklava. About twelve o'clock, a heavy firing of musketry and reports of cannon in the direction of the lines were heard in the camp. The rolling of drums and the quick blast of the French bugles followed. In spite of the cold and of the piercing wind the servants were turned out of their tents to saddle the horses, and most of the staff officers were speedily galloping to the heights over Balaklava. It was known that General Bosquet had planned a surprise for the Russians, and it was supposed to be coming off; but when we reached the lines it was found that the Russians in the valley were having a little diversion all to themselves. There was a fine cold moon shining, lighting up the ridges of the hills, and playing on the bayonets of the French columns, which were drawn up rigidly on the heights—Zouaves and Chasseurs de Vincennes. All in the valley beneath was as black as pitch, save that a continuous sparkling light blazed fitfully along the front of three masses of Russian infantry. The faces of the men were even visible now and then. The effect resembled that of a gas illumination almost extinguished by the wind playing along the lines of the piping. The Russians were firing resolutely at an imaginary enemy in front, and the "pinging" of their balls below showed the direction of their fire. After blazing away for an hour or so they got tired, and all was silent, and the officers returned home to head-quarters in wonderment at the cause of such a waste of ammunition. No one knows it yet, and some say the Russians fired into each other. We make very little way to-day. It is understood orders have been issued to our gunners to reply only to the fire from the Russian batteries.

November 1.

The French batteries opened this morning at last. For an hour they fired with great vivacity and with considerable effect; but after that period the gunners were so satisfied with their progress that they did not work so energetically as when they began. One battery of the Russians, which enfiladed them on the right, was plied with much energy, but the remainder of their works, with the exception of the battery near the Flagstaff Fort, were silent. The Russians have about 240 guns in their new works, reckoning those which are still available in those which have been subject to our fire. The French have sixty-four guns in position, most of them light brass twenty-fours; they have also thirty-twos and forty-eights, and some heavy ships' guns of eighty-four pounds, but these last have not yet been mounted. The Round Tower Work is nearly silent to-day. To look at the French from the advanced posts one would imagine their sharpshooters were actually in the town; they may be seen like patches of moss on the rocks, and the eye could scarcely detect them but for the incessant puffs of smoke. A constant "pop! pop!" goes on all along our front

from morning to night between the intervals of the heavier fire of cannon.

The weather last night was most severe—bitter cold, and a high wind, which cut one to the very bones. Does any one at home know the misery of trying to write in a windy tent, with the thermometer at 36°, and a tallow candle, with the dust flying in clouds and the canvas flapping about like the sails of a ship, no fire, and no chance of one? If so, he at least will excuse a little gloominess in the tone of one's correspondence under such circumstances. The Russians opened a most tremendous fire to-night, for a very short time, from every gun they could fire, and then ceased altogether. Only for the howling of the wind and the lively music of the French we should be gloomy indeed; but anything is better in a camp than utter silence. Our men are quite delighted with the French bands.

November 2.

At four this morning we were awakened by a cannonade, which shook the very earth on which we lay. The Russians have received some information respecting the change and relief of the various covering and working parties, and the result is, that they try their utmost, by flights of cannon shot and shell, to cut up the men and wagons as they go to and fro between the camp and trenches. We did not reply, and the French contented themselves with a few rounds. We hear the "distressing intelligence" that 3000 workmen are building huts at Constantinople for the army to winter in, and that they are also fabricating sheds for horses. A "winter" here is a truly dismal prospect. All that has been written about the beauty of this district and of its fertility is utter rubbish. There are magnificent mountain ranges over Balaklava, but the country between that town and Sebastopol is a waste, covered with thistles and stones, and intersected by rocky ravines, once full of stumpy brushwood, now full of stumps only.

The weather has been so severe that, for nearly two days, the French could not communicate with their ships. What would it be with us, who are fed from hand to mouth from Balaklava, if it were taken from us? The "Emeu," which came in yesterday, landed 700 French infantry, of the 3rd Regiment of Foot, to-day, from Constantinople. There is a great demand for winter clothing just now. The sales of the deceased officers' effects are scenes of warm competition for old rugs, greatcoats, cloaks, and horse clothing. A tattered rug fetches 45*s.* or 50*s.*, a pot of meat 15*s.*, an india-rubber tub 5*l.*, a sponge 1*l.* 5*s.*, a half-worn-out old curry-comb and brush may be seen handed over, after a warm contest, for 20*s.* Officers perhaps do not know what to do with their money.

November 3.

Yesterday the Russians before Balaklava fired their heavy guns at the Highlanders' camp, but their shot fell 600 yards short.

There was a slight skirmish of outposts on the preceding evening. To-day the French opened their heavy guns, and they certainly are at this moment making tremendous havoc with the buildings of the place. We are landing a little patent fuel, coal, and blankets to-day. Our guns are getting very much shaken.

Sickness clings to us, and the French and Turks suffer also. The

miserable Bono Johnnies are lying in the streets of Balaklava, and staggering about along the lanes, holding on by the sides of the houses. Dr. Tice, in medical charge here, applied this morning to Captain Dacres, R.N., for a ship for the sick ordered down from the camp this morning, but Captain Dacres refused to send one in. I must say that the "authorities" generally treat the medical officers with cool disrespect and indifference.

A strange incident is said to have taken place to-day in our lines, which, if true, shows the astuteness of the enemy, and the want of presence of mind on the part of some of our officers. A man in the uniform of a French officer sauntered coolly through our lines to-day, was civil and polite to all he met, entered into conversation with those who were walking about, smoked, and chatted, and laughed, and at last got into a sort of discussion respecting the strength and weakness of our position in the rear towards Balaklava. Nothing doubting, our officers expressed their opinions freely, pointing out our weak points, and spoke plainly of the difficulties of our position. At length an officer of the 79th, who had a more practised ear than his comrades, was struck by the strange accent and curious idiom of the *soi-disant* Frenchman, which in any one but a Frenchman would have excited no suspicion; but still he was afraid of making a mistake, and had no device ready at hand to test the truth. However, he sent off to Sir Colin Campbell to say he suspected there was a Russian spy among them. The supposed Frenchman was not to be caught so easily. His quick eye detected the despatch of the messenger, and so he gradually drew off from our lines towards the valley, but in a manner so natural as to perplex those to whom the officer had communicated his misgivings, and when he had gained a good offing he quickened his pace into a run, and got right away into the Russian lines, leaving his late comrades gazing open-mouthed after him!. It argued no common coolness and audacity to undertake such a mission, for had the gentleman in question been captured, he would assuredly have been hanged as a spy. The French executed speedy justice the other day on a spy, whom they found disguised as a Tartar arabjee within their lines, and shot him as soon as they had found out all they could from him. But these Russians are very *rusés*. The sentinel before the house of the Provost-Marshal in Balaklava was astonished to see a horse, with a sack of corn on its back, deliberately walking past him in the moonlight the other night. He went over to seize the animal, when the sack of corn suddenly became changed into a full-grown Cossack, who drove the spurs into his steed, and had vanished ere the sentry had recovered his speech.

The earthworks around the town now assume a formidable aspect. The ditches and parapets run across the plains in every direction accessible to the enemy, and join the hills and mounds to each other, so as to afford lines of defence and cover. On the right of the approach are the Highlanders, in three camps, placed close to the town, with a sailors' battery of two heavy guns above them. Higher up, on a very elevated hill-side, the Marines and Riflemen are encamped. There are four batteries bearing on this approach. The battery on the extreme right, on the road leading over the

hills from Yalta, contains two 32-pounder howitzers; the second battery on the right, facing the valley, contains six guns, 12, 24, and 32-pounders; the third, facing the valley also, contains five guns; and the fourth battery, nearest Balaklava, contains eight brass howitzers, four 12, two 32, and two 24-pounders. The left approach is commanded by the heights held by the French infantry over the valley, and by the Turkish works in front. There is also a formidable redoubt, under the command of Captain Powell, R.N., overlooking this approach, containing two heavy ship's guns and a large brass howitzer, and it is hoped that we shall be able to get up two 68-pound guns on a ridge above it. The Turks have cut up the ground in all ways, so that it almost resembles a chess-board when viewed from one of the hills. They have constructed ditches over valleys which lead nowhere, and have fortified passes conducting to abstruse little *culs-de-sac* in the hill sides, but no doubt if they are attacked they will defend themselves more vigorously than they did in the redoubts on the plain. It is only an act of justice to those soldiers who deserted their post on the 25th to say, that they were left unsupported in isolated redoubts while exposed to the attack of an enemy in force, which as it advanced displayed column after column of cavalry and infantry to the eyes of the Osmanli. They were commanded by a fat and nervous officer, whose appearance was utterly inconsistent with the speed and agility he displayed in retreat, and they really did offer some resistance to the Russians at the first redoubt. Afterwards they felt it was "Kismet," and that they ought to perform their duty in accordance with the decree which had fated them to exercise their legs in getting over the ground as rapidly as possible. There are, however, some incidents connected with their retreat which cannot be justified, even according to the most liberal construction of their doctrine of predestination. The line of their flight lay in the direction of our cavalry camp, and while our dragoons checked the advance of their pursuers some of the Turks went into the tents and pillaged them. This disgraceful act has excited much indignation. They also fled when supported by the Highlanders, though the cavalry were not within 800 yards of them at the time.

As I returned from Balaklava this evening I could see the Russians busily engaged in "hutting" themselves for the winter on one of the redoubts. Their advanced posts were just lighting bivouac fires for the night. A solitary horseman, with the last rays of sunset glittering on his brass helmet, was perched on the only redoubt in our possession, watching the motions of the enemy Two Cossacks on similar duty were leaning on their lances, while their horses browsed the scanty herbage on the second redoubt, at the distance of about 500 yards from our dragoon sentry. Two hundred yards in their rear were two Cossack picquets of twenty or thirty men each. A stronger body was stationed in loose order some four or five hundred yards further back. Six *pelotons* of cavalry came next, with field batteries in the intervals. Behind each *peloton* were six strong columns of cavalry in reserve, and behind the intervals six battalions of grey-coated Russian infantry lay on their arms. They maintain this attitude day and night, it is said, and occasionally they give us an alert by pushing up the valley. On

looking more closely into their position through the glass, it could be seen that they had fortified the high table-land on their right with an earthwork of quadrilateral form, in which I counted sixteen guns. It was the cross-fire from the field-guns which had been brought up into this very position which did us such damage in the disastrous affair of the 25th of October. In their rear is the gorge of the Black River, closed up by towering rocks and barren mountain precipices. On their left there is a succession of rising ground, consisting of the slabs (so to speak) of table-land, each higher than the other, and at length attaining an elevation of 1200 feet. The little village of Kamara, perched on the side of one of these slabs, commands a view of our position, and is no doubt the head-quarters of the Russian army in the valley. The Russian troops are stationed all along these heights, and they have even pushed their lines to the sea on the very high-peaked mountain chain to the south of our marine camp. As their army in the valley is connected with their army in Sebastopol by the valley and by the Inkermann road, it may be considered that they have drawn a *cordon militaire* around our position on the land side, and that we are besieged in our camp, having, however, our excellent friend, the sea, open on the west.

Nov. 4.

There was not much done to-day in the trenches. The Russians fired about sixty guns per hour, and we replied as usual. The French burrowed and turned up the earth most vigorously. Their third parallel is within 250 metres of the place. Our casualties were very few last night, and to-day we have not had one man of the siege train disabled. Our ammunition has come to hand, but we have none to throw away. A number of 10-inch round shot were landed yesterday, but, unfortunately, we have no 10-inch guns for them, except the Lancasters, for which they are scarcely suitable. Two guns have been added to the batteries of the right attack. They now contain twenty-three pieces of artillery. Whenever I look at the enemy's earthworks, however, I think of the Woolwich butt. What good have we done by all this powder? Very little. A few guns judiciously placed when we first came here might have saved us incredible toil and labour, because they would have rendered it all but impossible for the Russians to cast up such intrenchments and works as they have done before the open and perfectly unprotected entrance to Sebastopol. Here has been our great and our irremediable error.

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THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Stealthy advance of the Russians through the fog—Insecurity of our position Neglect of the necessary defences—The enemy attacks our undefended right flank—An alarm in the camps—The unseen enemy—Courage of the British troops—Obstinate and deadly struggle—Hand to hand conflicts—Destructive cannonade of the enemy—Sir George Cathcart killed—Sir George Brown wounded—Gallantry of the Guards—The French advance, and turn the enemy's flank—General Strangways killed—The last terrific charge of the Russians up the heights—Superiority of the Minié rifle—The enemy beaten back with prodigious slaughter.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 5.

IT had rained almost incessantly the night before, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers which had fallen for the previous four-and-twenty hours. The fog and vapours of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke, that one could scarcely see two yards before him. At four o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air, but the occurrence has been so usual, that it excited no particular attention. During the night, however, a sharp-eared sergeant on an outlying picket of the Light Division heard the sound of wheels in the valley below, as though they were approaching the position up the hill. He reported the circumstance to Major Bunbury, but it was supposed that the sound arose from ammunition carts or arabas going into Sebastopol by the Inkermann road. No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the Valley of Inkermann, on the undefended flank of the Second Division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley lead up to the crest and summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, intrenchments, abattis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up of sandbags and gabions and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkermann, on the east, but no guns were mounted there, for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a po-

enemy by the road through the brushwood from the valley. The other brigade (Brigadier-General Pennefather's own), consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, was led to operate on their flank. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot from guns which the enemy had posted on the high grounds in advance of our right, and it was soon found that the Russians had brought up at least forty pieces of heavy artillery to bear upon us. Meantime the alarm had spread through the camps. Sir George Cathcart with the greatest promptitude turned out as many of his Division as were not employed in the trenches, and led the portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th Regiments which were available against the enemy, directing them to the left of the ground occupied by the columns of the Second Division. It was intended that one brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, should move in support of the brigade under Brigadier-General Goldie; but it was soon found that the enemy were in such strength that the whole force of the Division, which consisted of only 2200 men, must be vigorously used to repel them. Sir George Brown had rushed up to the front with his brave fellows of the Light Division—the remnants of the 7th Fusileers, of the 19th Regiment, of the 23rd Regiment, of the 33rd Regiment, and the 77th and the 88th Regiments, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the Second Division, they were at once brought under fire by an unseen enemy. The gloomy character of the morning was unchanged. Showers of rain fell through the fogs, and turned the ground into a clammy soil, like a freshly-ploughed field, and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearings of the ground ere they placed their guns, fired at random indeed, but with too much effect on our advancing columns. While all the army was thus in motion, the Duke of Cambridge was not behindhand in bringing up the Guards under Brigadier Bentinck—all of his Division now left with him, as the Highlanders are under Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. These splendid troops with the greatest rapidity and ardour rushed to the front on the right of the Second Division, and gained the summit of the hills, towards which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order of which the nature of the ground would admit. The Third Division, under Sir R. England, was also got under arms as a reserve, and one portion of it, comprising the 50th, part of the 28th and of the 4th Regiments, were engaged with the enemy ere the fight was over.

And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him, but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and deter-

mination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day, for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below. It was six o'clock when all the Head-Quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was soon informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Strangways, R.A., and several aids-de-camp. As they approached the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket told that the engagement was at its height. The shells of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the Second Division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain D'Aguilar to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and heavy loss of our own men. Our Generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, nor where they were coming to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded by an enemy whose

them, drove away or bayonetted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking some of the guns. Their columns gained the hill, and for a few moments the fate of the day trembled in the balance; but Adams's Brigade, Pennefather's Brigade, and the Light Division made another desperate charge, while Dickson's guns swept their columns, and the Guards, with undiminished valour and steadiness, though with a sadly decreased front, pushed on again to meet their bitter enemies. The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns were deafening, and the Russians as they charged up the heights yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the Minié is the king of weapons—Inkermann proved it. The egiments of the Fourth Division and the Marines, armed with the old and much-belauded Brown Bess, could do nothing with their thin line of fire against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry, but the volleys of the Minié cleft them like the hand of the Destroying Angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them. About ten o'clock a body of French infantry appeared on our right, a joyful sight to our struggling regiments.

The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. The French artillery had already begun to play with deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians. Three battalions of the Chasseurs d'Orleans (I believe they had No. 6 on their buttons) rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of Chasseurs Indigènes—the Arab Sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded above the din of battle, and when we watched their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy we knew the day was won. Assailed in front by our men—broken in several places by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again—attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the line, the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. Long ere they fled the Chasseurs d'Afrique charged them most brilliantly over the ground difficult and broken as it was, and inflicted great loss on them, while the effect of this rapid attack, aided by the advance of our troops, secured our guns, which were only spiked with wood, and were soon rendered fit for service. Our own cavalry, the remnant of the Light Brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service, but they were too few to attempt anything, and while they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Clevland, was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and has since expired. There are now only two officers left with the fragment of the 17th Lancers—Captain Godfrey Morgan and Cornet George Wombwell. At twelve o'clock the battle of Inkermann seemed to have been won, but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously so as to enable us to see the enemy and meet him, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we had formed in front of our lines and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested,

when the enemy, taking advantage of our quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward and opened a tremendous fire upon us.

General Canrobert, who never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most ably seconded by General Bosquet, whose devotion was noble. Nearly all his mounted escort were down beside and behind him. General Canrobert was slightly wounded. His immediate attendants suffered severely. The renewed assault was so admirably repulsed that the Russians sullenly retired, still protected by their crushing artillery.

The Russians, about ten, made a sortie on the French lines, and traversed two parallels before they could be resisted. They were driven back at last with great loss, and as they retired they blew up some mines inside the Flagstaff Fort, evidently afraid that the French would enter pell-mell after them.

At one o'clock the Russians were again retiring. At forty minutes past one Dickson's two guns smashed their artillery, and they limbered up, leaving five tumbrels and one gun-carriage on the field.

Nov. 6.

Two hundred Russian prisoners were brought in last night to head-quarters camp. They were badly wounded many of them, and several died during the night.

Nov. 7.

A council of war was held to-day, at the close of which the Duke of Cambridge left for Balaklava and went on board the "Caradoc."

The 46th Regiment have arrived here, also 1700 Turks from Volo, and 2800 French. The Russians fired on our burying parties.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Picture of the battle-field—Heart-sickening scenes—Ferocity of the Russians—Burying the dead—The Russians fire upon the burying parties—Further particulars of the battle—Danger of the Duke of Cambridge—Gallant exploit of Surgeon Wilson.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov. 7.*

I WENT carefully over the position to-day, and the more I examined it, the more I was amazed at the noble tenacity of our men when assailed by such vast masses of infantry; though I must give great credit to the Russians for the obstinacy with which they sought to drive us back, and the laborious determination with which they clambered up the hill-side to attack us. The tents of the Second Division are pitched on the verge of the plateau which we occupy, and from the right flank of the camp the ground rises gently for two or three hundred yards to a ridge covered with scrubby brushwood, so thick that it is sometimes difficult to force a horse through it. These bushes grow in tufts, and are about four feet high. On gaining the ridge you see below you the valley of the Tchernaya, a green tranquil slip of meadow, with a few white houses dotting

it at intervals, some farm enclosures, and tufts of green trees. From the ridge the hill-side descends rapidly in a slope of at least 600 feet high. The brushwood is very thick upon it, and at times it is almost impervious. At the base of this slope the road winds to Inkermann, and thence to Sebastopol. The sluggish stream steals quietly through it towards the head of the harbour, which is shut out from view by the projections of the ridge towards the north. At the distance of a quarter of a mile across the valley, the sides of the mountains opposite to the ridge of the plateau on which our camp stands rise abruptly in sheer walls of rock, slab after slab, to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet. A road winds among those massive precipices up to the ruins of Inkermann—a city of the dead and gone and unknown—where houses, and pillared mansions, and temples, have been hewn out of the face of the solid rock by a generation whose very name the most daring antiquaries have not guessed at. This road passes along the heights, and dips into the valley of Inkermann, at the neck of the harbour. The Russians planted guns along it the other day, to cover the retreat of their troops, and at night the lights of their fires are seen glimmering through the window and door places from the chambers carved out from the sides of the precipice. Looking down from the ridge, these ruins are, of course, to one's left hand. To the right the eye follows the sweep of the valley till it is closed in from view by the walls of the ridge, and by the mountains which hem in the valley of Balaklava, and one can just catch, on the side of the ridge, the corner of the nearest French earthwork, thrown up to defend our rear, and cover the position towards Balaklava. Below, towards the right of the ridge, at the distance of 200 feet from the top towards the valley, is the Sandbag, or two-gun battery, intended for two guns, which had not been placed there on the 5th, because Sir De Lacy Evans conceived that they would only invite attack, and would certainly be taken, unconnected as they would have been with any line of defence. On the left hand, overlooking this battery, there is a road from Balaklava right across our camp through the Second Division's tents on their front, which runs over the ridge and joins the upper road to Inkermann. Some of the Russian columns had climbed up by the ground along this road; others had ascended on the left, in front and to the right of the Sandbag Battery. In every bush—on every yard of blood-stained ground—lay a dead or dying Russian. The well-known bearskins of our Guards, the red coats of our Infantry, and the bright blue of the French Chasseurs, revealing each a silent horror in the glades, and marking the spot where stark and stiff a corpse lay contorted on the grass, pointed out the scenes of the bloodiest contests. The dead were happy—the dull, cold eye, the tranquil brow, the gently opening lips, which had given escape to the parting spirit as it fled from its bleeding shell, showed how peacefully a man may die in battle, pierced by the rifle ball. The British and the French, many of whom had been murdered by the Russians as they lay wounded, wore terrible frowns on their faces, with which the agonies of death had clad them. Some in their last throes had torn up the earth in their hands, and held the grass between their fingers up towards heaven. All the men who exhi-

bited such signs of pain had been bayonetted; the dead men who lay with an eternal smile on their lips had been shot. But the wounded—for two days they had lain where the hand and the ball had felled them. There were very few, it is true, but all our searching had not discovered the secrets of that blood-stained hillside, and it was towards noon to-day ere the last of our soldiers had been found in his lair and carried to the hospital. But the Russians, groaning and palpitating as they lay around, were far more numerous. Some of these were placed together in heaps, that they might be the more readily removed. Others glared on you from the bushes with the ferocity of wild beasts, as they hugged their wounds. Some implored, in an unknown tongue, but in accents not to be mistaken, water, or succour; holding out their mutilated and shattered limbs, or pointing to the track of the lacerating ball. The sullen, angry scowl of some of these men was fearful. Fanaticism and immortal hate spake through their angry eyeballs, and he who gazed on them with pity and compassion could at last (unwillingly) understand how these men would in their savage passion kill the wounded, and fire on the conqueror who, in his generous humanity, had aided them as he passed. It was a relief to see that their arms were broken—that their cartridges were lying opened in heaps on the ground. Litter-bearers, French and English, dotted the hillside, now toiling painfully up with a heavy burden for the grave, or with some subject for the doctor's care; now hunting through the bushes for the dead or dying. Our men have acquired a shocking facility in their diagnosis. A body is before you; there is a shout, "Come here, boys, I see a Russian!" (or "a Frenchman," or "one of our fellows!") One of the party comes forward, raises the eyelid if it be closed, peers into the eye, shrugs his shoulders, says quietly, "He's dead, he'll wait," and moves back to the litter; others pull the feet, and arrive at equally correct conclusions by that process. The dead are generally stripped of all but their coats. The camp followers and blackguards from Balaklava, and seamen from the ships anxious for trophies, carry off all they can take from the field. At particular spots you see a party of men busy at work. Groups of them are digging away all along the hillside, at the distance of forty or fifty yards apart. Go over, and you find them around a yawning trench, thirty feet in length by twenty feet in breadth, and six feet in depth, at the bottom of which, in every conceivable attitude, lie packed together with exceeding art some thirty or forty corpses. The gravediggers stand chatting on the mounds by the sides, waiting for the arrival of some bearers to complete the number of the dead. They speculate on the appearance of the body which is being borne towards them. "It's Corporal ——, of the —th, I think," says one. "No! it's my rear rank man, I can see his red hair plain enough," and so on. They discuss the merits or demerits of dead sergeants or comrades. "Well, he was a hard man: many's the time I was balled through him, but it's all over now!" or "Poor Mick! he had fifteen years' service—a better fellow never stepped." This scene is going on all about the hillside. Frenchmen, with litters, are also busy looking out for their dead and wounded, and in sharing the sad labours of the day. At last the number in the

trench is completed. The bodies lie as closely as they can be packed. Some of them have upraised arms, in the attitude of taking aim; their legs stick up through the mould as it is thrown upon them; others are bent and twisted into shapes like fantoccini. Inch after inch the earth rises upon them, and they are left "alone in their glory." No, not alone; for the hopes, and fears, and affections of hundreds of human hearts lie buried with them!

For about one mile and a half in length by half a mile in depth, the hillside offers such sights as these. Upwards of 2000 Russians have been buried by these men; few remain above ground now.

As I was standing in the Sandbag Battery a short time ago, talking to some officers of the Guards, who were describing their terrible losses, Colonel Cunynghame and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilbraham, of the quartermaster-general's staff, rode up towards the spot to superintend the operations. The instant their cocked hats were seen above the ridge, a burst of smoke arose out of the valley from the head of the harbour, and bizz! whish! bizz! came a shell right over us, and crashed into the hillside, where our men were actually engaged in burying the Russian dead! Such atrocity needs no comment, and officers and men were alike indignant at it. Colonel Cunynghame told me he understood that Lord Raglan had actually sent in a flag of truce that very morning to the Russian generals to inform them that the parties on the hillside were burying the dead. As he was speaking, a second shell was directed at us, and fell again to the right; but it was quite evident that the society of two officers in cocked hats and on horseback was not the safest in the world at that particular moment, and we all three retired. One thing is quite clear—that if such acts as these are approved by the Russian authorities, it will be impossible to treat their men as civilized beings, and the contest will assume the worst characteristics of barbarian warfare.

The remainder of the 46th Regiment landed yesterday, and marched in good spirits to the camp, with their band playing.

Nov. 8.

In my despatch forwarded to-day from Balaklava, I attempted to connect the interval which had elapsed since the last post day, Nov. 3, with the present date; but the great battle and victory of Inkermann rose up grimly in the middle of my notes, and engrossed all my time, and would have consumed far more if I had had it to spare, for I could have devoted many hours more to the description of the fight, and to the incidents which marked that memorable 5th of November.

The battle was at its height about eight o'clock, and by that time the Russians had partially established themselves on the heights on our right.

The French were drawn up in three bodies of about 2000 men each on the ridge of the hills over Balaklava, watching the movements of the Russian cavalry in the plain below. As I came up the enemy were visible, drawn out in six divisions, with the artillery and infantry ready to act, and horses saddled and bridled. It was evident they were waiting for the signal to dash up the hills in our rear, and sabre our flying regiments. They had a long time

to wait! The French lines below us were lined by Zouaves; the gunners in the redoubts, with matches lighted, were prepared to send their iron messengers through the ranks of the horse the moment they came within range. Behind the French 5000 "Bono Johnnies" were drawn up in columns as a reserve, and several Turkish regiments were also stationed under the heights on the right, in a position to act in support, should their services be required. Already the French were on their march from the sea to our assistance, and the black lines of their regiments streaked the grey plain as they marched double-quick towards the scene of action. The Chasseurs d'Afrique on their grey Arabs swept about the slopes of the hill to watch an opportunity for a dash. Our own cavalry were drawn up by their encampments, the Heavy Brigade on the left, the Light Brigade in the centre of our position. The latter were out of fire for some time, but an advance to the right exposed them to shot and shell. Mr. Clevland received a mortal wound, and several men and horses were injured later in the day. The Heavy Cavalry were employed in protecting our left and rear. At nine, the French streamed over the brow of the hill on our right —Chasseurs d'Orleans, Tirailleurs, Indigènes, Zouaves, Infantry of the Line, and Artillery—and at once rushed over the brow and fell on the flank of the Russian column. On visiting the spot it was curious to observe how men of all arms—English, French, and Russians—lay together, showing that the same ground must have been occupied several times by different bodies of troops. The French were speedily engaged, for the Russians had plenty of men for all comers. Their reserves in the valley and along the road to Sebastopol received the shattered columns which were driven down the hill, allowed them to re-form and attack again, or furnished fresh regiments to assault the allies again and again. This reserve seems to have consisted of three large bodies—probably of 5000 men each. The attacking force could not have been less than 20,000 men, and I make a very low estimate indeed of the strength of the Russians to-day when I place it at from 45,000 to 50,000 men of all arms. Some say there were from 55,000 to 60,000 men engaged on the side of the enemy; but I think that number excessive, and there certainly was not ground enough for them to show front upon. Captain Burnett states that he saw fresh bodies of Russians marching up to the attack on three successive occasions, and that their artillery was relieved no less than four times. The Minié rifle did our work, and Lord Hardinge is entitled to the best thanks of the country for his perseverance in arming this expedition as far as he could with every rifle that could be got, notwithstanding the dislike with which the weapon was received by many experienced soldiers.

The column of attack on the Russian right, which came up on our position at the nearest point to Sebastopol, was mainly resisted by the Fourth Division and Marines. The Russian centre was principally resisted by the Second Division and the Light Division; and some of the Third Division and the Brigade of Guards were opposed to the third or left attacking column of the Russians, which forced its way up the hill towards the Sandbag Battery, at the furthest point from Inkermann. The Fourth Division had in a short time

all its generals—Sir George Cathcart and Brigadiers Goldie and Torrens—killed or mortally wounded, and 700, or more than one quarter of its strength, put *hors de combat*. Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd Regiment, and Major Wynne, of the 68th, were killed early. Colonel Crofton was wounded in three places; Major Sharpe was badly wounded also, and Lieutenant Dowling was killed. The 20th Regiment, to which these officers belonged, went into action 490 strong; it came out 362. The other regiments suffered in proportion. The Second Division had left, when it came out of action, exactly six field officers and twelve captains fit for duty, and, I believe, Major Farrer, of the 47th Regiment, was the senior officer and had to take charge of the division. The proper complement of captains to the division would, of course, be sixty.

The Light Division, or the portion of it in action, was, as usual, foremost in the fray. Some of the officers had most wonderful escapes. In the 88th Regiment, Major Maxwell's horse was shot under him, in front of the enemy's column. Lieutenant Crosse and Lieutenant Baynes were surrounded by a body of Russians, who attacked them with the bayonet, although they were both wounded. Mr. Baynes miraculously escaped. Mr. Crosse was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan, rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayonetted the other, and, taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regiment and placed him in safety.

Sir T. Troubridge lost both legs above the ankle. He is doing well. The men of the 19th and 23rd Regiments displayed more even than their usual firmness and daring, and met their full share of the enemy's fire; but many of the Light Division of this brigade were in the trenches.

Sir De Lacy Evans, who was very unwell on board ship when the fight began, managed to get on shore and ride up to the front; and I saw him on the battle-field full of grief for the loss he had sustained in his division. Captain Allix, one of the General's aids-de-camp, was killed; Captain Gubbins, another aid-de-camp, was wounded; Brigadier Pennefather had a narrow escape, and Brigadier Adams was slightly wounded; and there lay the spot the weakness of which the General had so often represented! It was enough to make one sad.

The Brigade of the Guards lost fourteen officers killed; but the wonder is that any escaped the murderous fire directed on their position. The carnage at the Alma did not present anything like the scene round the Sandbag Battery, which is placed on a steep descent towards the Tchernaya. The piles of dead here were frightful. Upwards of 1200 dead and dying Russians lay behind and around and in front of it, and many a bearskin cap and tall English Grenadier lay there too, with frequent corpses of French Chasseur and infantry soldier. At one time, while the Duke was rallying his men, a body of Russians began to single him out, and to take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. A surgeon of a cavalry regiment, Mr. Wilson, 7th Hussars, who was attached to the brigade, perceived the danger of his Royal Highness, and, with

the greatest gallantry and coolness, assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to the charge, and utterly routed and dispersed the Russians. The Duke's horse was killed in the course of the fight. At the close of the day he called Mr. Wilson in front of the regiment, and publicly thanked him for having in all probability saved his life. Major Macdonald, whose *sangfroid* is as conspicuous as his bravery, had his horse shot under him in the heat of the battle, and gathered himself up with the same self-possession that he displayed under similar circumstances when unseated by a cannon shot at the Alma. The conduct of the Russians towards the wounded Guards' officers was brutal in the extreme. Colonel Mackinnon would, no doubt, have lived but for bayonet wounds received while lying on the ground. His leg was broken, and he was so weak from loss of blood, that he died under the operation of removing it. Sir R. Newman was stabbed all over. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men as they writhed in agony on the ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. Such are the armies of the Czar! A major of the ruffian soldiery who perpetrated these deeds is, however, in our hands; and, if it can be satisfactorily proved that he has committed the acts laid to his charge, he will be swung on a gibbet in front of the walls of Sebastopol.

While the Guards were at their utmost need, the French columns moved down impetuously on the exulting enemy, and, taking them in the flank, forced them back along the side of the hill under the fire of our divisions. The allies charged them, and hailed ball and shot into them with deadly effect. The enemy, though supported by the fire of tremendous artillery, could not withstand us; and before forty-five minutes past eleven a.m., their army was retiring before 8500 British and 9000 French infantry; and at thirty-five minutes past twelve, they were in full retreat towards Sebastopol, covered by their guns; at half-past one they were retreating after their infantry into Sebastopol. Lieutenant Hoare, in his Lancaster Battery, had prepared a parting volley for both. He removed his gabions and sandbags, got a good "open" on the road, and whenever a body of men or horses came in view upon it, bang went the long fellow, and the ponderous cone of iron whistled among them, ripping the column from end to end, and strewing the road with dead.

The revolvers carried by our officers saved their lives on several occasions this day.. When Captain Nicholson, of the 77th, was lying on the ground he was bayonetted by a Russian. The Colonel immediately shot the scoundrel dead. Ensign Butts, of the 77th, was taken prisoner by a Russian, who made him hide himself in the bush as his regiment went past, by keeping his cocked firelock to his head. The young fellow watched his chance, and shot him dead with his revolver, getting off in safety to rejoin his regiment. No doubt, there will be abundance of private letters full of similar details. Our men were very short of ammunition. The Guards in particular expended all theirs very soon. What was the cause of this? They surely did not fire their fifty rounds a man.

Great exertions were used this evening to get our wounded into hospital, and the Ambulance Corps did good service.

CHAPTER XL.

Distinctive marks in the Russian army—Divisions at the Alma and Inkermann—Devotion of the men to their officers—Memorials of the battlefield—The commissariat—Supply of food—Unparalleled hardships of the campaign—Romance and reality of war.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 8.

FROM a prisoner whom we examined I have gleaned some interesting particulars respecting the formation of the Russian army. The man was not very "bright," but he told the truth according to the light that was in him, and I believe the statements he made were tolerably correct. It had long been a puzzle to ignorant people like ourselves why the Russian soldiers had numbers on their shoulder-straps different from those on their buttons or on their caps. In recording my observations on the appointments of the men killed at the Alma I remarked, it may be remembered, that certain "regiments" were present, judging by the shoulder-straps. It will appear that these numbers referred not to regiments, but to divisions. So let our Pole—he is a deserter—one of the few who came in lately, speak for himself through an interpreter:—"What does the number on the strap on your shoulder indicate?"—"It is No. 16. It shows that I belong to the 16th Division of the army." "Who commands it?"—"I don't know—a General." "What does the number 31 on your buttons mean?"—"It means that I belong to polk 31, of the 16th Division." "What does the number 7 on your cap, with P after it, mean?"—"It indicates that I belong to the 7th rota of the polk." "What does a rota mean?"—"It means a company of 250 men." "How many rotas are in a polk?"—"There are sixteen rotas in each polk." "And how many polks are in a division?"—"There are four polks in a division." "If that is so, why have you 31 on your buttons?" (A pause, a stupid look.)—"I don't know." Finding our friend was getting into that helpless state of confusion into which the first glimpses of decimal fractions are wont to plunge the youthful arithmetician, we left him. Now let us combine our information, and see what, according to this Polish authority, a Russian division consists of. It stands thus:—

1 Rota	=		250 men
16 Rotas	= 1 polk	=	4000 ,,
4 Polks	= 1 division	=	16,000 ,,
To this add cavalry and artillery			4000 ,,
	Total		20,000

It is very remarkable that we do not find in our enemy's army of the 5th of November many of the divisions which fought against us on the 20th of September. Where was the 32nd Division, with which we were principally concerned in the bloody charge up to the battery on the hill at the Alma? Where were the 12th, 31st, and 18th Divisions on the 5th of November? They were present at the Alma, but they were not visible at Inkermann.

The men resembled those we met at the Alma, and were clad and armed in the same way. We saw no infantry with helmets, however, and our soldiers were disappointed to find the Russians had, in most cases, come out without their knapsacks. Their persons were very cleanly, and the whiteness of their faces and of their feet was remarkable. Few of them had socks on, and the marauders, who ever prowl over a battle-field, had removed their boots whenever they were worth taking. Our soldiers and sailors, as well as the French, look out with avidity for a good pair of Russian boots, and are quite adepts in fitting themselves to a nicety by their simple mode of measurement. Many of the men had silver medals and ribands striped green and white for "the campaign of 1849 in Transylvania." They were generally carried inside tin cases about their persons. Officers and men wore the same long grey coats, the former being alone distinguishable by the stripe of gold lace on the shoulder. Their uniform coatees, of dark green with white facings and red and yellow trimmings, were put on underneath the greatcoat. A considerable number of the Liège double-grooved rifles were found on the field. Many of the muskets bore the date of 1841, and had evidently been flint guns originally, but had been altered into detonators. I remember a juvenile superstition in my sparrow-killing days that such guns "shot stronger" than either flint or detonator *pur sang*. Every part of the arm is branded most carefully. The word "BAK" occurs on each separate piece of it. The imperial eagle is on the brass heelplate, and on the lock is "TYAA, 1841." I am now speaking of a firelock with which most of two divisions at least were armed. The bayonets are long, but are not well steeled. They bend if rudely handled or struck with force against the ground. The long and polished gun barrels are made of soft, but tough iron. They can be bent to an acute angle without splitting. From the trigger guard of each musket there is a thong depending, fastened to a cap of stout leather, which is put over the nipple in wet weather. This seems a simple and useful expedient. The devotion of the men to their officers is remarkable. How else is it that we seldom find either dead or wounded officers on the ground? On the person of one lieutenant or captain, who was lying dead, an extremely handsome and athletic young man, there was found a roll of linen, which contained the same black, dry, and hard fragments of rye-bread which the privates carry about with them. Persons of this rank, however, have generally watches and purses of money about their persons.

It is again asserted—and I sincerely believe with truth—that the dying and wounded Russians killed many of our men as they passed on towards the front against the retreating enemy. For this reason our soldiers smashed the stock and bent the barrel of nearly every firelock they came across. Some, however, carried bundles of them off the field, as well as heaps of Liège rifles, and of a heavy, thick sword with a saw-back, carried by the Grenadiers or Artillerymen, which they sell to the captains and sailors of merchantmen, or to those who are anxious for mementoes of the fight. Medals, ribands, the small brass crucifixes, and pictures of saints, and charms found upon the dead are also in great request. The field is visited by shoals of people from Balaklava every day.

If it is considered that the soldiers who met these furious columns of the Czar were the remnants of three British divisions, which scarcely numbered 8500 men; that they were hungry and wet, and half-famished; that they were men belonging to a force which is generally "out of bed" four nights out of seven; which has been enfeebled by sickness, by severe toil, sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time without relief of any kind; that among them were men who had within a short time previously lain out for forty-eight hours in the trenches at a stretch—it will be readily admitted that never was a more extraordinary contest maintained by our army since it acquired a reputation in the world's history.

Mr. Commissary-General Filder deserves the greatest praise for his exertions in supplying our men with food. The stories which have been circulated respecting the insufficiency and irregularity of the supply of meat, biscuit, and spirits, are base calumnies. No army was ever fed with more punctuality, and no army, I believe, was ever so well fed under such very exceptional circumstances as those in which we are placed. We are fed by Balaklava alone; thence comes our daily bread. It has to be carried out day by day, and yet no man in this army has ever been without his pound of good biscuit, his pound and a half or pound of good beef or mutton, his quota of coffee, tea, rice, and sugar, or his gill of excellent rum, for any one day, except it has been through his own neglect. We draw our hay, our corn, our beef, our mutton, our biscuits, spirits, and necessaries of all kinds from beyond sea. Eupatoria supplies us with cattle and sheep to a moderate extent; but the commissariat of the army depends, as a general rule, on sea carriage. Nevertheless, large as are our advantages in the excellence and regularity of the supply of food, the officers and men have had to undergo great privations. The oldest soldiers here never witnessed or heard of a campaign in which General officers were obliged to live out in tents on the open field, for the want of a roof to cover them, and Generals who passed their youth in the Peninsular war, and who have witnessed a good deal of fighting since that time in various parts of the world, are unanimous in declaring that they never knew or read of a war in which the officers were exposed to such hardships. They landed, as most of us remember, without anything but what they could carry, and they marched beside their men, slept by them, fought by them, and died by them, undistinguished from them in any respect, except by the deadly epaulette and swordbelt, which have cost so many lives to the country. The survivors have often been unable to get their things from on board ship. They have lain down at night in the clothes which they wore during the day; many delicately nurtured youths have never changed shirt or shoes for weeks together, and they are deprived of the use of water for ablution, except to a very limited extent. "Rank and fashion," under such circumstances, have fallen a prey to parasitical invasion —an evil to which the other incidents of roughing it are of little moment. The officers are in rags. Guardsmen who were "the best style of men" in the Parks now turn out in coats and trousers and boots all seams and patches, torn in all directions, and mended with more vigour than neatness, and our smartest cavalry and line

men are models of ingenious sewing and stitching. The men cannot grumble at old coats, boots, or shoes when they see their officers no better off than themselves. We have out here "soldiering with the gilding off," and many a young gentleman would be for ever cured of his love of arms if he could but see one day's fighting and have one day's parade of the men who do it. Fortunate it is for us that we have a youth on whom to rely, and that there are in old England men "who delight in war," and who will be ever ready to incur privation, danger, and death at her summons. As to young ladies suffering from "scarlet fever,"—the pupils of the "L. E. L." school, who are for ever thinking of heroes and warriors, singing of champions, of "crowning conquerors' brows with flowers," and wishing for "Arab steeds and falchions bright" —if they could but for one instant have stood beside me and gazed into one of the pits where some 30 "clods of the valley," all covered with scarlet and blue cloth, with lace and broidery, and blood, were lying side by side, and staring up at heaven with their sightless orbs as they were about to be consigned to the worm, they would feel the horrors of their hero worship, and would join in prayer for the advent of that day—if come it ever may—when war shall be no more, and when the shedding of blood shall cease.

THE HURRICANE.

CHAPTER XLI.

Tremendous hurricane—Picture of the camps—Tents destroyed—Hospitals and storehouses overturned—Details of the terrible calamity—The writer finds refuge in Lord Raglan's stable—A miserable scene—The day after the storm—Appearance of Balaklava and the harbour.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 14.

THE camp was visited by a hurricane to-day. It commenced shortly after six o'clock a.m., and was preceded by rain and squalls from S.W. and S.S.W.

For about an hour I had been in a listless state between waking and sleeping, listening to the pelting of the rain against the fluttering canvas of the tent, or dodging the streams of water which flowed underneath it, saturating our blankets and collecting on the mackintosh sheets in pools. The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common, and by the flapping of the tents as they rocked more violently beneath its force. Gradually the sides of the canvas, which were tucked in under big stones to secure them, began to rise and flutter, permitting the wind to enter playfully and drive before it sheets of rain right into one's face; the pegs began to indicate painful indecision and want of firmness of purpose. The glimpses afforded of the state of affairs outside, by the lifting of the tent walls, were little calculated to produce a spirit of resignation to the fate which

threatened our frail shelter. The ground had lost its character of solidity, and pools of mud marked the horse and cattle-tracks in front of the tents. Mud—and nothing but mud—flying before the wind and drifting as though it were rain, covered the face of the earth as far as it was visible. Meantime the storm-fiend was coming, terrible and strong as when he smote the bark of the Ancient Mariner. At every fresh blast the pole of the tent played and bent like a salmon-rod; the canvas tugged at the ropes to pull them up, and the pegs yielded gently. A startling crack! I looked at my companions, who seemed determined to shut out all sound and sense by piling as much clothes as they could collect over their heads. A roar of wind, and the pole bent till the fatal "crack" was heard again. "Get up, Doctor! up with you; E———, the tent is coming down!" The Doctor rose from beneath his *tumulus* of clothes. Now, if there was anything in which the Doctor put confidence more than another, it was his tent-pole. There was a decided bend in the middle of it, but he used to argue, on sound anatomical, mathematical, and physical principles, that the bend was a decided improvement, and he believed that no power of Æolus could ever shake it. He looked on the pole blandly, as he looks at all things, put his hand out, and shook it. "Why, man," said he, reproachfully, "it's all right—that pole would stand for ever," and then he crouched down and burrowed under his bed-clothes. Scarcely had he given the last convulsive heave of the blankets which indicates perfect comfort and satisfaction, when a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, "a mighty and a strong wind;" the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole head quarters' camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone had stood against the blast—General Estcourt's, Sir John Burgoyne's, and Major Pakenham's. The General had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind, and the Major's shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain de Morel, aid-de-camp to the Adjutant-General Estcourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening beneath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it and squattered through the mud to the huts. Dr. Hall's tent, close at hand,

was levelled; and the principal medical officer of the British army might be seen, in an unusual state of perturbation, seeking for his garments ere he took to flight. Brigadier Estcourt, with mien for once disturbed, held on, as sailors say, "like grim Death to a backstay," by one of the shrouds of his marquee. Captain Chetwode, in drawers and shirt, was tearing through the rain and through the dirt like a maniac after a cap, which he fancied was his own, and which he found, after a desperate run, was his sergeant's. The air was filled with blankets, hats, great coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs! Macintoshes, quilts, india-rubber tubs, bed-clothes, sheets of tent-canvas went whirling like leaves in the gale towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the outhouses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat-sheds were laid bare at once. As instances of the force of the wind I may mention that large arabas, or wagons, which stood close to us, were overturned; that men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; that the ambulance wagons were turned topsy-turvy; and that a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's tent was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round till the leaf flew off, and then came to mother earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured. The Marines and Rifles on the cliffs over Balaklava lost tents, clothes—everything; the storm tore them away over the face of the rock and hurled them across the bay, and the men had to cling to the earth with all their might to avoid the same fate. But the scene which occurred here must be described separately. It forms a terrible picture; and the account of it, whenever it may be written, will form the most appalling chapter in the history of maritime disasters.

Looking over towards the hill occupied by the Second Division, we could see that the blast had there been of equal violence. The ridges, the plains, and undulating tracts between the ravines, so lately smiling in the autumn sun, with row after row of neat white tents, now lay bare and desolate, the surface turned into sticky mud as black as ink, and the discoloured canvas rolled up in heaps all over it. Right before us the camp of the Chasseurs d'Afrique presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d'abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. The face of the country was covered with horses which had torn away from the picquets. Nearly one-half of our cavalry horses broke loose. The French, flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. Our men, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. Woe betide the Russians had they come on that day, for, fiercer than the storm and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, "Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm." One regiment alone is said to have presented some

instances of an unsoldierlike and disorderly disposition, and that is one some of whose officers have lately been much before the public. A few young recruits, fresh from the comforts of home, felt severely such a rude initiation into the realities of the profession, and seemed to think they could not be expected to go into the trenches in this bad weather, but they were soon shamed out of their unwillingness by the spirit of their comrades. Not to digress too much, and to return to the pleasant *coup d'œil* before us this morning, let the reader imagine the bleakest common in all England, the wettest bog in all Ireland, or the dreariest muir in all Scotland, overhung by leaden skies, black as ink, and lashed by a tornado-sleet, snow, pelting drizzle, and rain,—a few broken stone walls and roofless huts dotting it here and there, roads turned into torrents of mud or water across it, and then let him think of the condition in which men and horses must have been placed in such a spot on a November morning, suddenly deprived of their frail covering, and exposed to bitter cold and wet, with empty stomachs and not the remotest prospect of obtaining food or shelter till the storm ceased. Think of the men in the trenches, the covering parties, the patrols, and outlying picquets and sentries, who had passed the night in storm and darkness, and who returned to their camp only to find fires out and tents destroyed. These were men who dared not turn their backs for a moment, who could not blink their eyes, on whose vigilance the safety of our position depended, and many of whom had been for eight or ten hours in the rain and cold. These are trials which demand the exercise of the soldier's highest qualities. A benighted sportsman caught in a highland storm thinks no misery can exceed his own, as fagged and drenched and hungry he plods along the hill-side, and stumbles about in the dark towards some uncertain light; but he has no enemy worse than the wind and rain to face, and in the first hut he reaches repose and comfort await him. Our officers and soldiers, after a day like this, had to descend to the trenches again at night, look out for a crafty foe, to labour in the mire and ditches of the works; what fortitude and high courage to do all this without a murmur and to bear such privations and hardships with unflinching resolution! But meantime—for one's own experience gives the best idea of the sufferings of others—our tent is down; one by one we struggle out into the mud, and leave behind us all our little household gods, to fly before a pitiless blast which nearly carries us away, to the side of a broken stone wall, behind which are cowering Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Afrique, ambulance men, Hussars, infantry men, officers, and horses. Major Blane, in a state of distress, is seen staggering from the ruins of his marquee, under a press of great coat, across the camp, and bearing up for the shelter of Major Pakenham's hut. We hear that the hospital tents are all down, and that the sick have had to share the fate of the healthiest and most robust. On turning towards the ridge on which the large and imposing wooden structures built by the French for hospitals and storehouses were erected, a few scattered planks alone met the eye. The wounded of the 5th November, who to the number of several hundred were in these buildings, had to bear the inclemency of the weather as well as they could. Several succumbed to its effects. In every direction fresh

scenes of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the "pile" by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan's, and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, overturned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan's house, with the smoke of its fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Our generals' marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the "Agamemnon," off Kamiesch-bay; Sir De Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the "Sanspareil," in Balaklava General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the "Caradoc," at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the "Retribution," off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact, all the generals and colonels and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr. Romaine, Deputy Judge-Advocate-General; Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, Royal Artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging with increased violence, and that from half-past 6 o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp with the fury of Azraël, vexing and buffeting every living thing, and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picquet. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety.

Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and

cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with "a fish" of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chemistry, and, with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the over-recurring reflection, "God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill?" And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers and of the fleet, for hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, and gradually awakening to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us.

Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snowstorm, which clothed the desolate landscape in white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges assumed their winter garb. French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was "*tout mouillé et gâté*," their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them were found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the Light Division four men were "starved to death" by the cold. Two men in the 7th Fusileers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, were found dead. Two more of the same division have died since, and I fear nearly an equal number have perished in each of the other divisions. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many will never recover that fatal day and night. But the day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At 2 o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed on its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents re-pitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th Hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled

one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of outhouses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were packed some 30 or 40 horses and ponies, shivering with cold and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The Hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof and through chinks in the mud walls and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakeable stable—improved by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate. A staff officer, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st Regiments which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed "like herrings in a barrel." Having told us, "There is terrible news from Balaklava; seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha," and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters, but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to make headway through the hurricane. We sat in the dark till night set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful grey mare who had stong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute

between an Irish sergeant of Hussars and a Yorkshire corporal of Dragoons as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horse-flesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants. Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awoke by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length and breadth through a crevice in a window shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery.

November 15.

With the morning came a bright cold sky, and our men, though ankle deep in mud wherever they went, cheered up when they beheld the sun once more. The peaks of the hills and mountain sides are covered still with snow. As rumours of great disasters reached us from Balaklava, I rode into town, after breakfasting in my stable, and made my way there as well as I could. The roads were mere quagmires. Another day's rain would have rendered them utterly impassable, and only fit for swimming or navigation. Dead horses and cattle lay all over the country, and here and there a sad little procession might be seen wending its way slowly towards the hospital marquees, which had been again pitched, charged with the burden of some inanimate body.

In coming along the ridge by the French lines I observed the whole of the troops were turned out, and were moving about and wheeling in column to keep their blood warm. They had just been mustered, and it was gratifying to learn that the rumours which had been circulated respecting lost men were greatly exaggerated. Our men were also busily engaged in the labours of the camp—trenching, clearing away mud, and preparing for duty.

The Russians in the valley were very active, and, judging from the state of the ground and the number of loose horses, they must have been very miserable also.

Turning down by Captain Powell's battery, where the sailors were busy getting their arms in order, I worked, through ammunition mules and straggling artillery-wagons, towards the town. Balaklava lay below us—its waters thronged with shipping—not a ruffle on their surface. It was almost impossible to believe that but twelve hours before ships were dragging their anchors, drifting, running aground, and smashing each other to pieces in that placid

loch. The whitewashed houses in the distance were as clean-looking as ever, and the old ruined fortress on the crags above still frowned upon the sea, and reared its walls and towers aloft, uninjured by the storm.

On approaching the town, however, the signs of the tempest of yesterday grew on one, and increased at every step. At the narrow neck of the harbour two or three large boats were lying, driven inland several yards from the water; the shores were lined with trusses of compressed hay which had floated out of the wrecks outside the harbour, and pieces of timber, large beams of wood, masts and spars of all sizes formed large natural rafts, which lay stranded by the beach or floated about among the shipping. The old tree which stood at the guard-house at the entrance to the town was torn up, and in its fall it had crushed the house so as to make it a mass of ruins. The soldiers of the guard were doing their best to make themselves comfortable within the walls. The fall of this tree, which had seen many winters, coupled with the fact that the verandahs and balconies of the houses and a row of very fine acacia trees on the beach were blown down, corroborates the statement so generally made by the inhabitants that they had never seen or heard of such a hurricane in their lifetime, although there is a tradition among some that once in thirty or forty years such visitations occur along this coast. In its present condition Balaklava is utterly indescribable. If the main sewers of London were uncovered and the houses placed by their brink, the hardy man who walked down the streets thus formed would be able to realize the condition of the thoroughfares in this delightful spot. The narrow main street is a channel of mud, through which horses, wagons, camels, mules, and soldiers and sailors, and men of all nations—English, French, Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Italians, Maltese, Tartars, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Spaniards—scramble, and plunge, and jostle, and squatter along; while "strange oaths," yells, and unearthly cries of warning or expostulation fill the air, combined with the noise of the busy crowds around the sutlers' stores, and with the clamorous invitations of the vendors to their customers. Many of the houses are unroofed, several have been destroyed altogether, and it is quite impossible to find quarters in the place, the preference being given apparently to the sutlers and storekeepers, who swarm on shore from every ship, and who are generally Levantines, with the most enlarged notions of the theory and practice of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market.

The "City of London," Captain Cargill, returned to Balaklava to-day, and entered the harbour. She was the only vessel which succeeded in getting out to sea and gaining a good offing during the hurricane of the 14th, and the captain told me, in all his experience (and, as an old Aberdeen master, he has passed some anxious hours in sea-water) he never knew so violent a wind for the time it lasted.

November 16.

There was an affair of picquets last night between the French and Russians, in which a few men were wounded on both sides, and which was finished by the retreat of the Russians to their main body. This took place in the valley of Balaklava, and its most disagree-

able result (to those not engaged) was to waken up and keep awake every person in the town for a couple of hours. The siege goes on much as usual. A good deal of the winter clothing has been saved from the "Prince," we hear. The bales floated up from the deep, proving how completely the ship must have been broken up by the rocks.

Within the last month about 3500 sick and wounded men have been sent to Scutari from Balaklava. The Turks are very unhealthy, and lie about the streets near their hospitals in abject misery. Their filthy habits increase the horrors of this place.

Nov. 18.

The mail leaves to-day for England. There is no news of any kind. The siege drags its slow length along day after day till one is out of patience with it. The sensation of weariness produced by this slow cannonade is indescribable. It must be something like that which would be experienced by a man who lived in a house where an amateur played on the big drum in the drawing-room morning, noon, and night.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Delay of the mails—Difficult position of newspaper correspondents—Martial Thrasos—The real allies of Russia—A sharp affair—The French commence hutting—Fifes and drums of the Guards—Scarcity of generals in the army—Lord Cardigan's indisposition—Russian cavalry attack on Eupatoria—The Commissariat department.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 19.

THIS evening a courier arrived from Varna, with a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Raglan, dated November 10, which he had conveyed from Bucharest to Varna on horseback. The contents are not likely to be made known, but the fact itself is a cruel commentary on the text of the post-office "regulations." When this courier arrived, the mail which should have gone on the 18th had just been sent on board the "Medway," which will arrive in Constantinople about thirty hours after the French steamer of the 20th has sailed from that port for Marseilles. As the "Arrow," which took the mails of the 13th from the Crimea, was late for the mail steamer of the 15th from Constantinople, our friends in England will be favoured with two mails, each five days' late, in succession. Imagine sending "mails" at this crisis, when the heart of England is on the rack, by "gun-boats" and hospital ships! Such "management" and such "regulations" are above or below all comment, but they certainly deserve public contempt and indignation. The public money is freely given to carry out every end of this expedition, and to provide for the efficiency of every branch of the service, and it is intolerable that those who are charged with one of the most important portions of it should be so indifferent to the comfort and happiness of hundreds of thousands, whose hopes and fears are centred in the fate of this army.

Nov. 20.

Newspaper correspondents are placed in rather a difficult position out here at present. In common with generals and chiefs, and men-at-arms, they write home accounts of all we were doing to take Sebastopol, and they joined in the prophetic cries of the leaders of the host that the fall of the city of the Czar—the centre and navel of his power in these remote regions—would not be deferred for many hours after our batteries had opened upon its defences. In all the inspiration of this universal hope, these poor wretches, who cling to the mantles of the military and engineering Elijahs, did not hesitate to communicate to the world, through the columns of the English press, all they knew of the grand operations which were to eventuate in the speedy fall of this doomed city. They cheered the heart of England with details of the vast armaments prepared against its towers and forts—of the position occupied by her troops—the imbecility of the enemy's fire—of the range of the guns so soon to be silenced, of the stations of our troops on commanding sites, and they described with all their power the grandiose operations which were being taken for the reduction of such a formidable place of arms. They believed in common with the leaders, whose inspiration and whose faith were breathed through the ranks of our soldiers, that the allied forces were to reduce Sebastopol long ere the lines they penned could meet the expectant gaze of our fellow-countrymen at home, and they stated under that faith and in accordance with those inspirations that the operations of war undertaken by our armies were undertaken with reference to certain points of position and with certain hope of results, the knowledge of which could not have proved of the smallest service to the enemy once they had been beaten out of their stronghold. Contrary to these hopes and inspirations, in direct opposition to our prophecies and to our belief, Sebastopol still holds out against the Allies; and the intelligence conveyed in newspapers which we all thought we would have read in the clubrooms of Sebastopol has been conveyed to the generals of an army which still defends its walls, and has been given to the leaders of an enemy whom we had considered would be impuissant and defeated, where they have proved themselves to be, in reality, powerful and unconquered. The enemy know that we have lost many men from sickness; they know that we have so many guns here and so many guns there, that our head-quarters are in one place, our principal powder magazine is in another, that the camp of such a Division has been annoyed by their fire and that the tents of another had escaped injury from their shot, but it must be recollected that when these details were written it was confidently declared that, ere the news could reach England of the actual preliminaries of the siege, the Allies would have entered Sebastopol, that their batteries would have silenced the fire of the enemy, that the quarters of their generals would have been within the *enceinte* of the town, that our magazines would have been transferred to its storehouses, and that our divisions would have encamped within its walls. It mattered little therefore if we pointed out the losses of our men, the number and position of our guns, the site of our

quarters, the position of our magazines, or the range of the Russian cannon. How much knowledge of this sort the enemy might have gleaned through their spies, or by actual observation, it is not needful to inquire, but undoubtedly without any largely speculative conjecture it may be inferred that much of the information conveyed to them, or said to have been conveyed to them, by the English press, could have been ascertained through those very ordinary channels of communication, the eye and ear, long ere our letters had been forwarded to Sebastopol, and translated from English *in usum superiorum*. However, it is quite evident that it is not advisable to acquaint the enemy with our proceedings and movements during a siege which now promises to assume the proportions and to emulate the length of those operations of a similar character, in which hosts of men, conveyed by formidable armada from distant shores, set down to beleaguer some devoted fortress.

To various enlightened Englishmen here the *Invalide Russe* is, I am sorry to say, the model of judicious journalism. Poor creatures, who possess no attributes of military genius except those which may be imparted by an accidental temporary and fortunate juxtaposition with their chiefs, imagine they can carry out the objects of a great campaign by treating with a contempt which would be supercilious, except for the cumbrous efforts of these martial Thrasos to disguise insolence as impudence, the representatives of that press, which, with all its dissensions and differences, has ever sought to maintain the honour of England in this great war, and to promote the efficiency and to redress the evils of her military organization. They are few indeed, and insignificant, but they do, nevertheless, clamour with all the vigour of "the grasshoppers on the bank" against the correspondents out here for special treason of the newspapers in telling the Russians that their shot went so far and no farther, and that their fire did so much damage on such a a day and so little upon another. Do these people know they are veritable Cossacks in disguise? Are they aware that they are only *nominal* enemies of the Czar? Do they reflect that they are the types of that degenerate race who were described by a French statesman as "ever lying on their faces with their ears to the ground to listen for the sound of the Russian cannon?" The feelings, sympathies, and secret hopes of such as these must be with the savage legions who are arrayed against us. In the British camp, and in the centre of those battalions which England has sent forth to fight for liberty, for justice, for the safety of Europe, for the integrity of nations, for the traditions of the past, for the hopes of the future—these are the men who are the real allies of Nicholas, and these are the beings who are the emissaries of a brutal and ignorant despotism. They are full of mortal hate and study of revenge for imaginary injuries against all men who "scribble for the press," and they forget that by the pens of these scribblers they have been exalted from the condition of a helot soldiery into the state of a military oligarchy. Glad am I to say that the spirit manifested by such men is in direct antagonism and in discreditable contrast to the feelings evinced not only by their superiors in

actual and in military rank, but by the vast and overwhelming majority of the officers of the British army, who even evince the kindliest and most hospitable disposition towards the civilians who share with them the remoter chances of the field without the remotest prospect of sharing in the rewards of the survivors, and who accompany them but to herald their deeds and to record their valour and their names to their fellow-countrymen. How many English captains in times gone by were slain in distant fields whose names were never heard by English ears? When Marlborough or Granby won a battle, who heard of Brown, or Jones, or Robinson—of Lloyd, or Campbell, or O'Hara, who fell dead by the colours of his regiment in some bloody campaign of Flanders? Many a brave fellow is now unnamed, *caret quia nate sancro*—(because the newspaper correspondent has not heard of him), but assuredly all who are known to have done brave deeds are willingly celebrated, and are not sepulchred in the dismal columns of the *London Gazette*. If they do not share the actual dangers of the field (and it would have been difficult for the most experienced of our strategists to have pointed out the place at Alma or Inkermann where a man could have stayed without "danger"), assuredly the special correspondents have braved the pestilence, the diseases, and the privations, more fatal than the sabre or the musket which have smitten our troops, in common with all their fellow-countrymen out here, and they certainly cannot be supposed to have especial interest in the success of our enemy's arms. So far as I am concerned, I never will state any fact which I think likely to be of service to the Russians, seeing that this war may last some time to come in this place, but I will ever endeavour to combine that reticence with a due regard to the fulfilment of my duties as special correspondent of *The Times*, and I hope to prove that the obligations are not incompatible with each other.

"The "Samson" and "Firebrand" shelled so severely the ranks of some Cossacks who came down to plunder the wrecks, and actually fired on our men-of-war's boats as they pulled in to save our men, that they were driven back precipitately.

Nov. 21.

Last night a smart affair, in which three companies of the Rifle Brigade (1st battalion), under Captain Tryon, displayed great coolness, energy, and courage, took place with the enemy. In the rocky ground between our first and second parallels, in the ravine towards the left of our left attack, about 300 Russian infantry had established themselves in some caverns and old stone huts used by shepherds in days gone by, and had for the last twenty or thirty hours annoyed the working and covering parties of the French right attack and of our left battery by an incessant fire of rifles. It was found expedient to dislodge them, and at seven o'clock this party of the Rifle Brigade was sent to drive the Russians out of the caves in which they had taken shelter. These caves abound in all the ravines, and are formed by the decay of the softer portions of the rock between the layers in which it is stratified. The Rifles advanced, and very soon forced the enemy to retreat after a brisk fire, in which they killed and wounded a considerable number of

the Russians with comparatively little loss to themselves. The enemy fell back on their main body; and when the Rifles had established themselves for the night in the caves which the enemy had occupied, where they found blankets, great coats, &c., they were assailed by a strong column of Russians, who fired volleys of musketry and rifles against their small force continuously, and were only kept at bay by the deadly return of our Miniés. The action ended in the complete repulse of the Russian columns, but we have to deplore the loss of that most promising and excellent officer, Captain Tryon, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed by a shot in the head. We had seven men killed and eighteen or nineteen men wounded in this affair.

The draughts of the Guards and of the 19th Regiment, as well as of the various men belonging to other portions of the force out here, which arrived in the "Queen of the South," disembarked this morning. Greatly astonished did they seem as they were invited to walk ankle-deep in the mud through arabas, Turks, camels, Frenchmen, Crim Tartars, Greeks, and Bulgarians, along the principal thoroughfare of Balaklava out to their camps. Like young bears, they had their troubles all before them, and the brilliancy of their uniforms, which has just renewed our notions as to what a red coat ought to be, was fading fast when they were last seen before the coating of liquid filth which the natives of Balaklava seem to consider as the normal paving of their thoroughfares. Notwithstanding a northerly wind, the weather to-day was fine and mild, something like that which Londoners are apt to rejoice in occasionally in a genial February. Carts are busily employed in conveying to the camp stores of provision and ammunition. The French are hutting themselves, or rather they are burrowing holes for themselves, which they thatch over with twigs and branches all along their lines.

The Guards' drums and fifes kept the whole place alive last night, and cheered the drenched Rifle picquets far above the bay on the misty mountain tops by the familiar squeaks of "Cheer, boys, cheer," and "Willikins and his Dinah," aided by a rattling chorus, in which the men of the "Queen of the South" joined. There was but little mind for song left in the poor fellows of the draughts that night as they encamped in the mud of the plateau. Lieutenant-Colonel de Bathe, Lord H. Vane, and several other officers came out in this vessel.

Some very fine Turkish brass guns, weighing about 75 cwt., and throwing shot and shell nearly as heavy as our 95 cwt. guns, were sent up to our batteries to-day, and placed in a position which will enable them to tear the columns of the enemy to pieces, should they move along within 2000 yards of them. I cannot more particularly indicate the spot for prudential reasons, but the Russians will ascertain it to their cost whenever they repeat some of their recent "demonstrations."

Our army is at present in rather a strange condition with regard to its generals. The Light Division is provisionally commanded by Brigadier-General Codrington, Sir George Brown being still unwell on board the "Agamemnon."

The First Division seems to be altogether broken up for the present. The Duke of Cambridge is unwell on board the "Retribution." The Brigade of Guards appears to be commanded by Colonel Upton.

The Brigade of Highlanders is down at Kadikoi, under the command of Sir Colin Campbell.

The Second Division is commanded by Brigadier-General Pennefather, in the room of Sir De Lacy Evans, who is on his way home very unwell.

The Second Brigade of the Second Division is without a brigadier, for General Adams' wound is far more serious than was at first supposed.

The Third Division remains under the command of Sir Richard England.

The Fourth Division, deprived of all its generals, is commanded by Sir John Campbell.

Brigadier-General Lord Cardigan is almost unable to leave his yacht owing to his continued indisposition. The Artillery are under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Dacres during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier, who was wounded in a few minutes after succeeding to the command left vacant by the death of Brigadier-General Strangways, on the 5th of November.

Nov. 22.

On the 7th, a large body of Russian cavalry advanced on Eupatoria, and a French colonel, with eighty horse, pushed forward to save his beeves and mutton from the hungry gripe of the Cossacks. These Russian cavalry forces always screen heavy field guns, and on this occasion, as at the Bouljanak, a square of horse opened and plumped their round shot and shell into the handful of Frenchmen. The colonel was dismounted, seven men were killed or wounded, and a few horses were knocked over; and, as the French were retiring in good order, a polk of Lancers made a dash at them. Our rocket battery was, however, near at hand, and one of these whistling fiery abominations rushed right through their ranks. The horses reared, the riders bore well away to the left, and as rocket No. 1 was steadily followed by rockets Nos. 2, 3, and 4, the Lancers "bolted," leaving several dead on the field. The "Firebrand" has had two or three opportunities of exercising her long guns on bodies of the Russians near Eupatoria, and on one occasion not very long ago, 120 dead bodies on the field attested the fatal accuracy of her 10-inch guns. I regret to say that our cattle at Eupatoria are by no means in high condition; they have perished from hunger. It may readily be guessed that joints from the survivors are scarcely in such a condition as would justify the least conscientious of London waiters as describing them as being in "prime cut." And here I must remark that I have heard with astonishment, that persons out here have written to the public journals complaining of the army rations. It must be remembered that the cattle just alluded to are not destined for the food of the army in their present state, and that excellent beef and mutton have been served out to the men in profusion, till the inevitable exigencies of our position reduced them to fall back on excellent salt beef and pork. The commissariat department of this army, in spite of unforeseen

calamities, in spite of deficient transports, of bad roads, of sea delays, of winds and waves,—have continued to feed the men wonderfully well; and I maintain, and ever will do so, that no body of troops ever took the field with such an abundance of supplies derived from distant countries, and that no army was ever so well fed away from their own homes as the present British Expedition. That it may be so to the end is all a soldier can ask.

Nov. 23.

Rain, rain, rain—mud and dirt. Mild weather, broken every half-hour by violent gales of wind. Landing heavy guns. The post leaves to-day in the "Harpy." Mails to be sent to Kamiesch Bay, eleven miles off, on a horse borrowed from me by the postmaster, as the authorities contented themselves with "ordering them to be sent." When they will reach Kamiesh through the swamps, who can tell? and when they will reach England, who may prophesy? Several councils of war held lately. The Staff Corps have arrived.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Practical suspension of the siege—Miseries of a winter campaign—The army without rest, shelter, or warm clothing—The "higgledy-piggledy rough and tumble" system in Balaklava harbour—Disgraceful neglect—Sufferings of the men in the trenches—Seasonable relief from "*The Times* Fund"—The Russian position viewed from the heights over the French lines—Rats quitting the ship—Nightly entertainments.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 25.

ALTHOUGH it may be dangerous to communicate facts likely to be of service to the Russians, it is certainly hazardous to conceal the truth from the English people. They must know, sooner or later, that the siege has been for many days practically suspended, that our batteries are used up and silent, and that our army are much exhausted by the effects of excessive labour and watching, and by the wet and storm to which they have been so incessantly exposed. The Russians will know this soon enough. They are aware of it long ere this, for a silent battery—to hazard a bull—speaks for itself. The relaxation of our fire is self-evident, but our army, though weakened by sickness, is still equal to hold its position and to inflict the most signal chastisement on any assailants who may venture to attack them. In fact, I believe nothing would so animate our men, deprived as they are of the cheering words and of the cheering personal presence and exhortations of their generals, and destitute of all stimulating influences beyond those of their undaunted spirit and glorious courage, as the prospect of meeting the Russians outside their intrenchments, and deciding the campaign by the point of the bayonet. It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort,

or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe. They are well fed, indeed, but they have no shelter, no rest, and no defence against the weather. The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and now continually drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through "like sieves," and are perfectly useless as protections against the weather.

Last night there was a brisk affair between the French Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Russian riflemen in front of the Flagstaff Battery earthworks, and the Russians dispelled all absurd myths about their want of powder and ball by a most tremendous cannonade. Assaults and counter-assaults continued amid a furious fire, which lighted up the skies with sheets of flame from nine o'clock at night till near four in the morning. The French at one time actually penetrated behind the outer intrenchments, and established themselves for a time within the *enceinte*, but, as there was no preparation made for a general assault, they withdrew eventually.

General Canrobert has issued a very flattering *ordre du jour*, in which he especially eulogizes the intrepid bravery and noble energy of the three companies of the 1st battalion of our Rifle Brigade in the affair with the Russian column, in which poor Captain Tryon was killed, and Lord Raglan has mentioned it in very handsome terms in a general order of the day subsequently. We now, in conjunction with the French, retain possession of the "Ovens," as the caves which were the subject of the dispute are termed. They are to the left of our Greenhill Battery, between the French left and our right attack.

The gales of wind to which the fleet has been exposed are excessively strong and violent. Every night there is a storm for a few hours; every day there is a "breeze of wind" and rain. Will it be credited that, with all our naval officers in Balaklava with nothing else to do—with our *embarras des richesses* of captains, commanders, and lieutenants—there is no more care taken for the vessels in Balaklava than if they were colliers in a gale off Newcastle? Ships come in and anchor where they like, do what they like, go out when they like, and are permitted to perform whatever vagaries they like, in accordance with the old rule of "higgledy piggledy, rough and tumble," combined with "happy-go-lucky." Now in Kamiesch Bay the vessels are about tenfold more numerous than those in Balaklava, yet the order and regularity which prevail in the French marine are in the most painful contrast to the confusion and disorganization of our own transport and mercantile marine service. Captain Christie avers that our merchant captains wont attend to him. Captain Powell, of the "Vesuvius," a most active and indefatigable officer, is beach master, but he has no power of interference in such matters as I have alluded to, and there is no harbour police whatever.

Nov. 26.

The preparations for the renewal of the bombardment of Sebastopol are proceeding with a certain degree of energy and activity from day to day. The great obstacle to the conveyance of guns and ammunition up to the batteries is the state of the roads, or rather of the tracks across the hills.

The "Stromboli" has arrived in Balaklava harbour from the fleet carrying sixteen 32-pounders from the armament of the "Britannia," and the "Firebrand" came in this afternoon with twenty-four guns of the same description, and about sixty ton weight of shot and shell. There are also some new guns landed from the "Queen of the South" direct from England, and large stores of ammunition are lying on the beach in readiness for transport, but the huge guns press the carriage wheels of the trucks deeply into the soft earth, and our horse-power is just now inadequate to move them up the hillside. Indeed, our cavalry is at present employed in feeding itself. It is all they have to do. The men are sent down with their horses from the camp to the waterside every day, and carry back their fodder and rations. It is perfectly disgraceful to the authorities, whoever they be, to see on this the 12th day after the gale, trusses of compressed hay floating about and rotting in every direction in the harbour, while our horses are dying of sheer inanition. In the same way the immense amount of timber which washed about the harbour and on the coast outside, and which would have answered for hutting all the army and for fuel, was permitted to drift out again the other day when the freshet set in to the head of the harbour after the rains and when the wind blew off the shore, and very little of it was saved, though woe betide the luckless wretch who may be found by the Provost Marshal walking off with a piece of wood for his hut without an order.

The struggle between French and Russian riflemen, aided by artillery, was renewed last night as usual. The great bone of contention, in addition to the Ovens, is the mud fort at the Quarantine Battery, of which the French have got possession, though, truth to tell, it does not benefit their position very materially. The Liege rifles used by the Russians are very efficient weapons, but there is not much execution done, as the combatants fire entirely at the flashes of their opponents' weapons.

Nov. 27.

Although the men are only left for twelve hours in the trenches at a spell, they suffer considerably from the effects of cold, wet, and exposure. The prevalent diseases are fever, dysentery, and diarrhœa, and in the Light Division, on which a large share of the labour of the army falls, there were 350 men on the sick list a day or two ago. The men's clothes are threadbare and tattered, and are not fit to resist rain or cold. The "Firebrand," "Stromboli," and other vessels have already arrived with stores of wood for the purpose of constructing huts. Another evil from which the men suffer is one which should at once be remedied. Before the fight at Alma, and during their fight for dear life and honour up those gory steeps, the soldiers, encumbered by knapsacks, havresacks, and greatcoats, and parched with thirst, threw away their camp kettles, and those who were provident enough to pick them up after

the halt again threw them off during the forced march on Balaklava, so that there are very few camp kettles left in the camp. The soldiers consequently have only their "hookey-pots" and small tins to cook in, and are oftentimes deprived of comfortable meals in consequence. Some flannel has been sent up here by the gentleman in charge of the funds intrusted to *The Times* for distribution, and, though it is not cut up, it has been found most serviceable for the invalids. On the heights over Balaklava are stationed the great bulk of the marines and marine artillerymen belonging to the fleet. With the exception of a few steamers, every ship in the fleet has landed her marines, officers, and men, and they formed an efficient corps of 2000 strong, now somewhat weakened by sickness. They are under the command of Colonel Hurdle. The second in command is Colonel Fraser.

The new battery, the guns of which will be worked principally by sailors, is finished, and it only remains to pierce the parapets with embrasures. It is a *flèche*, and will contain twenty-six pieces of very heavy metal. The right side of the *flèche* commands the Inkermann road and battery; the left side sweeps the head of Inkermann Creek and commands the shipping, which will now be driven down towards Dockyard Creek.

There was a Polish deserter came in to-day with a strange story. He says that on the 25th the Grand Duke Michael reviewed a strong force of Russians (as he stated, of 12,000 men, but no reliance can be placed on the assertions of men of this class with regard to the numbers of a force of any magnitude), and that he addressed them in a spirited speech, in which he appealed to all their passions and prejudices to exert every energy in their forthcoming effort to drive the heretics out of Balaklava into the sea. At the conclusion of his harangue the Grand Duke distributed a sum of money to the troops—two silver roubles to each private, and so on in proportion.

Riding along the heights over the French lines, from the telegraph to the lower road to Balaklava, one could see the Russians chafing their hands over the cooking fires, few and far between, rubbing down their horses, or engaged in collecting wood. Any one who has visited Selborne, and clambered up to the top of the Hanger, will have a very fair idea of the heights over the valley of Balaklava as it sweeps round towards Inkermann, always barring the height and magnitude of the trees, for which he must substitute dwarf oak and thick brushwood. From the angle of the plateau over the Tchernaya the heights are destitute of timber or brushwood, and descend to the valley in shelving slopes of bare rock or gravel banks. The valley lies at the bottom, studded with a few giant tumuli, on which the redoubts which formed so marked a feature in the affair of the 25th of October are situated. It is about a mile and a-half across from the telegraph to the base of the heights at the other side of the valley, which rise in unequal plateaux, on one of which is Kamara, on another Tchorgoun, on another Baidar, till they lose their character of tablelands and become rugged mountain tops and towering Alpine peaks, which swell in the distance into the grand altitude of Tchatir Dagh. Along this base the Russian horse, which seems to number 6000 or 7000, are constantly

moving about between the Tchernaya and the redoubts in their possession, but at times some of them disappear up the gorge of the Tchernaya, as was the case this morning. Possibly they go for provisions to the more open country behind the gorge. Their infantry, which does not appear to exceed 8000 or 9000 men, are stationed up in these mountain villages, or amid the plateaux which are covered with scrub and bushes. Their artillery must be stationed in the villages.

The affair on the night of the 26th between the French and Russians turns out to have been more serious than was supposed. The enemy must have suffered severely, for they were actually bayonetted close to their own trenches. We are exempted from these attacks partly by the nature of the ground in our front, partly by the distance of our batteries from the enemy's lines, and by the severe chastisement they have received whenever they have attempted a sortie against us.

The "Rodney" and "Vengeance" alone of the sailing men-of-war will remain out here during the winter. Two French line-of-battle ships will also remain with them, and the coast and harbour of Sebastopol will be effectually guarded and blockaded by the steam squadrons of the allied fleets.

Nov. 28.

All the scum of the Levant—Italians, Smyrnotes, Perotes, Greeks, and robbers—which had resolved itself for the nonce into domestic servantry, and accompanied the expedition since it left Gallipoli, is gathering itself up and returning to its source. The rats think the ship is sinking; they declare they cannot endure the cold and hardships of the camp any longer, and they are getting away as fast as they can to burrow in the dingy *cafés* of their nasty cities. The inconvenience of this proceeding to the luckless masters, who are thus deserted in their utmost need, is excessive.

Four o'clock p.m.

There is up to this moment no sign of any conveyance being sent to the post-office at Balaklava for the carriage of the mails to Kamiesch Bay, where it is supposed a steamer is lying to carry them to Constantinople for the mail of the 30th. It is understood that the postmaster lately sent in a strong remonstrance to the highest authority here with respect to the mode in which the army and the country have been and are treated regarding the despatch of the mails. He was informed last night that an escort would be sent down to carry over the bags to Chersonese, but at four o'clock no escort had arrived. At two o'clock the postmaster sent out a communication to head-quarters, stating that there had been no assistance rendered him to get away the mails. Even if the troopers were to arrive this moment, it is very doubtful if they could get to French Bay in time to allow of any steamer of the class usually employed in the mail service getting to Constantinople before the boat of the 30th started. Is this wilful neglect or culpable forgetfulness?

The siege is practically suspended, and the utmost we do is to defend the trenches at night and to return shot for shot whenever the enemy fire. Of course, as the cessation of the fire of our bat-

teries allows the besieged, or rather the partially invested force in possession of the town, to do as they please, the Russians very wisely go to work to increase their internal defences, and they are said to have constructed street batteries on a large scale; but I own that, except at two points, I am not able to discover them. We have plenty of ammunition, but our guns are shaken by the continual firing, and the vents are blown to such a size that a man could put his thumb into them, the aperture being at the same time irregular and jagged. The Russians during the day do not fire on an average more than a gun every five minutes. As the puff of smoke curls out of the embrasure, the look-out man in the battery cries, "Tower," or "Redan," or "Garden Battery;" and when the iron messenger, whistling and roaring through the air, has thrown up a cloud of earth and bounded away up the hill side, bang goes an answering gun from one of the batteries opposite the work which has roused up our artillerymen. The fire on the French is, however, much more lively, and is kept up with some effect on their earthworks and parallels. Every night (generally about nine o'clock) the Flagstaff batteries, Quarantine batteries, and Wall batteries, open a furious cannonade, which lasts for from twenty minutes to forty-five minutes, as hard as the men can load the guns, right into the French lines, and then follows instantly, as a matter of course, a sally, the result of which is invariable. The Russians push a strong column out of the place, rush towards the first line, drive in the picquets and riflemen, get up to the first parallel—sometimes into it—occasionally beyond it, and close to the second parallel are received as they advance by the French covering parties with a deadly fire, halt and fire in return, are charged by the French, who rout and pursue them into the town, but who are obliged to retire by the flank fire of the batteries and by the mitraille of the street guns. In this way the French lose forty or fifty men now and then, but the loss of the Russians in these *alertes* must be very considerable. Frequently, about day-break in the morning the Russians repeat the performances of the previous evening, but are not permitted to come so close.

There are two rumours afloat—one is that the French have landed a large force on the north side of Sebastopol—at Eupatoria, the Katcha, or the Belbek, according to the fancy of the speaker; the other, that a large body of Russians have crossed the Sea of Azof, from Asia, and are marching across the Crimea to reinforce Prince Menschikoff. Why do not some of our wonderful gunboats take a look into this same Sea of Azof, and see what the Russians are doing there? As yet they have done nothing but carry the mails, and in bad weather they have proved that they are scarcely fit to carry their guns.

The "Caradoc" is collecting wood for the use of Lord Raglan and staff. The harbour is full of drift timber, broken into the smallest fragments, and, horrible to relate, trunks of human bodies, all mutilated and torn, are continually drifting in from the wrecks. The "Ottawa" will land her stores of warm clothing and the troops to-morrow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Rain, mud, and misery everywhere—The fortifications of Sebastopol strengthened—*Reconnaissance* by the Grand Duke Michael—Postal delays—Privations of the army—Scarcity of food—Impassability of the roads—Disasters the result of apathy and mismanagement—Indescribable horrors of the town and hospitals of Balaklava—Mr. Augustus Stafford's visit of mercy.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Nov.* 29.

A STORM of wind and rain; the camp miserable to a degree, and Balaklava intolerable. The heavy mortars with which the "Golden Fleece" was laden have been landed, but there is no chance of moving them, or the new guns and ammunition on the wharf The sailors' camp has been moved further towards the right and front, but the change is scarcely for the better, and the mud lies a foot deep all over the place—trying work for man and beast, particularly with short commons. By the bye, Jack is becoming a great horseman, and his fondness for equestrian exercise sometimes induces him to appropriate animals to which he is not entitled by the rules of the service, or by any other rules, except those laid down by His Imperial Majesty the Czar for the seizure of "material guarantees." As a friend who came to see me some time ago remarked on going through the camps, "It appears to me that the infantry are better mounted than the cavalry, and the sailors have the pick of the infantry horses." Jack has become, in fact, a victim to the peculiar fascination exercised by the equine race over all who come in close contact with them, and has lost sight of the distinction between *yours* and *mine* completely. Whenever an officer loses his horse he sends over to the sailors' camp for it, and there he is tolerably sure to find it.

I suppose one must still head one's letters "Siege of Sebastopol," but really and truly, there is no siege of the place whatever, and all this delay increases the difficulty which was caused by our original neglect and indifference towards the formidable works which we permitted the Russians to throw up with impunity, and which have converted Sebastopol into one of the most formidable defensive positions the world ever saw.

In order that people at home may know what they have to expect when Sebastopol falls, should it be taken by assault, I may as well tell them that the Russians, availing themselves of our inactivity and silence, have fortified Sebastopol fourfold within the last ten days. They have scarped the ground in front of all their batteries; they have also constructed a strong abattis in front of all their lines —a most formidable obstacle to the progress of attacking columns. They have thrown up earthworks and mounted guns on every available point, and they have made sunken batteries before all their redoubts and before the Round Tower, as well as along the scarps of the slopes.

Nov. 30.

Captain Gibb and his company of Sappers and Miners were landed to-day, and will prove a welcome addition to our force. There was a very heavy fire of musketry and cannon on the French last night

at nine o'clock. The mud has become so serious a nuisance that the authorities are fairly driven by its importunate attempts to smother them to take steps for its removal. The Turks and some of our soldiers have been sent to remove it from the lanes of Balaklava and from the principal roads, but scrapers are scarce except at head-quarters. The Divisions yesterday were on half rations, except the Guards, for whom Colonel Cunyngham contrived to bring up three-quarter rations. No guns or shot can be moved up to-day. The condition of the Russians in the valley and on the heights near Tchergoun and Kamara must be deplorable.

Last night three deserters, all of whom spoke German, came into our lines and delivered themselves up to a picquet of the Guards. They stated that the army outside the town did not consist of more than 20,000 men, and that they were so hardly worked and badly fed they were much exhausted.

A muster of all men to be dressed in greatcoats and black trousers and with crossbelts was ordered to take place at four o'clock to-day. The cavalry and horse artillery are ordered into the town of Balaklava. The Light Brigade is expected in almost immediately, and the men and horses will be put into the houses and sheds. Our horses were dying so rapidly, that the cavalry would soon have been dismounted.

A very long *reconnaissance* of our lines was made to-day, at the distance of about 1000 yards, by no less a person than the Grand Duke Michael and a very large staff, among whom our knowing people said they could see Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi. The Grand Duke was recognisable by the profound respect paid to him by all; wherever he went hats were taken off and heads uncovered. He was also detected by the presence of a white dog which always accompanies him. He is a fine stout young fellow enough, but he could not have seen much about Balaklava to put him in a good humour; for he is averred by the best telescopes to have looked mightily displeased. While making his inspection, the enormous telescope through which he gazed was propped on two piles of muskets and bayonets, and he made frequent references to a very large chart, which could be seen on a portable table. The Grand Duke, after closing his review of us, rode back up the hills towards Tchergoun. Most of the Russian cavalry have disappeared from our rear, and the force in and over the valley seems greatly diminished.

Dec. 1.

Our mails are still reposing in the dilapidated building which serves as the British army post-office. What the people of England will say to this unjustifiable and wanton neglect, how mothers and fathers, wives and sisters will regard this cruel indifference to their feelings, no one can doubt.

It is true, indeed, that the mails would have carried home many sad tales of suffering and of death, but it cannot be intended to cut off England from all communication with the army and navy; and, if it be intended, those who attempt to carry out their projects will find they have laboured under a fatal delusion. No power on earth can now establish a censorship in England, or suppress or pervert the truth. Publicity must be accepted by our captains, generals, and men-at-arms, as the necessary condition of any grand opera-

tion of war; and the endeavour to destroy the evil will only give it fresh vigour, and develope its powers of mischief. The truth will reach home so distorted, that it will terrify and alarm far more than it would have done had it been allowed to appear freely and simply.

The army is suffering greatly; worn out by night-work, by vigil in rain and storm, by hard labour in the trenches, they find themselves suddenly reduced to short allowance, and the excellent and ample rations they had been in the habit of receiving, cut off or miserably reduced. For nine days there has been, with very few exceptions, no issue of tea, coffee, or sugar, to the troops. These, however, are luxuries—not necessaries of military life.

The direct cause of this scarcity is the condition of the country, which, saturated by heavy rains, has become quite unfit for the passage of carts and arabas; but there is also a deficiency of supplies, which may be attributed to the recent gales at sea. There is, therefore, a difficulty in getting food up to the army from Balaklava, and there is besides, a want of supplies in the commissariat magazines in the latter place. But, though there is a cause, there is no excuse for the privations to which the men are exposed. We were all told that when the bad weather set in, the country roads would be impassable. Still the fine weather was allowed to go by, and the roads were left as the Tartar carts had made them, though the whole face of the country is covered thickly with small stones which seem expressly intended for road metal. As I understand, it was suggested by the officers of the Commissariat Department that they should be allowed to form depôts of food, corn, and forage, as a kind of reserve at the head-quarters at the different divisions; but, instead of being permitted to carry out this excellent idea, their carts, arabas, wagons, and horses were, after a few days' work in forming those depôts, taken for the use of the siege operations, and were employed in carrying shot, shell, ammunition, &c., to the trenches. Consequently, the magazines at head-quarters were small, and were speedily exhausted when the daily supplies from Balaklava could no longer be procured. The food, and corn, and hay, provided by the commissariat, were stowed in sailing vessels, which were ordered to lie outside the harbour, though they had to ride in thirty or forty fathoms of water on a rocky bottom, with a terrible coast of cliff of 1200 feet in perpendicular height stretching around the bay, and though it was notorious that the place was subject at this season to violent storms of wind. A hurricane arose —one of unusual and unknown violence—these ships were lost, and with them went to the bottom provender and food for fully twenty days of all the horses in the army, and of many of the men. It happens that we had a forewarning of what might be expected. On Friday, the 10th of November, just four days ere the fatal catastrophe which caused such disasters, I was on board the "Jason," Captain Lane, which happened to be lying outside, and as it came on to blow I could not return to the shore or get to the camp that evening. The ship is a noble steamer, well manned and ably commanded, but ere midnight I would have given a good deal to have been on land; for the gale, setting right into the bay, raised a high wild sea, which rushed up the precipices in masses of

water and foam, astonishing for their force and fury; and the strain on the cable was so great that the captain had to ease it off by steaming gently a-head against the wind. The luckless "Prince," which had lost two anchors and cables on bringing up a day or two before, was riding near the "Agamemnon," and adopted the same expedient; and, of the numerous vessels which lay outside, and which in so short a time afterwards were dashed into fragments against those cruel rocks, the aspect of which is calculated to thrill the heart of the boldest seaman with horror, there were few which did not drag their anchors and draw towards the iron coast which lowered with death on its brow upon us. Guns of distress boomed through the storm, and flashes of musketry pointed out for a moment a helpless transport which seemed tossing in the very centre of the creaming foam of those stupendous breakers, the like of which I never beheld, except once, when I saw the Atlantic running riot against the cliffs of Moher. But the gale soon moderated—for that once—and wind and sea went down long ere morning. However, Sir Edmund Lyons evidently did not like his berth, for the "Agamemnon" went round to Kamiesch on Sunday morning, and ordered the "Firebrand," which was lying outside, to go up to the fleet at the Katcha. As to the "Prince" and the luckless transports, they were allowed—nay, ordered, I hear—to stay outside till the hurricane rushed upon them.

The cholera, which broke out on the night of the 28th of November, continues its ravages, and we cannot estimate the number of deaths from it and its abettors in the destruction of life lower than sixty per diem. No less than eighty-five men died the night before last in camp, according to the statements I have received and believe, and the number of sick men is very large. Of the naval lieutenants of the brigade of seamen, amounting to twenty, it is stated only five are able to work.

Yesterday evening a muster of all men in great-coats and black trousers was ordered throughout the camp, in order to ascertain the number fit for duty. The men are in great hopes that "something will be done" consequent upon this parade.

It is now raining drearily. There is no prospect of the roads getting better at present. The muddy verge between the waters of the harbour and the walls of the tumbledown sheds and houses of the town is covered with vast piles of cannon, shot, and shell, and a number of Turkish 80lb. guns, of large mortars, and of 32lb. ships' guns, mounted on their carriages, is blocking up the narrow beach.

The Turks are employed in making a road—actually making a road at last! Its course will be from the town, past head-quarters, up to No. 5 Battery. They are also employed in handing on shore and piling shot and shell. It is amusing to watch the miserable gravity and indifference with which these poor creatures work. Standing in rows, the men pass the shot from the flats to the beach with a lazy air, which is only disturbed when an unusually big fellow turns up for transmission. Then the groans, the rolling of eyes, the convulsive struggles, the grunts which pass like electric shocks from man to man with the 68-pound shot or 13-inch mortar are really astonishing, but at last the globe of metal seems to acquire heat, and is dropped in the mud like a hot potato by a

suffering Mussulman. They really are weak and wretched, not naturally, but owing to sickness and bad living.

As to the town itself, words cannot describe its filth, its horrors, its hospitals, its burials, its dead and dying Turks, its crowded lanes, its noisome sheds, its beastly purlieus, or its decay. All the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, from the work of the inspired writer who chronicled the woes of infidel Egypt down to the narratives of Boccaccio, De Foe, or Moltke, fall short of individual "bits" of disease and death, which any one may see in half-a-dozen places during half an hour's walk in Balaklava. In spite of all our efforts, the dying Turks have made of every lane and street a *cloaca*, and the forms of human suffering which meet the eye at every turn, and once were wont to shock us, have now made us callous, and have ceased even to attract passing attention. Raise up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailings and cries of pain and prayers to the Prophet, and you will see in one spot and in one instant a mass of accumulated woes that will serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead, laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living, and the latter present a spectacle beyond all imagination. The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness—the stench is appalling—the fœtid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs, and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying.

In the Russian hospitals great mortality has taken place among the wounded, and only twenty prisoners are now under treatment for wounds. Hospital gangrene broke out among them, and the stumps mortified. It is said, indeed, that some of the men were so fanatical or so ignorant that they tore the bandages off their stumps and refused to let the surgeons probe their wounds. The "Avon," which has 360 sick and wounded on board, loses only about five or six men a-day.

Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., who is staying on board the "Sans-pareil," visited the camp yesterday, though the weather was not by any means tempting. He inspected the huts and tents of the men, and no doubt ascertained some startling particulars respecting the hardships and sufferings soldiers must endure in making war. To-day he is employed in visiting the hospitals, and he has kindly sat by the bedsides of our sick and wounded soldiers, listened to their stories, and wrote letters for them to their families. It is raining and blowing with violence.

Dec. 2.

It cleared up last night, and on the hills there was a sharp, but most welcome frost. There was a smart brush in front at seven o'clock this morning, but as yet I have not ascertained the parti-

culars; it seemed, however, as if the Russians either received reinforcements or fancied they gained some success, for they cheered loudly, and all the bells of the town rang for some time.

Dec. 3.

The cause of the Russians cheering yesterday morning is now ascertained. They had received a reinforcement of men and of provisions, and, according to the statement of a deserter, both were much needed. They also cheered in the morning ere they came out to attack a party of the 50th Regiment, posted in the Ovens—the caves in the rocks to the left of and below our left attack, in a ravine near the neck of the harbour. As our men had been out in the wet all night they found their rifles would not go off, and, the enemy being very numerous, they were forced to fall back, and the Russians once more established themselves in the Ovens. They were soon made too hot to hold them, for a party of the Rifle Brigade was at once pushed down, and speedily dislodged them. We lost two men killed and two severely wounded—eight men slightly wounded in this affair.

CHAPTER XLV.

The camp a wilderness of mud—Pictures of dirt and woe—The Slough of Despond—Misery effaces the distinctions of rank—Painful reflection—Mortality amongst the Turks—Mode of burial—Retreat of the Russians from Komara—Attempted surprises and skirmishes—Dismal prospects.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Dec. 4.*

If any of our great geologists want to test the truth of their theories respecting the appearance of the primeval world, or are desirous of ascertaining what sort of view Noah might have had when he looked out of the Ark from Ararat, they cannot do better than come out here at once. The whole plateau on which stands "the Camp before Sebastopol"—the entire of the angle of land from Balaklava round to Kherson, and thence to the valley of Inkermann—is fitted at this moment for the reception and delectation of any number of ichthyosauri, sauri, and crocodiles—it is a vast black dreary wilderness of mud, dotted with little lochs of foul water, and seamed by dirty brownish and tawny-coloured streams running down to and along the ravines. On its surface everywhere are strewed the carcases of horses and miserable animals torn by dogs and smothered in mud. Vultures sweep over the mounds in flocks; carrion crows and "birds of prey obscene" hover over their prey, menace the hideous dogs who are feasting below, or sit in gloomy dyspepsia, with drooped head and dropping wing, on the remnants of their banquet.

It is over this ground, gained at last by great toil and exhaustion and loss of life on the part of the starving beasts of burden, that man and horse have to struggle from Balaklava for some four or five miles with the hay and corn, the meat, the biscuit, the pork, which form the subsistence of our army. Every day this toil must be undergone, for we are fed indeed by daily bread, and only get

of another portion of the force as they wound up the road towards Mackenzie's farm, and passed through the wood over the right bank of the Tchernaya. The reason of this retreat remains unknown to us as yet. Perhaps the Russian general was informed by his spies that the French had landed at the north side of Sebastopol, and were marching on his flank, for the story of the landing is universally believed, and is utterly untrue. It is more probable, however, that the severity of weather and want of shelter forced him to abandon the position in the valley. The French pushed down their cavalry, and seized the plain. They found dummies (mock guns) in the embrasures, the Russians having carried off all their artillery, to the number of eighty-five pieces.

Dec. 7

A warm fine day, bright sun, and clear sky. This is indeed a treat, for though it is the presage of wintry snow and frost, even that would be a delightful change. It would dry the roads and enable us to feed our men and arm our batteries. The fire to-day was not heavy or well-sustained on either side, but there was more than one severe brush between the riflemen, French and English, and the Russian carabineers.

Dec. 8.

We had a severe frost last night, and we are rapidly getting up guns and mortars to the front; if this weather lasts all will soon be well.

Dec. 21.

There certainly never was a siege of such grandeur as the present with fewer incidents. With the exception of the advance of the army in the rear on the 25th of October, and the grand sortie on the 5th ult., no movement of any moment has been attempted by the Russians to raise the siege. They confine themselves to occasional surprises in the trenches, which end usually in a little skirmishing and the loss of a few men on both sides.

Last night one of these attempts was made on several points of our line. On the right, where one of the fresh regiments was on picquet, they succeeded in carrying away some blankets, but on the left they did rather more damage. In front of the left attack there is an earthwork thrown up for infantry, which runs down towards the great ravine forming the continuation of the military harbour of Sebastopol, which divides the town proper from the so-called military town. This ravine is the boundary between the English and French positions. In order to guard this point the sentries of the French and English outlying picquets ought to be in constant communication with each other. Somehow or other this was not the case in the present instance, and the Russians must have been well informed of this, for following the ravine they succeeded in coming close to the sentry on the extreme left, bayoneted him, and penetrated into the earthwork before they were recognised as Russians. In order to deceive the sentries they commanded in French, which *ruse* was so successful that they killed and wounded sixteen men—among the latter, Major Möller, of the 50th—and carried away eleven men and two officers, Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke, as prisoners. They were, however, after a short

skirmish, driven back by the 34th before they could do any further mischief.

The day before yesterday the "Royal Albert" arrived with the 1st battalion of Guards, and part of the 71st Regiment. The "Firebrand" and "Sphynx" took the troops on board at Chersonesus Bay, and brought them over to Balaklava yesterday, where they were disembarked and encamped for a day or two, on the sides of the hills opposite to the town, before they go up to the front.

Yesterday saw the departure of Admiral Dundas. He left in the afternoon, in the "Furious," for Constantinople, and Sir Edmund Lyons took the command of the fleet. This latter is in its *status quo* off Chersonesus Bay, while several steam-frigates are day and night "on picquet," watching the movements of the enemy's fleet.

Dec. 22.

"We have again for a change pouring rain, and the roads, which had just begun to be tolerable by the little respite of dry weather, are again as abominable as ever.

"Unfortunately just this day has been chosen to take down a convoy of sick to Balaklava and embark them for Scutari. The greatest part of the cases are brought on by exposure and overworking, and a few days' rest and proper care would be sufficient to restore many. It is a pity that the dismasted transports, which have been towed down to Constantinople, have not rather been converted into temporary hospital ships, where the men who are not dangerously ill might have remained until they are again fit to resume their duty. A similar plan answers very well for the naval brigade and the Marines. The "Diamond" has been converted into a temporary hospital ship, and lately the "Pride of the Ocean" has been applied to the same purpose for Marines, and it is marvellous how few men have to be sent away, while among the sick sent to Scutari there are many who recover before they arrive at that place.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A reconnaissance en force—The enemy abandons the village of Tchorgoun—Russian cantonment—Mortality in the army—Anecdote of the Grand Dukes at Inkermann—New Year's day—Winter setting in—Deplorable condition of the army—Evils of our military system—Activity of the Zouaves—A splendid face for a grievance.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Dec.* 26.

FINE weather. The French have thrown up a fine battery to protect Kamiesch and the left of their lines and parallels from the enemy's ships. They have a trench lined with rifflemen within 180 yards of the Flagstaff fort wall.

Dec. 27.

The 18th Regiment (Royal Irish) arrived in the "Magdalena" to-day, all well. Their fur caps and new coats made them objects of great attraction to the tattered old campaigners on the beach. The Russians are very active getting up guns in every possible direc-

tion along our approaches. The French have also pushed a trench within 180 metres of St. Vladimir. Continual firing and skirmishing are going on at night in front of our lines and along the French works. The Turks continue "to die like flies." They literally are found dead on their posts where they have mounted guard.

Dec. 28.

Fine weather. Firing is very slack on both sides.

Dec. 29

We have a large number of mortars and new siege guns ready to be put in position whenever the state of the ground and of the weather permits us to recommence the siege and bombardment. Scurvy is diminishing among the men, but dysentery and diarrhœa continue their ravages. Our loss in horses is enormous. I do not believe the whole of the Light Cavalry Brigade could muster 60 horses. The Russians opened a heavy fire on the French last night, and poured in shot and shell through the rain along the whole of their left attack for upwards of an hour, but did very little mischief. The French batteries are in good order, and contain twice as many guns as they did when they opened fire on the 17th of October. The Russians are getting up guns in every possible corner and on every eminence about the place, and now and then unmask guns where they were little suspected to be in position.

Dec. 30.

Last night orders were sent from Sir Colin Campbell to the 79th Regiment, and to the four companies of the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Major Bradford, to be ready and under arms at half-past 6 o'clock this morning. It was a cold but fine day, and at dawn all the troops were drawn out, and remained on the heights above Balaklava for some time, very curious to know what they were going to do. Soon after 7 o'clock the advanced guard of a strong division of French troops appeared in the valley on the left, and proceeded towards the hills lately occupied by the Russian redoubts. Sir Colin Campbell was on the ground, with several of his staff, and, with General Bosquet, whose division seemed to furnish the bulk of the troops on the field, had the direction of the movements of the day. The force was all in motion before 8 o'clock, the Rifles and Highlanders turning to the right, and covering the flank of the little expedition as it marched on, or beating through the woods and ravines which abound along the mountain chain on the left of the valley. As the force approached Komara the Cossack vedettes came in sight, retiring slowly, but the French pushed on rapidly, and the Cossacks retreated from the village, which has been in a ruinous state since the storm of the 14th of November and the first French *reconnaissance*. The vedettes fell back on a strong body of Lancers and light cavalry, which seemed disposed to await the shock of the French Chasseurs. The retiring and advancing cavalry skirmishers exchanged a few carbine shots before they fell in with their respective squadrons. And when the French had arrived within about 800 yards they broke from a trot into a gallop, and

dashed right at the Russian cavalry. The latter met the shock, but made no attempt to charge upon the French, who broke them in an instant, and chased them right back to the infantry, who were assembled in three small bodies on the hills, close to the village of Tchorgoun. As the French approached Tchorgoun they were received with a brisk fire of shot and shell from some heavy field-pieces, to which their guns were unable to reply at so great a distance; but they soon pushed within range of the enemy, and the Russians again retired, and abandoned the village of Tchorgoun to our allies, as well as the line of cantonments and huts which they had constructed since Liprandi's advance in October. The object of this expedition was merely to beat up the Russian position and to ascertain the strength of the enemy—it was, in fact, a *reconnaissance* in force, and there was no intention of bringing the Russians to an engagement. Our allies at once burst into the village, but the Cossacks had been there too long to leave anything to plunder, and so the French set it on fire. At the same time they applied combustibles to the huts of the Russians, and soon the whole cantonment was in a blaze, while great volumes of white smoke curling up into the air, and spreading in sheets along the crest of the hills, indicated the destruction of the village, and informed the Russians that they could no longer hope for snug quarters there. The huts built by the Russians were very commodious and comfortable. Each was capable of containing twenty or thirty men, and held an oven for baking at the end, which also warmed the room. The camp, though rather dirty, was well built, and in excellent order. The object of the *reconnaissance* having been accomplished, the expedition was halted, and the men set to work at once to avail themselves of the abundance of wood along the hill-sides, and to make enormous fires, which almost obscured the retreat of the Russians. It was ascertained that they were very weak, and that they did not number more than 5000 or 6000 men. The French remained on the ground till it was almost dark, and then returned to their camp. The French lost two officers wounded (one since dead) and about twenty men put *hors de combat*. They took seventeen of the Russian cavalry and a few infantry prisoners.

Dec. 30.

There has been a remarkable change in the weather within the last few days, and if the present fine mild days and sharp bracing nights last a little longer, we may hope to be relieved out of the Slough of Despond, to stay the march of sickness, and to make some progress in the siege. To-day the thermometer marked 50 deg., and to-night it is down to only 42 deg. There is as yet, however, no improvement in the state of the roads.

On the 26th the French lent the English army 500 horses, and on the 27th they lent them several hundred men to carry up shot, shell, and provisions to our camp. A painful task they had of it. Those indefatigable fellows, the Zouaves, toiled through the heaps of mud, each with a heavy shot or shell in his hands, with an amount of *sacré*-ing enough to impregnate the atmosphere, and they did good service ere the day was over. Yesterday our own men were engaged in the same painful labour. At Balaklava large

quantities of shot and shell have been landed, and mounds of iron block up the quay and fill the yard around the ordnance wharf, but the tramp of horses' hoofs and the roll of cart-wheels have worn the quay away into a canal of semifluid nastiness, through which stepping-stones, shot, and the cables and warps of ships, afford an uncertain and devious passage.

Since the date of the last mail about 900 horses, ponies, and mules have been landed here for the use of the army, but they die off by dozens every night. The mules left at Varna were sent down overland to Constantinople and embarked in the "Jason" for Balaklava, where they arrived a few days ago. The Turks have a curious way of accounting for dead horses. It is Oriental, but satisfactory. One of the men left in charge of horses at Varna came down to Scutari to render up his accounts to the commissariat officer of the department. The first thing he did was to produce a large sack, which was borne into the apartment of the functionary by two men. "Two hundred of your horses have died," said the Turk. "Behold! what I have said is the truth;" and, at the wave of his hand, the men tumbled out the contents of the sack on the floor, and, lo! 400 horse-ears, long and short, and of all sizes and shapes, were piled in a heap before the eyes of the astonished officer.

Cattle and other live stock have been sent up from Gumlik, in the Sea of Marmora, by the "Tonning" and the "City of London," and will prove a very welcome addition to our supplies, though the doctors say something more is wanted to stop the ravages of the scurvy than fresh meat.

As the siege progresses our operations assume a grander and more enlarged character. Upwards of 10,000 Turks are now at Eupatoria, and 1200 French have been sent round from Kamiesch to their assistance. Between November 1 and December 20 no less than 10,600 English, 5600 French, and 4800 Turkish troops have been conveyed in British ships to the Crimea. It is a melancholy fact that these reinforcements suffer more than the men of the acclimated regiments, and that it must not be taken for granted that the soldiers sent out here form permanent additions to our army. Although the mortality among them is not very great, many of the draughts and of the newly-arrived regiments are so enfeebled by illness after their arrival that they must be taken off the effective strength of the regiments. In order to afford the public some idea of the extent to which sickness has prevailed, I may mention that the 9th Regiment does not now muster 250 bayonets, and that the Brigade of Guards is not 1000 strong on parade. The draught of 150 men which went out to the Scots Fusileers, under Lieutenant-Colonel de Bathe, the other day, is reduced to about twenty men at present. A short time ago, when this brigade furnished the men for picquets in the Tchernaya valley, an order was sent to the Brigadier to strengthen the picquets which he had sent down. He was obliged to represent that when he had done so the force of his brigade would be reduced to thirty men. Such are the sacrifices we make on the altar of war. May we trust that the victims were all required, and that none of them could have been spared?

Dec. 31.

I heard from a Russian deserter that when the Grand Dukes beheld the fearful slaughter of the Russians at Inkermann they were greatly affected, and that when they saw the day was lost, and that the English and French had signally defeated their troops, they burst into tears. As they retreated into the town with their staff they implored Menschikoff not to continue the struggle any longer, and to abandon Sebastopol, making the best terms of capitulation that he could. Menschikoff is said to have promised that he would do so, and to have led them quietly away till they recovered their spirits. The French are bombarding the town to-day with vigour, and the Russian reply is feeble. The French have nearly 50 mortars ready for the work, and they can fire 50 bombs a-day from each mortar.

New Year's Day, 1855.

Cold, raw, bleak, and wet. However, the Guards have received their cases of brandy, and the survivors will have 100 dozen of that very needful stimulant for their use.

Jan. 2.

Winter is setting upon us, and we are already in a position to form an opinion of its possible results. I cannot conceal my impression that our army is likely to suffer severely unless instant and most energetic measures, be taken to place it in a position to resist the inclemency of the weather. We have no means of getting up the huts—all our army can do is to feed itself. Captain Keen, R.E., is here in charge of 4000 tons of wood for hutting, but he cannot get any one to take charge of it, or unload it out of the ships. Each hut weighs more than two tons, and, somehow or other, I fear it will so happen that no effort will be used to get them up till men are found frozen to death in their tents. As to the "warm clothing," the very words immediately suggest to us all some extraordinary fatality. Some went down with the ill-fated and ill-treated "Prince," some of it has been lost, and now we hear that a ship with clothing for the officers has been burnt off Constantinople; that some of it has been saturated with water; and I had an opportunity of seeing several lighters full of warm great coats, &c., for the men, lying a whole day in the harbour of Balaklava beneath a determined fall of rain and snow. There was no one to receive them when they were sent to the shore, or rather no one would receive them without orders. In fact, we are ruined by etiquette, and by "service" regulations. No one will take "responsibility" upon himself if it were to save the lives of hundreds.

We are cursed by a system of "requisitions," "orders," and "memos," which is enough to depress an army of scriveners, and our captains, theoretically, have almost as much work to do with pen and paper as if they were special correspondents or bankers' clerks; that is, they ought to have as much to do, but, thanks to the realities of war, they have now no bookkeeping; their accounts are lost, and the captain who once had forty or fifty pounds' weight of books and papers to carry, has not now so much as a penny memorandum-book. This fact alone shows the absurdity of our arrangements. In peace, when these accounts are of com-

paratively little importance, we have plenty and too much of checks and returns, but in time of war the very first thing our army does is to leave all its stationary on board the steamer that carries it to the scene of action.

There are other evils in our military system which this war will expose—none greater or more patent, however, than that which arises out of the different departments forming what is called "The Army." We have the Ordnance Department, the Medical Department, the Commissariat Department, and the Military Department *pur sang*, and all the departments have different "heads," to whom the subordinate officers look as the sole sources of honour and promotion.

To-day little was done, because the state of the roads presented the greatest obstacles to the transport of shot or shell, and all that could be effected was to get up scanty supplies of food and rum to the camp. The rain, mingled with snow and sleet, fell heavily. The cold is developing itself, and I regret to say our efforts to guard against it have been attended with mischief. Captain Swinton, of the Royal Artillery, a gallant and excellent officer, was found dead in his tent, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal from a stove which he had placed within it for the purposes of warmth. Great numbers of iron stoves have been brought out here from Constantinople and are not used with proper caution, and several officers have been half-killed by carbonic acid gas generated in these deadly apparatus. The 39th have not yet disembarked. Fatigue parties from the different regiments are employed every day in bringing up biscuit and provisions to head-quarters, where they are making some sort of attempt to establish a central depôt. This duty is very hard on officers and men, and is almost as severe as the labour of carrying up shot and shell. Sometimes the military escorts miss their way or lose their provisions, and the divisions to which they belong are deprived of their rum and biscuit. We have been obliged to apply to the French to place guards over the line of our march, for the instant a cart with provisions or spirits was broke down it was plundered by our active friends the Zouaves, who really seem to have the gift of ubiquity. Let an araba once stick or break a wheel or an axle, and the Zouaves sniff it out just as vultures detect carrion; in a moment barrels and casks are broken open, the bags of of bread are ripped up, the contents are distributed, and the commissary officer, who has gone to seek for help and assistance, on his return finds only the tires of the wheels and a few splinters of wood left, for our indefatigable foragers complete their work most effectually, and carry off the cart, body and boxes, to serve as firewood. They are splendid fellows—our friends the Zouaves—always gay, healthy, and well fed; they carry loads for us, drink for us, eat for us, bake for us, forage for us, and build our huts for us, and all on the cheapest and most economical terms. But there are some few degenerate wretches who grumble even among this *corps d'élite*. An officer commanding a fatigue party, who happened to fall in with a party of Zouaves engaged in a similar duty, brought them all off to the canteen to give them a little *goutte* after their day's labour. While he was in the tent a warrior with a splendid

face for a grievance came in and joined in the conversation, and our friend, seeing he was not a private, but that he had a chatty, talkative aspect, combined with an air of rank, began to talk of the privations to which the allied armies were exposed. This was evidently our ally's *champ de bataille*. He at once threw himself into an attitude which would have brought down the pit and galleries of the Porte St. Martin to a certainty, and, in a tone which no words can describe, working himself up by degrees to the grand climax, and attuning his body to every nice modulation of phrase and accent, he plunged at once into his proper woes. Our gallant friend had been expatiating on the various disagreeables of camp life in the Crimea in winter time: "C'est vrai!" quoth he, "mon ami! En effet nous éprouvons beaucoup de misère!" The idea of any one suffering misery except himself seemed to the Zouave too preposterous not to be disposed of at once. "Mais, mon lieutenant," cried he, "regardez moi —— moi! pr-r-r-r-remier basson des 3mes Zouaves! élève du Conservatoire de Paris! après avoir sacrifié vingt ans de ma vie pour acquérir un talent—pour me r-r-rendre agréable à la société—me voici! (with extended arms and legs) me voici!—forcé d'arracher du bois de la terre (with terrible earnestness and sense of indignity), pour me faire de la soupe!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Christmas comes, but no Christmas-boxes—The army melting away—Comforts distributed to the soldiers by the commissioner of "*The Times* Fund"—Heavy fall of snow—Hard frost—Omar Pasha arrives—Wintry aspect of the Crimea—Trying duties of the fatigue parties—Warm clothing and patent stoves—Comfortable hut of a French officer.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 2.

WE have had rather a rough and dreary Christmas of it, and we have not had a very happy New Year, as yet, on these heights before Sebastopol. Where are our presents—our Christmas-boxes —the offerings of our kind countrymen and countrywomen, and the donations from our ducal parks? Where are the fat bucks which had, we were told, exhausted the conservative principles of a Gunter; the potted meats, which covered the decks and filled the holds of adventurous yachts; and the various worsted devices which had employed the fingers and emptied the crochet-boxes of our fair sympathizers at home? They may be all on the way, but they will arrive too late; and, whether they are knocking about among the Cyclades, or struggling against the storms of the Mediterranean, they are wanting to the army in its utmost need. While our friends at home are disputing about the exact mean degree of cold of the Crimean winter, and are preparing all kinds of warm clothing, which at some good time or other will come out to the men, our army is rapidly melting away—dissolved in rain. At the present date there are no less than 3500 sick men in the British camp before Sebastopol, and it is not too much to say that their illness has, for the most part, been caused by hard work in

bad weather, and by exposure to wet without any adequate protection. Think what a tent must be, pitched, as it were, at the bottom of a marsh, into which some twelve or fourteen miserable creatures, drenched to the skin, have to creep for shelter after twelve hours of vigil in a trench like a canal, and then reflect what state these poor fellows must be in at the end of a night and day spent in such *shelter*, huddled together without any change of clothing, and lying packed up as close as they can stow in saturated blankets. But why are they in tents? Where are the huts which have been sent out to them? The huts are on board ships in the harbour of Balaklava, and are likely to stay there. Some of these huts, of which we have heard so much, I have seen floating about the beach; others have been landed, and now and then I have met a wretched pony, knee-deep in mud, struggling on beneath the weight of two thin deal planks, a small portion of one of these huts, which would be most probably converted into firewood after lying for some time in the camp, or be turned into stabling for officers' horses when enough of *disjecta membra* had been collected. As I write the rain is falling in torrents, and the floods of mud are flowing down the hill-sides and roads so as to cut off supplies to the camp to a great extent. Now, if central depôts had been established, as Mr. Filder proposed, while the fine weather lasted, much, if not all, of the misery and suffering of the men and of the loss of horses would have been averted.

It may be true that the enemy are suffering still more than ourselves, but the calculation of equal losses on the part of England and on the part of Russia in the article of soldiery, cannot be regarded as an ingredient in the consideration of our position. It is an actual truth that our force is deprived day by day of the services of about 100 men in every twenty-four hours. There are 3500 sick men in camp unfit for duty, and there are between 7000 and 8000 men sick, wounded, and convalescent in the hospitals on the Bosphorus. The 39th Regiment, which has not yet landed, has been provided with some protection against the severity of the weather—not by government, but by your commissioner at Scutari; and I have heard from the best authority that the warm clothing they have received has been most grateful to the men, and that the bounty of the subscribers to the fund intrusted to *The Times* for distribution has not only been well bestowed, but that the officers of the regiments have evinced the greatest satisfaction at the comforts provided for their men.

When the various articles sent up by your commissioner arrived here, there was a rush made to get them by the regimental medical officers, and no false delicacy was evinced by them in availing themselves of the luxuries and necessaries placed at their disposal, and of which they had been in so much need.

Jan. 4.

It snowed all last night incessantly, and this morning the whole of the bleak grey mountains over Balaklava, and of the landscape of valley, undulating hills, rugged ridges, and mountain-tops was clothed in a sheet of blinding whiteness. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of six or seven inches, and the cold was aggravated by a high wind which blew into one's very bones. If

the men were only well clad, this weather would, however, be far more healthy than the wet and storms of rain we have had recently; but, alas! the poor fellows are not properly provided with outer garments to resist the severity of the climate. I cannot conceive much greater hardships than those to which the men in the trenches are subjected, when at the end of a twelve hours' watch they return half-cramped and frozen to their damp cheerless tents, to find that there is not wood enough to warm their coffee! Our sentries have got an extra greatcoat—a kind of "grego" with a large hood, all our men who are exposed to night duty should be provided with them. What the men require most are warm long boots to protect the feet and legs. Some few boots of this kind have been served out, and have been found invaluable. The mits are also most serviceable.

This afternoon we had a very important arrival; his Excellency Omar Pasha arrived, with his staff from Varna, on board the "Inflexible." The transport horses were quite beaten to-day, and dropped and died in the roads by dozens. It is snowing hard, and the thermometer marks 28° to-night.

Jan. 5.

An extremely hard frost began at midnight, and the thermometer this morning at 21° 10′, or more than 10° degrees of cold. The result may be imagined. The cavalry division lost about sixty horses during the night; and I dread to think of the number of our noble soldiers who will receive their *coup de grace* from this weather, if it lasts. I am credibly informed that, out of one division alone 150 men were taken out of the trenches to the hospital tents, seized with cramp and half frozen, not so much perhaps from the cold as from the want of proper clothing and inability to move about to circulate the blood.

About 1600 French soldiers were sent down to-day to Balaklava to help us in carrying up provisions and ammunition. Each man who is detached on this duty receives from our commissariat a ration of rum and biscuits.

His Excellency Omar Pasha landed this morning at the Ordnance-wharf very quietly. The only persons ready to receive him were an artillery officer superintending the landing of shot and shell, and Mr. Macgillivray, the Ordnance Commissariat officer; but the men who were on duty mustered up their strength, and gave the gallant general three hearty cheers in spite of the cold. He chatted very affably with the officers on duty, rode through the town after short interviews with some of the Turkish officers in command of the poor fellows in the place, and then proceeded to head-quarters. There there was a reunion—shall we call it a council of war?—at which the French General-in-Chief, the French Admiral, Sir E. Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, and Lord Raglan, were present.

The commissary officers are almost at their wits' end. The transport is all but extinct. The mules and horses are fast going altogether, and the men seem likely to follow them. It is now (4 p.m.) 23° Fahrenheit, with a bitter fierce wind, and the snow is several feet deep in some places among the valleys.

Jan. 6.

There was a good deal of firing to-day on the side of the French right attack, and of the Russians from their new earthworks. The Russians opened a masked battery against our advanced posts, near the Canrobert Redoubt, and shelled the Guards' picquets. There are three strong divisions of Russians visible over towards Inkermann and the north side of the Tchernaya, and their movements are very mysterious. To-day they sent a large body of cavalry by the gorges towards the east of the valley of Balaklava, and at the same time a body of infantry moved off through the Inkermann tunnel towards the north.

Jan. 7.

The scenery of our camping ground and of the adjacent country has now assumed a true wintry aspect. The lofty abrupt peaks and sharp ridges of the mountains which close up the valley of Balaklava are covered with snow, which gives them an appearance of great height and ruggedness; and the valley and plateau are of a blanched white, seamed and marked by lines of men and horses carrying up provisions. On the tops of the distant mounds black figures, which look of enormous size, denote the stations of the enemy's picquets and advanced posts, which are now maintained, I imagine, to prevent a surprise or rapid *reconnaissance* coming down on them. The number of dead horses on the roadside, augmented by every day's work, is very considerable. Each ditch or deep furrow across the path is marked by a heap of decaying horseflesh. We hear of plenty of game in front of our posts towards Baidar, and a few hares and woodcocks have been killed close to Balaklava, but there is too much excitement, even for the strongest nerves, to indulge in shooting under a sharp fire of Cossack marksmen, and one cannot stir out very far towards the front without running the risk of such a salutation.

Jan. 8.

The thermometer, which was at 18° yesterday morning, rose to 33° last night, and it thawed for several hours towards morning, and the snow and ice are now giving way rapidly. The cavalry horses have suffered severely. At the present rate of mortality, the whole division, which musters about 500 horses, will be extinct in thirty days.

The 63rd Regiment had only seven men fit for duty yesterday. The 46th had only thirty men fit for duty at the same date. A strong company of the 90th have been reduced by the last week's severity to fourteen file in a few days, and that regiment though considered very healthy, lost fifty men by death in a fortnight. The Scots Fusileer Guards, who have had out from beginning to end 1562 men, now muster, including servants and corporals, 210 men on parade. Many other regiments have suffered in like proportion. As a matter of course, the men in this cold weather seek after ardent spirits with great avidity, and instances not a few—some of which I have witnessed—have taken place in which the men carrying out rum to the camp have broached the kegs when the eye of the officer in charge was off them, and have almost paid the penalty of their consequent drunkenness in the loss of life at

night as they staggered across the waste of snow to the camp. The duty of the fatigue parties is, indeed, very trying. The men are provided with a stout pole for each couple, and a cask of rum, biscuits, or beef, is slung from it between them, and then they go off on a tramp of about five miles from the commissariat stores at Balaklava to the head-quarters. I have seen the officers dividing this labour with their men; and as I was coming in from the front on Saturday, I met a lad who could not long have joined in charge of a party of the 38th Regiment, who took the place of a tired man, and struggled along under his load, while the man at the other end of the pole exhausted the little breath he had left in appeals to his comrades. "Boys! boys! wont you come and relieve the young officer?" Horses cannot do this work, for they cannot keep their legs, and now almost every 100 yards of the road is marked by a carcase. To give an idea of the loss we have sustained in this way, here is a fact. There is now on duty in Balaklava a party of orderlies, whose duty it is to go about and bury all offal and dead animals every day. On an average they have to inter the bodies of twelve horses each twenty-four hours, all of which have died within the town. It is really humiliating to our national pride, and distressing to our sense of what we might be, and ought to be, to see the French entering Balaklava with their neat wagons and clean-looking men, and stout horses, to aid our wretched-looking, pale, weakly soldiers and emaciated horses in carrying up ammunition.

The arrangements in Balaklava are much better now than they were when I wrote about them some time ago. But let no one at home dream that our troops are in huts, or that they are well clad. It will be weeks ere the huts can be up at the camp. Some have been pitched close to the town for the artillery, and a few suits of warm clothing have been distributed. But hundreds of men have still to go into the trenches at night with no covering but their great coats and no protection for their feet but their regimental shoes. The trenches are two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush. Many men when they take off their shoes are unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and they have been seen bare-footed hopping along about the camp, with the thermometer at twenty degrees, and the snow half-a-foot deep on the ground. Our fine patent stoves are wretched affairs. They are made of thin sheet iron, which cannot stand our fuel—charcoal. Besides, with charcoal they are mere poison manufactories, and they cannot be left alight in the tents at night. They answer well for drying the men's clothes at day. There are not many of them distributed as yet, however, so that, such as they are, the troops have not the advantage. On this, the 8th day of January, some of the Guards, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Household Brigade, are walking about in the snow *without soles to their shoes*. The warm clothing is going up to the front in small detachments. I don't know how the French get on, but I know this, that our people do not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea—at least, up to the date of my letter. Providence has been very good to us. With one great exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we have had wonderful weather since

the expedition landed in the Crimea. The other day I was passing through the camp of the 5th (French) Regiment of the line, and urging my poor steed through heaps of mud, when an officer came out of his tent, and, with the unfailing kindness and courtesy of our allies, invited me to dismount and take a glass of the brandy which had been sent out by the Emperor as a Christmas gift. Although he was living in a tent, the canvas was only a roof for a capacious and warm pit in which there was a bright wood fire sparkling cheerily in a grate of stones. We "trinqued" together and fraternized as our allies will always do when our officers give them a chance. My host, who had passed through his grades in Africa, showed me with pride the case of sound Bordeaux, the box of brandy, and the pile of good tobacco sent to him by Napoleon III., —"*le premier ami du soldat.*"

A similar present had been sent to every officer of the French army, and a certain quantity of wine and brandy and tobacco had been sent to each company of every regiment in the Crimea. That very same day I heard dolorous complaints that the presents sent by the Queen and Prince Albert to our army had miscarried, and that the Guards and Rifles had alone received the Royal bounty in the very acceptable shape of a ton of Cavendish.

It must not be inferred that the French are all healthy while we are all sickly. They have dysentery, fever, diarrhœa, and scurvy, as well as pulmonary complaints, but not to the same extent as ourselves, or to anything like it in proportion to their numbers.

It is a great thaw, and the roads are very bad. The sickness is dreadful. The cavalry are getting up sheds for the horses, and sheepskin coats have been distributed to some of the men. Lord Raglan visited the town yesterday, for the first time since October, and he has paid two or three visits to the front, particularly to the camp of the Fourth Division, lately.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Stores lost or misappropriated—Supplies to Sebastopol—Little great-coats—The wretched ambulance corps—Mule litters for the conveyance of the sick—Letters of Indian officers—Luxuries of warfare in the East—Miseries of a campaign in the Crimea—Desertion among the English and French troops.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 10.

THE thawing of the snow has reduced the whole country to its former state, and has increased the difficulties of supplying the men considerably, but the formation of the central depôt goes on, and it is likely to be of great advantage. The quantities of provisions required and consumed by the army are almost fabulous. In one division which I know of 210 gallons of rum are drunk every day, and it is all required. The consumption of the whole army must be about 1000 gallons daily. Waste is prevented as far as possible, but it does undoubtedly take place. When a vessel arrives with stores she is frequently ordered to sea again in all haste. The stores are crammed into lighters, and are shoved on the beach. Oftentimes they are partially lost, or are taken off by marauders, or

find their way into divisional magazines, where they are never heard of, unless by some lucky accident. Bales of great-coats have been seen lying, I suppose, under some such circumstances, under the rain, in open lighters, for twenty-four hours together at a stretch in the harbour.

With regard to the siege and prospects of the Russians, as there can be no doubt that means of communication exist between Inkermann and the city itself along the south side of the creeks, it is found that some more decisive steps must be taken to intercept supplies for the garrison, and at least to harass them a little more in their attempts to obtain provisions. When we encamped on the plateau on the south side of the city, after the famous flank march, we seized the Woronzoff road, and it was imagined that no other means of approach, except those afforded by a very indifferent mountain path, existed between Simpheropol, Bakshiserai, and the city of Sebastopol, properly so called, on the southern side. There can be, however, no doubt that another road has been made which enables men to go from Inkermann along the shores of the southern creeks, and so traverse the mouths of the very steep ravines which run into them. Carts have been seen day after day coming down from the heights over the Tchernaya to the city, and large bodies of men have been visible passing and repassing for many weeks past, and at one part of the route they disappear in a tunnel, which formed a portion, most probably, of the aqueduct.

Jan. 11.

Yesterday the weather changed again; the wind chopped round to the N.E., blowing strongly, and at the same time the thermometer fell rapidly from 40° to 30°, and in the course of this morning it marked 22°, from which it rose to 24°, where it now remains. This degree of cold is, however, as usual, accompanied by an intensely dry cutting wind of extreme severity and sharpness, which causes water to freeze rapidly, has arrested the thaw, and has hardened the ground and roads, cut up very much by cartwheels and horse-hoofs during the two or three wet days previously, so as to make it difficult and painful to walk upon, and all but impossible to ride over. Within this week large quantities of warm clothing have been distributed, bought up at Constantinople or sent out from England, and, as there is no uniformity of cut or colour or material, "motley is the only wear" of our brave army. It must not, however, be imagined that the supplies sent up are at all equal to the demand, or that there is any large proportion of our men provided with extra great-coats, or with anything more than their usual outer covering and perhaps an extra blanket. The sick in the hospital marquees out on the bleak plains or upon the hill-tops suffer severely from the cold, and the snow blows into their very blankets. However, such supplies as the men have had prove of the greatest service, and have, no doubt, saved many lives.

The road which the French have been making for the English from Kadikoi, by the Cavalry Camp, towards the front, is progressing, but not rapidly. The weather is so changeable, and is in every change so unfavourable for work, that it is hard to expect our allies to labour for us with their usual energy. However, they do work. They build huts for our officers, when paid for it, with

much activity, and their aid in that way is invaluable. Some of the warm coats sent out for the officers are far too small, and I have just heard a pathetic story from a stout Highlander respecting the defeat of his exertions to get into his much-longed-for and much-wanted garment. There is only one officer in the whole regiment that the largest of the great-coats will fit, and he is certainly not remarkable for bulk or stature. The men are far more lucky, and their coats are of the most liberal dimensions, however eccentric in cut and device they may be.

As the wretched Ambulance Corps is quite *hors de combat* in weather of this kind—as the men and horses are nearly all gone or unfit for duty, our sick are subjected to much misery in coming down from the camp to be put on board ship. But for the kindness of the French in lending us their excellent mule-litters, many of our poor fellows would have died in their tents. Captain Grant, at the head of the Ambulance Corps, is a most excellent, intelligent, and active officer, but he has no materials to work with, and this is no place for intelligence and activity to work miracles in. Experience has taught our allies, and will, I hope, teach our authorities, if the war continues, that the mule-litter is the best possible conveyance for a sick or wounded man. A moveable jointed frame of iron with a canvas-stretcher is suspended from a light pack-saddle at each side of a mule. If the sick or wounded man is able to sit up, by raising the head of the litter a support is afforded to his back. If he wishes his legs to hang down, the frame is adjusted accordingly, and he rides as if he were in an armchair suspended by the side of the mule. Should he like to lie down he has a long and comfortable couch—comfortable in so far as the pace of a mule is easier than the jog of an ambulance, and he is not crowded with others like hens in a coop. These mules can travel where ambulance carts cannot stir; they require no roads or beaten tracks, and they are readily moved about in the rear when an action is going on. Our officers out here read with indignation the letters of Indian officers, who, fresh from all the luxuries of warfare in the East, think that the honest complaints of suffering men proceed from pusillanimous grumblers. These officers, who have been accustomed to move to battle with mile-long trains of elephants, palanquin-bearers, syces, horses, domestics, marquees, and profuse stores of luxuries in the rear, ought to come out here, and examine the condition of the British officers in the Crimea before they pretend to criticize or condemn. Do these gentlemen know that, with snow three feet deep about the tents, the men scarce know what fuel is in many regiments; that they break up the rum-barrels, and even the pack-saddles—seize, in fact, anything that will burn to cook their meals, or grub into the earth for roots and stumps to light their fires? I know that, during two hard days of frost and snow, when, if ever, a full supply of rum was requisite to keep up the spirits and strength of the men, one mess at least had no rum at all on one of these days, and only a half-ration on the other, and that in the same regiment where this occurred the return of men under arms fit for duty was about 230, and that of men sick and unfit for duty was 350! Now, let no one imagine that these things are made public with any view of creating

public despondency. No; they are made known that the country may be aware of the privations which her soldiers endure in this great winter campaign, and that she may be prepared to reward with her greenest laurels those gallant, noble hearts, who in such a position deserve the highest honour—that honour which in ancient Rome was esteemed the highest that soldier could gain, and was bestowed on him for this—that in desperate circumstances he had not despaired of the Republic. And here no man despairs. The poor worn-out, exhausted soldier, before he sinks to rest, sighs that he cannot share the sure triumph—the certain glories—of the day when our flag shall float from the citadel of Sebastopol! There is no doubt—no despondency out here. No one for an instant feels diffident of ultimate success. From his remains, as they lie in this cold Crimean soil, the British soldier knows an avenger and a conqueror will arise. If high courage, unflinching and daring bravery—if the wild, yet steady charge—if the bayonet-thrust in the breach, and the strong arm in the fight—if calm confidence, contempt of death, and love of country, of honour, and glory could have won Sebastopol, it had been ours long ago, and may be ours at any time we are prepared for a dreadful sacrifice. And no one has for one instant the smallest misgiving as to the result. But let England, at least, feel what her children deserve at her hands. Let her know them as the descendants of the starved rabble who fought at Agincourt and Cressy; and let her know, too, that in fighting her battles against a stubborn and barbarous enemy, her armies have to maintain a struggle with foes still more terrible, and that, as they triumph over the one, she may be assured, as they are, that so she will triumph over the other.

Jan. 12.

I regret to say that there are more cases of desertion among our troops and the French than one expects or likes to find. Last night a sentry of the 2nd battalion, Rifle Brigade, posted on the mountain tops above Balaklava, reported that there was a fire in the ravine below, in the direction of the Cossack picquets. A small party of Riflemen were despatched in the direction of the light, and as they approached they discovered four men in the uniform of French soldiers seated round it. On being challenged, the men started to their feet and fled. Two of them were taken by the Riflemen; two of them escaped in the brushwood in the obscurity of the light. The former were immediately handed over to the French authorities by whom they were claimed as two of a party of four deserters who had left camp yesterday, and they will be shot early to-morrow morning. A man of the 93rd also deserted, and his body has been found in front of the Russian picquet. He was killed by a musket-shot, and there is no doubt but that as he approached the post, not being able to reply to the challenger, he was fired upon and met his fate—one too good for him. There have been several desertions in front also—at least, men are missing, and it is supposed they have gone over to the enemy.

The army is in somewhat bad humour at the appropriation of the five mortars found in the Old Fort of Balaklava, when we arrived here on the 25th of September. They were taken on board

the "Agamemnon," and are now on board the "Firebrand," with an inscription on a brass plate affixed to each, "Agamemnon," Balaklava, 1854." The "Agamemnon" certainly shelled the heights, but did no good, and her shells came very near our men as they were advancing up the heights towards the ruins. The little garrison of Balaklava certainly surrendered to the Rifle Brigade, and to Lord Raglan and his staff, and not to the "Agamemnon."

There is nothing doing except getting up shot and shell and provisions. The French and Russians exchange a few shots now and then, and keep up a constant fire of Riflemen.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Celebration of the opening of the Russian New Year—Tremendous cannonade and attack on the British position—Strong sortie on the French lines—Soldiers converted into commissariat mules—Mortality of the Turkish troops—Fall of snow—Curious appearance of the camps—Diseases of the army—Listlessness and indifference to life—The camp of the Highlanders—Popular error respecting the kilt—Lord Raglan visits Balaklava and the cavalry camp.

Jan. 13.

LAST night the wind changed round to the southward, and the thermometer rose to 34°. A speedy thaw followed, and the roads and camp will once more suffer from the ravages of our old enemy—the mud. The Russians, who had been very active inside the town during the day, and who had lighted great watchfires on the north side of the place, illuminated the heights over the Tchernaya with rows of lights, which shone brilliantly through the darkness of the cold winter's night, and were evidently with all possible pomp and ostentation celebrating the opening of their peculiar new year. Lights shone from the windows of the public buildings, and our lonely sentries in the valleys and ravines, and the *enfans perdus*—the French sharpshooters lying in their lairs with watchful eye on every embrasure before them—might almost fancy that the inhabitants and garrison of the beleaguered city were tantalising them with the aspect of their gaiety. At midnight all the chapel bells of the city began ringing, and it was evident that a religious ceremony of extraordinary solemnity was about to take place. On our side the sentries and picquets were warned to be on the alert, and the advanced posts were strengthened wherever it was practicable. About a quarter past one o'clock this morning the Russians inside the line of works gave a loud cheer. The French replied by opening fire, and the Russians in return instantly began one of the fiercest cannonades along the front of their position which we have yet heard. It reminded one of those tremendous salvoes of artillery which the enemy delivered on two or three occasions before we opened our batteries last October. The earthworks flashed forth uninterrupted floods of flame, which broke through the smoke as lightning through the thunder-cloud, and revealed distinctly the outlines of the buildings in the town, and the lines of defences swarming with men. The roaring of shot, the screaming and

hissing of heavy shell, and the whistling of carcases filled up the intervals between the deafening roll of cannon, which was as rapid and unbroken as quick file-firing. The iron and stones passed over our lines uninterruptedly for more than half-an-hour, and the French, whose works to our left are less protected by the ground than ours are, had to shelter themselves closely in the trenches, and could barely reply to the massive volleys which ploughed up the parapets of their works, but their *enfans perdus* never lost an opportunity of sending their balls into the embrasures. In the meantime, while the firing was going on, a strong body of men had been pushed out of the town up the face of the hill towards our works in front and on the flank of the left attack. As it was expected that some attempt of the kind would be made, one of the steadiest sergeants in the service was posted here with twelve men. Every reliance was placed on his vigilance and on his strict attention to his duties, but, somehow or other, the enemy crept up on the little party, surprised, and took them prisoners, and then advanced on the covering parties with such rapidity and suddenness that the parties of the Sixty—th, and of the Twenty—st Regiments, which were on duty in the trenches, were obliged to retire almost without firing a shot. They rallied, however, and fired, and, being supported by the regiments in rear, they advanced, and the Russians were driven back close to the town. In this little affair one officer and nine men were severely wounded, six men were killed, and fourteen men are now missing. The French had to resist a strong sortie nearly at the same time, and for a short time the Russians were within the parapet of one of their mortar batteries, and spiked, it is said, two or three mortars with wooden plugs, but the French soon drove them back with loss, and in the pursuit got inside the lines of the Russians' advanced batteries. The soldiers, indeed, say they could have taken the place that night, if they had been permitted to do so. At two o'clock this morning all was silent once more, and the allied armies had opened their new Russian year on Crimean soil.

A heavy gale of wind blew nearly all day, but the thermometer rose to 38°, and the snow thawed so rapidly that the tracks to the camp became rivulets of mud. The establishment of a central depôt for provisions has, however, done much to diminish the labours and alleviate the sufferings of the men engaged in the duties of the siege; but the formation of the depôt and the accumulation of the stores have worn out and exhausted many of our best men. Horses cannot stand this work. As a newly-arrived and freshly-mounted officer was riding along one of the narrow paths to the camp he called out to a man who was toiling along with a sack of biscuit on his shoulders, the last of a long file similarly engaged, "Now, then, soldier, out of the way, if you please." The man turned his head round, and, with an expression I never shall forget, exclaimed, "Sojer, indeed! Faix, *we're* no sojers! *we're* only poor broken down ould commissariat mules!" Out of a batch of 500 or 600 horses brought up here from Constantinople, 279 have died or have disappeared since the 16th of December. In fact, the commissariat consumes and uses up horseflesh at the rate of 100 head per week, and each of these animals

costs on an average 5*l*. The araba drivers from Roumelia and Bulgaria have disappeared likewise—out of the several hundreds there are now very few left; and of the Tartars of the Crimea in our employ the great majority are unwilling or unfit to work in cold weather, accustomed as they seem to be to sit all day in close rooms provided with large stoves as soon as winter sets in. Disease and sickness of all kinds have swept these poor people away very rapidly. The mortality of the Turkish troops, which had, as I stated some time ago, assumed the dimensions of a plague, has now begun to be attended with much of the physical appearances of the same terrible disease, and their sanitary condition has excited the liveliest apprehensions of our medical officers in Balaklava, who have, over and over again, represented to the authorities the danger of allowing the Turks to remain in the town. Their small force is losing men at the rate of twenty and thirty a day.

It is gratifying to be able to note an improvement in the condition of our own troops. The arrangements of the hospital ships in Balaklava also are improved, and the hospitals on shore are better managed and better provided than they used to be. The returns of sickness and mortality in camp show a slight decrease, but the strength of the army has been very materially diminished for the time by illness.

Jan. 14.

The 39th Regiment, Colonel Munro, and the draughts from England sent on board the "Golden Fleece" from her Majesty's ship "Leopard," were at last disembarked from the former vessel to-day. The 39th marched up to the head of the creek of Balaklava, and occupied ground close to the late encampment of the 18th Royal Irish, but though so near the town, there is only one hut pitched for them as yet, and the process of getting up the pieces is very slow and by no means sure.

There was a very heavy fall of snow last night, but there was not much wind, and the thermometer stands at 29°. The snow is about two feet deep, but it has been drifted to twice that depth in the ravines. The camps have a most curious appearance. Tents, horses, men, huts—all seem jet black by contrast with the painfully bright white sheets of snow which hurt and dazzle the eye on every side. The look of the ships in Balaklava puts one in mind of the ordinary incidents in Arctic exploring expeditions, when vessels are frozen up. The yards and rigging and every rope and stay are covered with thick ridges of fleecy snow, which hangs in flakes or broken masses from the blocks, and spearlike icicles depend from all the larger spars.

The temperature of the weather fell towards evening, and the thaw was arrested. Frequent showers of snow fell during the day. The French wagons were busy to-day in carrying up shot and powder for us to the depôts. Sometimes our artillery wagons, with French horses and drivers, were employed in the same manner. Our officers are full of admiration for their allies. They are never tired of speaking of the gaiety, *bonhommie*, and civility of these gallant fellows.

The French have their share of the sickness which afflicts us in this winter campaign, but the percentage of deaths and of men

unfit for duty is not so great among them as it is in our camps. The diseases which pursue our army are aggravated by a peculiar condition of mind which the medical men have remarked very frequently in their patients—an extreme listlessness and indifference to life—a languor which induces the convalescent to regard "rest" as the greatest happiness, and deprives them of any inclination to make the least effort or even to take food and nourishment. There was nothing done worth noting to-day in front. The French batteries were silent, and the Russians scarcely fired a shot all day. The usual small-arm practice went on in front of the lines between the sharpshooters.

The "Simla" has arrived, with about 400 horses and with some convalescents. Thermometer, 34° this evening at sunset.

Jan. 16.

A heavy fall of snow during the night. It is six feet deep in some places in the ravines, and on an average is three feet and a half deep all over the plain; but it is so hard that one can walk over it without sinking more than a foot into it. The preparations for our renewed bombardment and cannonade are progressing rapidly. Upwards of fifty fine new 32lb. guns, thirteen of the largest sized mortars, and some very heavy siege guns, are all up at the depôt, and *elsewhere*, and can be placed in the new batteries at a very short notice. Up to the present date about 14,000 shot and shell of all sorts have been conveyed from Balaklava to our artillery parks, and in that number is not included 4000 naval shells (with brass fuses). The guns were silent nearly all day.

Jan. 17.

There was a diminution of the cold early this morning, though the wind blew strongly and keenly all night. The "Adelaide" arrived in Balaklava after a splendid passage from England, and the passengers must have been a little astonished at the truly Christmas aspect presented by the Crimea; somewhat more real and less jovial they would find it had made the army than the pleasant pictures which represent florid young gentlemen gloating over imaginary puddings and Christmas presents in snug tents, and ready, in snug coats and gorgeous epaulettes, to partake of the fare that England has, in fact, sent to her dear boys in the Crimea, but which none of them have got as yet, and which none of them will ever eat in such comfort and with such appliances of luxury. There was a wind that would effectually deprive, if wind could do it, any number of rats of their whiskers to-day. Anxious to see what things were like up on the heights above Balaklava, I started, with my gun on my shoulder, through the passes across the hill, knee-deep in snow; and after a futile shot or two at great, raw-necked vultures, and stately eagles, and some more fortunate cracks at "blue rocks," scraping the snow off the points of the cliffs, I arrived in the camp of the Highlanders, several hundred feet below the elevated position of the Rifles, but quite high enough to induce me to accept a hearty invitation to stop to dinner, and rest for the night. Oh, could "*Caledoniensis*" "*Pictus*," "*Memor antiquæ virtutis*," or any of the high-spirited Celtic gentlemen who are fighting about lions rampant and Scottish rights, and the garb of that respectable person, Auld Gael, but see for one moment what

their countrymen are like as they face this Crimean winter, how shamed they would be of their kilt and philibeg and stocking declamation! All such things are clean gone, and if the gallant Highlanders ever wear the kilt now, *'tis for punishment!* Breeks —low-lived breeks—and blanket gaiters, and any kind of leggings over them, are the wear of our Scottish Zouaves, though, in good sooth, they are no more like Zouaves, except in popular modern legends, than they are like Dutchmen, *à la* Rip Van Winkle. Over the waste of snow, looking down from the heights towards the valley of the Tchernaya, I could see those indefatigable Cossacks riding about through the snow over their picquet-ground, and a few wagons stealing along from Mackenzie's Farm towards the heights of Inkermann. A vedette or two were trotting up and down along a ridge, keeping a bright look-out on our movements, and through the glass we perceived them flapping their hands under their armpits, as London cabmen do of a cold night when waiting for a fare Towards Baidir, picquets of the same active but cowardly gentry were moving along to keep themselves warm. We had no cavalry posts advanced towards them. Why not? Because we could not send any out conveniently. Those rugged ruffians, in sheepskin coats and fur caps, mounted on ragged ponies, with deal lances and coarse iron tips, are able to hold ground in drifting snow and biting winds which our cavalry, such as they are, could not face.

Jan. 18.

Lord Raglan came down to-day to Balaklava. General Airey also came down and inspected an attempt to prepare sleighs for carrying up shot to the front. Lord Raglan visited Lord Lucan, and went over the cavalry camp, which he had not seen since it was formed here. Lord Raglan gave several orders calculated to promote the comfort of the troops, and his unusual presence among the officers and men has been attended with the best effects, and has stimulated every branch of the service at Balaklava and at the depôts.

A thaw has set in. There is a great want of fuel and charcoal, and regiments which have sent down for charcoal have not been able to get any.

CHAPTER L.

Supply of warm clothing—Melancholy reflections—Another fall of snow—Energy and spirit of the French—Ragged and reckless English officers—War against wild-fowl—Honour to the Zouaves—Raw coffee for the army—Variableness of the climate—Desertions.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 19.

THERE have been severe and sudden alternations of temperature within these last few days, but the frost and snow have enabled the men to get up considerable supplies of warm clothing, though the means at our disposal do not permit of the wood for huts being got up to the front. Men have been frozen in their tents, and several soldiers on duty in the trenches have been removed to hos-

pital with severe frost bites, and suffering from the effects of the bitter cold winds and frost. When a path has once been trodden through the snow, men and horses can get along much more easily than if they had to wade through mud or across a country in a state of semi-solution; but temperature in such weather is very trying in a tent, particularly when there is a scanty supply of charcoal and no wood. Many thousands of fine coats, lined with fur and skins, of long boots, and of gloves, mits, and socks have been served out to the men, but I know of regimental hospitals in the front where the sick men in wet marquees have now only one blanket to lie upon at this very date, if the word of the regimental surgeons and the evidence of one's eyesight are to be believed. For myself, I must say one of the most melancholy subjects for reflection in the world is the sight of our present army. It consists of officers, men, and regiments almost new to this campaign. The generation of six months ago has passed away; generals, brigadiers, colonels, captains, and men, the well-known faces of Gallipoli, of Bulari, of Scutari, of Varna, of Aladyn, of Devno, of Monastir—ay, even of the bivouac of Bouljanak, have changed; and there is scarce one of the regiments once so familiar to me which I can recognise now save by its well-known number. What a harvest Death has reaped, and yet how many more are ripe for the sickle of the Great Farmer! It is sad to meet an old acquaintance, for all one's reminiscences are of noble hearts now cold for ever, and of friend after friend departed. And then comes,—"Poor fellow! he might have been saved, if—"

Except Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, and Sir R. England, not one of our generals now remain of those who came out here originally; the changes among our brigadiers and colonels have been almost as great. Sir George Brown, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Cardigan, Sir George Catheart, Sir De Lacy Evans, General Tylden, General Strangways, Brigadier Bentinck, Brigadier Goldie, Brigadier Buller, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Torrens, Brigadier Cator, Lord de Ros—all have been removed from the army by wounds, by sickness, or by death. And so it is of the men themselves.

On the 16th the thermometer was at 14° in the morning and at 10° on the heights over Balaklava. The snow fell all night, and covered the ground to the depth of three feet; but the cold and violent wind drifted it in places to the depth of five or six feet. In the morning 1200 French soldiers came down to Balaklava for shot and shell, and the agility, good spirits, and energy with which they ploughed through the snow were alike admirable. The wind blew almost a gale, and the native horses refused to face it, but our poor fellows came trudging along in the same dreary string, and there was something mournful in the very aspect of the long lines of black dots moving across the vast expanse of glittering snow between Sebastopol and Balaklava. When these dots came up, you saw they had very red noses and very white faces and very bleared eyes; and as to their clothes, Falstaff would have thought his famous levy a *corps d'élite* if he could have beheld our gallant soldiery. Many of the officers are as ragged and as reckless in dress. The generals make appeals to their subalterns "to wear their swords, as there is now no other way of telling them from the

men." It is inexpressibly odd to see Captain Smith, of the —— Foot, with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat tastefully embroidered all down the back with flowers of many-coloured silk, topped by a head-dress *à la* dustman of London, stalking gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Do you wonder why we are all so fond of jam? Because it is portable and comeatable, and is a substitute for butter, and butter is only sent out here in casks and giant crocks, one of which would exhaust the transport resources of a regiment. Captain Smith is much more like his great namesake of the Adelphi, when, in times gone by, he made up for a smuggler-burglar-bandit, than the pride of the High-street of Portsmouth, or than that hero of the Phœnix-park, with golden wings like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled. All this would be rather facetious and laughable, were not poor Captain Smith a famished wretch, with bad chilblains, approximating to frost-bites, a touch of scurvy, and a severe rheumatism. Many of our men have been crippled by the cold, and of our officers, Captain Strong, of the Coldstream Guards, has been obliged to go down on leave, with one foot badly frost-bitten. Our men have been seen hobbling about in the trenches and in the camps barefooted, and yet ankle-deep in snow. They could not get their frozen boots and shoes on their swollen feet.

This cold weather has brought great quantities of wild fowl over the camp, but it is rather too busy a spot for them to alight in. They can scarcely recognise their old haunts in the Chersonese, and fly about disconsolately over their much metamorphosed feeding grounds. Solemn flights of wild geese, noisy streams of barnacles, curlew, duck, widgeon, dippers, dappers, divers, and cormorants wheel over the harbour, and stimulate the sporting propensities of the seamen and boys, who keep up a constant fusillade from the decks at the bewildered bipeds. Balls and swanshot and No. 1 whistle unpleasantly close to one's ears, and yesterday a man on shore was disagreeably startled by receiving a rifle bullet slap through his arm. However, the sport is not to be interfered with, and as long as powder and shot last and the cold weather endures, we shall have this war against the Russian wildfowl. Huge flocks of larks and finches congregate about the stables and the cavalry camps, and are eagerly sought after by our allies, who much admire this *petite chasse*, which furnishes them with such delicate reliefs to the monotony of ration dinners. They are rather reckless in pursuit of their quarry, and as a flight of pellets rattle against a tent, the enthusiastic Zouave in chase of a fluttering bunting is frequently greeted by sounds which his ignorance of English alone prevents him from considering a *teterrima causa belli*.

Jan. 20.

The visit of Lord Raglan to Balaklava last Thursday seems to have had considerable effect in improving the state of the place. Men are at work throwing stones down into the most Curtius-like gulfs in the streets.

Major Fellowes is now off on his expedition to organize a wagon and transport train at Constantinople or elsewhere, but it will be

rather late in the day, I fear, ere his work is done. The railway will be equally behind the time, for the roadmaking is at last progressing. However, the surveys for the railway have been nearly completed. but Mr. Campbell finds the gradients will be rather more heavy than he was led to expect. The ground rises not less than 630 feet from the head of the harbour of Balaklava to the outskirts of the camp near head-quarters.

The "Emeu" arrived yesterday evening with the 14th Regiment on board. They will not be disembarked for a few days. The "Australian," with stores, also came into harbour. Captain Ulick Burke, of the 33rd Regiment, brother of Sir Thomas Burke, died on board ship of fever and debility.

The Zouaves are in great delight at the high honour paid them by the Emperor. He has ordered that forty picked men out of each company shall be selected to form a body, to be called "Zouaves of the Imperial Guard," and the regiments are to be eligible henceforth to serve in France. The excitement of the men while the selection was going on, the delight of the chosen, the despair of the rejected, were, I am told, beyond all description.

Jan. 21.

Another respite to Balaklava. The "Arabia" was on fire this morning. Her next neighbour was the "Star of the South," with 1000 tons of gunpowder on board! Is it not a platitude to say that the fire was "fortunately extinguished in time"? Lord Raglan now goes about frequently and rides through the various camps. The weather is fine and mild, but sickness arising from past exposure, overwork, and bad feeding, does not diminish. There is a theory now, that the way in which the men cook their food is unwholesome, and that biscuit fried with slices of salt pork, which is their favourite mode of preparing their meals, is almost poisonous. Balaklava is becoming less intolerable, but as a sample of what it was—now that it is better by comparison—I may state that on the beach, at the very stern of one of the hospital ships, there is a mass of dead mules, oxen, and ponies, all rotting away together, which would strike terror and horror into the heart of the most callous knacker about London. The "Trent," Captain Ponsonby, arrived yesterday, with a splendid cargo of Spanish mules, all in fine condition, from Barcelona. Poor animals, they have a dismal future and rapid fate before them! There was a sharp fire between the French and Russians last night. The night before last the French had also a very brisk affair with the enemy over towards Inkermann. The result is invariable.

Jan. 22.

The fine weather continues. Thermometer 45°. Calm and cloudy. Still sickness continues. General Estcourt came down to Balaklava and inspected the state of the town to-day. Colonel Haines has joined his regiment, and is no longer commandant. He is succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Harding.

We are astounded, on reading our papers, to find that our authorities in London believed, on the 22nd of December, that the coffee issued to the men is or was roasted before it was given out! Who has hoaxed them so cruelly? Around every tent there is even yet

a fair sprinkling of green berries trampled into the mud, which the men could not roast. There is, however, some attempt made *out here* to roast coffee at last. Mr. Murdoch, chief engineer of the "Sansparcil," has mounted some iron oil casks, and adapted them very ingeniously for roasting coffee; and they have just come into play at Balaklava. I do not believe that at the time the statement referred to was made, one ounce of roasted coffee had ever been issued from any commissariat store to any soldier in the Crimea.

About 1000 sick were sent away last week.

Three ships will sail with cargoes of sick to-morrow.

Jan 22.

A mild, still day—cloudy, dull sky—thermometer, 48°. On such a day as this our army could make great efforts, and lay up abundance of stores in the commissariat tents, but we are met again by our enemy the mud, and the quagmires into which it has converted not only the roads but all the tracks over the waste towards Sebastopol are nearly impassable.

The great mantle of deep snow has nearly disappeared, but it has left shreds and patches on the plains and in the crevices in the hillsides, where it still lies fresh and white, and in the beaten paths, where it is trodden into blackish, dirty slabs. This morning some soldiers were sent down to the quay, which was fast becoming absorbed by the waters of the harbour and ground away into the sea, and set to work repairing it by throwing large stones into the pools.

The great variableness of this climate is its strongest peculiarity. You get up and find the water frozen in your tent in the morning, the ground covered with snow, the thermometer at 20°; put on mufflers, great-coat, and mits; and go out for a walk, and before evening you return perspiring under the weight of clothing which you carry at the end of your stick, unable to bear it any longer, while the snow is turned into slush, and the thermometer is at 45°. On the 16th the thermometer was as low as 10° about noon. On the 22nd it stood at 50°—an alternation of 40° in five days; but the character of the weather exhibits a still greater difference. We have now a good specimen of a fine but sunless English autumn day; two or three days ago anything more bitter than the wind was, I am assured, never felt even by those who had wintered in Canada. It is in the southern Crimea that the wind riots in the exercise of its prescriptive right to be capricious. It plays about the tops of the cliffs and mountain ridges, lurks round corners in ravines, dashes upon you and nearly whips you off your legs when you are just expatiating on the calmness of the day, and suddenly howls and yells in gusts over the hills at the very moment the stillness has tempted you to take out a sketch-book for a private memorandum of Sebastopol. I rejoice heartily to think that before severe cold sets in again the army will be prepared to meet it with better chance of success than before. Warm clothing is arriving in great quantities, and the remnant of our army will soon be all comfortably clad, or it will be their own faults.

The great-coats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the Government to officers and men, are of excellent quality, and the distribution, though late, is most liberal. A fur cloak, a pea-jacket, a fur

cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks, are to be given to each officer, and several of them have received the boon already. Still it is a fact that at this moment there is but one hospital marquee in the whole of the Second Division camp.

Desertions have taken place to the enemy both from the French and from our own ranks, but there is a great disposition to exaggerate them. The deserters from the French have generally belonged to the Foreign Legion; the deserters from the English have generally been from the young draughts and from regiments just sent out. We have had a few deserters in turn, and from one in particular we have received most valuable information. Some of these men have come from the army in the rear, by scrambling along the cliffs with incredible endurance and activity; and one of them told us he was three days coming from Baidar by that route. These men state that the part of the town which is built on the slope to the sea is very little injured by our fire, as our shot and shells do not "top" the hill. Part of the ground at the south side of Sebastopol is like the roof of a house. To the south faces one steep slope covered with houses and batteries and ruined works and battered suburbs. The other descends to the sea, and is covered by public buildings, fine mansions, warehouses, and government edifices. This part has as yet suffered very little. The ships take refuge below this slope when pressed by our fire; the workmen and soldiers and sailors find snug quarters in the well-protected buildings near it.

On Wednesday, long strings of arabas and light carts, accompanied by escorts on foot, were observed going into the town, nor shall we be able to prevent the repetition of that occurrence till we have silenced the Inkermann Lighthouse Battery. The new works thrown up inside the Malakhof (Round Tower) seem very perfect and well made. They consist of three intrenchments, with broad ditches in front, and revetted slopes to the parapets, rising with the ground one over the other, so that the rear of the first is under the fire of the second, and the rear of the first and of the second under fire of the third.

The French have relieved the Guards of their outpost duties, and are gradually extending themselves towards Inkermann from our right attack. What a difference there is in the relative position of the two armies from that of which we talked so much on the evening of the 17th of October, when the French fire had been completely snuffed out, and our own fire was still maintaining its strength under the batteries of the enemy! We are gradually relinquishing ground to our allies, and the front, which it cost so much strength and so much health to maintain, is gradually abandoned to the more numerous and less exhausted army. Some of our regiments are reduced below the strength of a company.

The Russians towards Baidar seem to be melting gradually away. A Tartar who has recently passed through their lines assured a friend of mine they were not numerous, and that they had suffered fearfully from the recent cold and from sickness and scarcity.

CHAPTER LI.

A ghastly procession—French reinforcements—The country covered with dead horses—Lord Raglan visits Balaklava—The writer makes a *reconnaissance* of Sebastopol—Description of the Russian works—The fatal system of routine—Incapable and callous men—Special facts for Dr. Smith.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 23.

THERE was a white frost last night. To-day the thermometer is at 42°. The activity of the heads of departments, which has been recently observable, is becoming more largely and beneficially developed every day. A large number of sick and, I fear, dying men, were sent into Balaklava to-day on French mule litters and a few of our bât horses. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many of these men were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly attenuated faces, they were borne along two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. No doubt the man had died on his way down to the harbour. As the apparition passed, the only remarks the soldiers made were such as this,—"There's one poor fellow out of pain, any way!" Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which protruded into the cold air, undressed and uncovered. This was a case of frost-bite, I presume. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off. All the sick in the mule litters seemed alike on the verge of the grave.

The French army has received an important reinforcement. The Eighth Division has arrived at Kamiesch; it consists of 10,000 good troops. The Ninth Division, under General Brunet, is expected to arrive very shortly. Our allies will then muster upwards of 75,000 bayonets. The Turks in the Chersonese do not seem to amount to more than 5000 or 6000, judging from the size of their encampments. These unfortunate troops are becoming a little less unhealthy. They have received supplies of new clothing and uniforms from Riza Pasha, the War Minister at Constantinople, and are assuming a respectable appearance.

It would astonish a stranger riding out from Balaklava to the front to see the multitudes of dead horses all along the road. In every gully there are piles of the remains of these wretched animals, torn to pieces by wild dogs and vultures. On a lone hill-side I beheld the remnants of the gallant grey on which Mr. Maxse rode to the mouth of the Katcha, in company with Major Nasmyth, on the eve of the flank march to Balaklava, and many of the equine survivors of the desperate charge at Balaklava now lie rotting away by the side of the cavalry camp. The attitudes of some of the skeletons are curious. Some have dropped dead, and are frozen stiff as they fell; others are struggling, as it were, to rise

from their miry graves. Nearly all of the carcases have been skinned, by the Turks and French, who use the hides to cover their huts; and many suspicious-looking gaps, too, suggestive of horse-steak, have been cut out in their flanks. For about six miles the country is dotted all over with these carcases, in every stage of decay. Were it spring or summer time, the Chersonese would be one great pesthouse, and I tremble to think of Balaklava and its hill-side, full of festering trunks, should there be an army there when the hot weather comes. There are only eight Russian battalions in the gorges about Tchorgoun. Four of these battalions are constantly on the road between Sebastopol and Bakshiserai, carrying supplies and provisions to the town and to their camp.

Jan. 24.

It froze hard last night. To-day the thermometer is forty-five degrees. There was very smart fighting in the trenches and advanced works between the French and Russians last night and this morning.

About midday Lord Raglan, attended by Major-General Airey and a few staff officers, rode over to Balaklava. He then went on board the "Caradoc," and had a long interview with Sir E. Lyons alone, previous to which there was a kind of council of war, at which several officers were present. Lord Raglan did not return from the town to head-quarters till it was nearly dusk.

I had a long *reconnaissance* of Sebastopol to-day, in company with an officer of the Horse Artillery. It was a beautifully clear day, and at times it was almost warm. We went up to the mound in advance and on the left of the French white picquet-house, and for a long time we swept every inch of ground visible under the glass. The aspect of the place itself has changed very little, considering the hundreds of tons' weight of shot and shell thrown into it; but the suburbs, of low whitewashed houses, roofed with tiles, and at most two stories high, are in ruins. The enemy have dismantled them as much as we have done. All the streets of such houses are broken down and blocked up with masses of rubbish. The roofs, doors, and windows of the houses are all off, but the puffs of smoke from the empty frames showed that the shells were used as covers for the Russian riflemen. In front of us, and to our left, lay a most intricate and complicated-looking series of covered ways, traverses, zigzags, and parallels thrown from the seaside, close to the Quarantine Battery, and advancing gradually over the undulating land from the first lines, where the French fire was so cruelly snuffed out on the 17th of October, to the distance of sixty-five metres from the outer works of the Russians. The French works are admirably made—very solid and thick, and formed of abundance of strong gabions and sapperoles. Swarms of *Francs-tireurs* lined the advanced parallel, and kept up a continual pop, pop, pop, in reply to the spirts of white smoke from the Russian riflemen behind their advanced works.

The advanced Russian works from the Quarantine Fort to the crenelated wall, and thence to the Flagstaff Battery, seemed to me very much in the same state as the first day I saw them, with this exception, that the guns were, as far as I could discern, withdrawn from the embrasures, and the defence of the line left to riflemen.

The Flagstaff Fort was knocked to atoms long ago, and the large buildings around it are all in ruins; but, on looking towards the ridge behind it, from which the streets of the town descend rapidly towards Fort Nicholas, and which shelters that part of the place from our fire, I could see but little difference between its present appearance and that which it presented on the 26th of September last year. People were walking about the streets, and relief parties were coming up from the sea-side towards the front carrying baskets of provisions. Between the rear of the Flagstaff Battery and this ridge the presence of earthworks, covered ways, and various defensive works, could be detected in the openings along the lines of streets, and immediately behind the first Russian intrenchment i a formidable work armed with guns, which at two o'clock convinced us they had pretty good range and were very well laid, by thundering forth an astounding broadside in answer to some insulting fire from the French lines. The balls tore up the ground in piles of earth and dust, and dashed into the parapets, or, ploughing over their top, went roaring across the works in the rear. In an instant there was a rattling fire of rifles from the French *enfans perdus* directed at the embrasures, and the Russians slackened their fire in a few minutes, and replied to the French sharpshooters only. When the smoke cleared away, I could see the enemy and the French carrying away a few bodies on each side to the rear. The Russians not only use "cohorns" against the advanced French line, but they annoy our allies very considerably by a constant fire of grenades—a projectile which seems rather neglected in our service, though there are great authorities in favour of its use when the enemy has approached very closely. At the other side of the harbour Fort Constantine was shining brightly in the sun, its white walls blackened here and there under the line of embrasures by the smoke of the guns on the 17th of October. Behind it the new Russian forts were visible—dark walls of earth rising up through the snow, and notched like saws by the lines of embrasures. The waters of the harbour, as smooth as glass, were covered with boats, plying from one side to the other, and a small boat full of men came round the head of the Dockyard Creek towards Fort Alexander, with her white flag and blue St. Andrew's cross at the peak, as we were gazing down upon the place. The Rocket Battery, on the left side of the deep ravine which runs down towards the Dockyard Creek, and widely separates our right attack from the French left attack, has been withdrawn. The large pile of Government buildings by the side of the Dockyard Creek is much injured and dismantled, large pieces of the roof and some of the windows being quite destroyed. The crenelated wall opposite the French appears to be quite uninjured. Close to the buildings by the Dockyard Creek there is a large two-decker, with a spring on her cable, lying so as to sweep the western slope of the town, should the French make a lodgment there. A small steamer with her steam up was near at hand, either for the use of the garrison or to carry off the two-decker, in case heavy guns were unmasked on her. To the right, at the other side of this creek, we could see into the rear of our left attack, the earthworks and batteries of which were in beautiful order, though the guns were quite

silent. The Redan and Garden Batteries, our old enemies, were silent also. The houses near them, as well as those in front of the right attack, and in the rear of Malakoff Tower, are in ruins. The part of the city beyond them seems untouched. To the rear of the Round Tower of Malakoff, which is still split up, and rent from top to bottom, as it was the first day of our fire, there is a perfect miracle of engineering. It is impossible to speak too highly of the apparent solidity, workmanship, and finish of the lines of formidable earthworks, armed with about eighty heavy guns, which the Russians have thrown up to enfilade our attack, and to defend this position, which is, indeed, the key of their works in front of us. One line of battery is neatly revetted with tin boxes, supposed to be empty powder cases. This is the mere wantonness and surplusage of abundant labour. Behind this work I could see about 2000 soldiers and workmen labouring with the greatest zeal at a new line of batteries, and labouring undisturbedly.

There is a camp at the rear of Malakoff, and another camp is visible at the other side of the creek, close to the Citadel, on the north side. Most of the men-of-war and steamers were lying with topgallantmasts and yards down, under the spot of land inside Fort Constantine. Our third parallel, which is within a few hundred yards of the enemy's advanced works, seemed unoccupied, except by riflemen and sharpshooters, who keep up a constant fire in the place, but from my position over the British lines I could not see so well into our approaches as I could look upon those of the French from the mounds on the left of their picquet-house. On the whole the suburbs are destroyed, though still susceptible of being used by the enemy to check our advance.

Jan. 25.

A circumstance occurred in Balaklava to-day which I will state for the calm consideration of the public at home without one single word of comment. The "Charity," an iron screw steamer, is at present in harbour for the reception of sick British soldiers, who are under the charge of a British medical officer. That officer went on shore to-day and made an application to the officer in charge of the Government stoves for two or three to put on board the ship to warm the men. "Three of my men," said he, "died last night from choleraic symptoms, brought on in their present state from the extreme cold of the ship; and I fear more will follow them from the same cause." "Oh!" said the guardian of the stoves, "you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to head-quarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves." "But my men may die meantime." "I can't help that; I must have the requisition." "It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill." "I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of these stoves away." "For God's sake, then, *lend* me some; I'll be responsible for their safety." "I really can do nothing of the kind." "But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go." "I cannot help that." "I'll be responsible for anything you do." "Oh, no, that can't be done!" "Will a requisition signed by the

P. M. O. of this place be of any use?" "No." "Will it answer if he takes on himself the responsibility?" "Certainly not." The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust. Such are the "rules" of the service in the hands of incapable and callous men.

Here is a special fact for Dr. Smith, the head of the British Army Medical Department. A surgeon of a regiment stationed on the cliffs above Balaklava, who has about forty sick out of two hundred men, has been applying to the "authorities" in the town for the last three weeks for medicines, all simple and essential, and cannot get one of them. The list he sent in was returned with the observation, "We have none of these medicines in store." To-day this poor surgeon, too, came down with his last appeal: "Do, I beg of you, give me any medicine you have for diarrhœa." "*We haven't any.*" "Anything you may have, I'll take." "*We haven't any.*" "Have you any medicine for fever you could give? Anything you can let me have, I'll take." "*We haven't any.*" "I have a good many cases of rheumatism among my men. Can you let me have any medicines for them?" "*We haven't any.*" Thus, for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa, the most prevalent complaints of the army, there were no specifics whatever, and the surgeon returned up the hill-side with the bitter reflection that he could give no aid to the unfortunate men under his care. Can any one of the "*facts*" I have stated be denied? Certainly not by any one who regards the truth, and who is not a shameless utterer of falsehoods. Dr. Smith can prove, no doubt, that there are granaries full of the finest and costliest drugs and medicines for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa at Scutari, but the knowledge that they are there little avails poor fellows dying here for want of them.

Jan. 26.

Hard frost last night—very fine day. Orders have been issued for the inspection of the knapsacks of certain regiments, to see if they can carry three days' provisions. Surely it is not intended to send out men to bivouac in these mountain passes for three nights.

Sir George Brown is expected back to resume his command of the Light Division. The 14th Regiment have disembarked; it consists of very young men and lads, ill suited for the work and climate to which they will be exposed. The Guards, though relieved from picquet duty, still take their turn in the trenches; and the detail of rank and file for the trenches is stronger than that which they used to furnish for picquets. There was firing last night, very heavy at times, and brisk musketry all day. Our batteries remain silent.

CHAPTER LII.

Fine nights and sunny days—Sickness still clings to our troops—"Making things pleasant"—Disagreeable facts and figures—A severe skirmish between the French and Russians—Advance of the French works—Continued postal irregularities.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 27.

THE weather, thanks to Heaven, continues to be extremely favourable to us. Cold, clear nights, with a bright, unclouded moon, are followed by warm, sunny, genial days. The thermometer generally falls to eighteen or twenty degrees at twelve every night, and rises to forty-four degrees of Fahrenheit at noon the following day. At present the more immediate effect of this change of weather is the facility of communication between Balaklava and the camp. The surface of the country and the roads, or mud tracks, are hardened by the frost for several hours each morning, and remain in a state fit for travelling over, with more or less difficulty, till the influence of the sun has resolved them into cloggy, sticky swamps. Towards dark the frost sets in again, and enables the late return parties to get out to camp with forage and stores. But, with all this, the hand of the plague is *not* stayed. Still sickness clings to our troops, and the poor worn-out soldiers who climbed the bloody steeps of the Alma in the splendour of manly strength, and who, full of the noblest courage and devotion, defended in broken file the heights over the Tchernaya against the swarming multitudes of the Muscovite, weak, exhausted, and "washed out" by constant fatigue, incessant wet, insufficient food, want of clothing and of cover from the weather, now die away in their tents night after night. Many of these men are too far gone to recover. Doctors, and hospitals, and nurses are now too late, and they sink to rest unmurmuringly, and every week some freshly formed lines of narrow mounds indicate the formation of a new burial-place. It must not be by any means inferred that the French escape sickness and mortality altogether. On the contrary, our allies have suffered to a degree which would be excessive, if it were not compared with our own unfortunate standard of disease and death. They have also lost great numbers of horses, and to the diminution caused by illness and overwork in their ranks, must be added that which accrues from the nightly sorties of the Russians and the heavy fire to which they are continually exposed from the enemy's batteries and sharpshooters. Nevertheless, the loss of the French is very much less than our own. Whole regiments have vanished as if by magic. In some cases the men have not fallen in action, nor have they been exposed to the labours of the army beginning the campaign. No wonder, then, that the old soldiers of the Crimea, the men of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, should go at last, and share the fate of the raw levies, and of the unacclimatized regiments.

According to what I hear from a few people out here, who are eccentric enough to purchase a stray number of the obscurer London journals, I seem to have been honoured by a good deal of abuse from some of them at home for telling the truth. I really would

put on my Claude Lorraine glass, if I could. I would, if I could, clothe skeletons with flesh, breathe life into the occupants of the charnel-house, subvert the succession of the seasons, and restore the legions which have been lost; but I cannot tell lies to "make things pleasant." Any statements I have made, I have chapter, and book, and verse, and witness for. Many, very many, that I have *not* made, I could prove to be true with equal ease; and I could make public, if the public interest required it. There is not a single man in this camp who could put his hand on his heart and declare he believed that one single casualty had been caused to us by information communicated to the enemy by me or any other newspaper correspondent. The only thing the partisans of misrule can allege is, that we don't "make things pleasant" to the authocities, and that, amid the filth and starvation and deadly stagnation of the camp, we did not go about "babbling of green fields," of present abundance, and of prospects of victory. Now, suppose we come to "facts." Do people at home know how many bayonets the British army could muster at this moment? Do they believe we have 25,000, after all our reinforcements? They may be told—nay, it may be proved to them by figures at home—that the British army here consists of 55,000 men. I warn the British public not to believe that, with all our reinforcements, they reach *near* half that number. The grave and the hospital have swallowed them up by thousands Just think of this "fact,"—that since the first day of December, 1854, down to the 20th of January, 1855, 8000 sick and wounded men have been sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard! Shall I tell you how many have returned? And yet people at home, who gloat over the horrors of Walcheren, and consider disaster the normal end of British expeditions, tell us it is "croaking" to state the facts in such cases as these, or even to allude to them! The man who could calmly sit down and write home that all was hope, that our troops were healthy, that there was only an average mortality, that every one was confident of success, that our works were advancing, that we are now nearer to the capture of Sebastopol than we were on the 27th of last October, that transport was abundant, and the labours of our army light, might be an agreeable correspondent, but assuredly he would not lead you to form a very accurate opinion on the real state of affairs in this camp before Sebastopol. But the worst is this, that we can have no hope of receiving reinforcements of a serviceable or enduring description. The wretched boys sent out to us now are not even fit food for powder. They die away ere a shot is fired against them. Sometimes a good draught is received; and if there were more of the same description as the draught of the 77th Regiment, just arrived, our army would be in a much better position. Even they, however, could not endure the severe work of long vigil and exposure to cold and wet in the trenches. And now for another "fact." The battle of Inkermann was fought on the 5th of November, as the world will remember for ever. About 40 per cent. of the Brigade of Guards were killed or wounded on that occasion. They have since received reinforcements, and the brigade, which mustered about 2500 men when it left England, has received some 1500 men in various draughts up to the end of the year. What is the

present strength of the Brigade of Household troops—of that magnificent band who crowned the struggle of the Alma with victory, and beat back the Russian hordes at Inkermann? I think they could muster, including servants and all available soldiers, about 950 men in the whole brigade. Here is another fact. Since the same battle of Inkermann, at least 1000—1000 men of the Brigade of Guards have been "expended," absorbed, used up, and are no more seen. The official returns will show how many of that thousand were killed or wounded by the enemy. Another fact. There are two regiments so shattered and disorganized—so completely destroyed, to tell the truth, that they must be sent away to be "reformed." The representatives of one regimental numeral have gone down to Balaklava already. The representatives of the other will speedily follow it, and both will repair to Malta, or some such place, till they can be made into "regiments" once more. Now, mark, one of these regiments was neither at the Alma nor at Inkermann —the other was engaged in the latter battle only, and did not lose many men.

Jan. 28.

Sunday was celebrated by an extremely heavy fire of musketry between the Russians and the French covering parties and sharpshooters. The volleys which rolled through the less massive reports of the continual rifle practice, were as heavy as those we heard at the Alma or Inkermann, and, from the numbers of Russian infantry thrown into the works, it is evident the enemy intend to dispute the small space of ground between the last French trench and the broken outworks of their late batteries with the greatest vigour and obstinacy. Possibly, indeed, orders have been received instructing the commanding officer to resist any nearer approaches on the part of the French, who have now burrowed up, trenched, zig-zagged, paralleled and parapetted the whole of the country from the shore below the Quarantine Fort to the rising ground close to the Flagstaff Fort, for two miles in depth, by five or six miles in length.

The storm of musketry never ceased last night upon these advanced works, and the constant flashes of the heavy guns lighted up the sky till daylight. The French replied by small arms, and scarcely returned a cannon shot. Many of their guns are as yet masked, but nearly all of them are in position, and each gun will be provided with 250 rounds of ammunition. The Russians have discovered some of the guns, and their fire has been particularly directed upon those pieces, but they have done little damage. It cannot be expected that such an affair as last night's can take place without considerable loss on both sides. After daybreak the fire recommenced with great fury, and about eight o'clock a regular battle was raging in the trenches between the French and Russians. There could not have been less than 3000 men on each side firing as hard as they could load and pull trigger, and the lines of the works were marked by thick curling banks of smoke. The fire slackened on both sides about nine o'clock simultaneously.

Not a night now passes without severe skirmishing, or, rather, sharpshooting, behind the parapets and in the broken ground between the lines. The works are, indeed, almost into the town,

and dominate its suburbs, but the ruined houses of these suburbs are turned into defences for riflemen, and the town itself is almost one formidable battery, from the glacis up to the ridge over the sea on which the south side of the town is situated.

Our own batteries are in very good order, and are ready for the reception of the — pieces of artillery, which can be put into them in three nights.

There has been no sortie of consequence made by the garrison since I last wrote; all their energies are devoted to throwing up fresh works. In one of the ordinary skirmishes the night before last an officer of some rank fell into the hands of the French. The deserters have begun to come in from the Russians again. We have had only one deserter for some time back. Balaklava is becoming more orderly every day. At the suggestion of Commander Derriman, of the "Caradoc," Lord Raglan authorized the authorities at Balaklava to prepare tea for the sick on their arrival in the town before going on board ship. Yesterday Mr. Skead, Master of the "Caradoc," with a working party from the ship, gave more than 300 of these poor creatures a cup of warm tea each at the termination of their cold and harassing journey from the camp. Their delight and gratification at such an unexpected attention were very great. The weather is becoming milder. No frost last night. Thermometer now, at four p.m., 40°.

The post service here is a mere organized system of disappointment. Remonstrance and exposure are quite useless. They have been tried often enough in reference to these postal grievances.

CHAPTER LIII.

Warm days and fresh spirit—Mr. Murdoch's process for "bouching" large guns—Better arrangements—Sanitary state of the army—Serious sortie on the French—A spy in the trenches—Good fellowship between the French and Cossack picquets—Preparations for laying down an electric telegraph—The navvies at work—Anxiety for the assault.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Jan.* 14.

IT is evident that the struggle between the allies and the garrison and covering army is about to be renewed with greater vigour than before. The warm days have given heart and spirits to our men, but the Russians have also derived advantage from the improved condition of the roads and of the country, and we hear they have thrown great quantities of stores into Sebastopol recently.

Mr. Murdoch, of the "Sanspareil," who has performed the operation of "bouching" (or fitting new vents into guns) on several large pieces of ordnance in the trenches, has received the thanks of Lord Raglan for his very useful labours, and his Lordship inspected the process the other day in person. He gave orders that some artillerymen should be sent to meet Mr. Murdoch on the following day, in order to be instructed in the process, and Mr. Murdoch walked up from Balaklava, and was in the appointed place at ten o'clock to meet them, but he waited for two hours in vain; not a man

came near him. He offered to leave the tools to perform the work on his own responsibility with the artillery, but, somehow or other, no readiness was evinced to accept his offer. The value of the operation performed on the spot on a gun whose vent has been injured by excessive firing is enormous. Instead of a piece of useless metal, in a few hours you have a gun as good as new, and ready for instant use.

Notwithstanding the fine weather, the transport of clothes, fuel, and provisions entails considerable hardships on the men. The sick make little progress towards recovery, and the number of men sent down every day is a sad proof of the unsatisfactory condition of our army as regards its sanitary state. Ponies have been lent to some regiments to bring up their clothing. The Second Division has been ordered to take part of the night duty of the hard-working and hard-fighting Light Division, and the men of the latter have now sometimes three nights out of seven in bed. The coffee is now issued to the men roasted, with few exceptions. Vegetables, however, are greatly needed. Picks and spades, billhooks and axes, are in much request, and are very much needed. Requisition after requisition is sent in, and returned scratched out. In one company of a regiment I know there are three pick-heads and no handles, two spades, one broken in two, and all the bill-hooks worn out, and yet these must be used to clean the camp, to dig graves, and cut wood. The Board of Ordnance deserves great credit for the care they have taken of their men. The artillery offered a great contrast for a long time to the rest of the army. They were well shod, well clad, and decent-looking. The officers have had a splendid stock of long boots to choose from; they have waterproofs, fur caps, fur coats, &c.

Among the stories with which the officers beguile the monotony of camp life, there is one which is said to be "quite true," and which is therefore received with great interest. Some time ago an English officer, who is now a prisoner at Simpheropol, received letters from his friends in England, who were at that time ignorant of his fate. It is a rule to forward all letters to prisoners after they have been opened and read. One of those sent to the gentleman in question was from a young lady. She requested the officer to take Sebastopol as soon as possible, and to be sure and capture Prince Menschikoff in person, adding that she expected to receive a button off the Prince's coat, as a proof of the young gentleman's prowess. When this letter was delivered to the officer, it was accompanied by another from the Prince, enclosing a button, and stating that he had read the young lady's letter, and regretted he could not accede to her views as regarded the taking of Sebastopol or himself, but that he was happy to be enabled to meet her wishes on a third point, and that he begged to enclose a button from his coat, which he requested the gentleman to forward to the lady who was so anxious to possess it.

Jan. 29.

The weather still keeps up, but we are told to expect a change very soon, and to be prepared for a dreary February and a terrible March. There was a Council of War to-day at Lord Raglan's head-

quarters, at which General Canrobert, General Bosquet, and several French officers were present.

There was a serious sortie on the French last night, and some desperate fighting in the trenches. The Russians were repulsed with loss. Among the dead was an officer, richly dressed and covered with orders. He was thought to be a general, but it is now believed he was a staff officer of the Naval Brigade; his body was sent back to the enemy. There can be no doubt, from the statements of the prisoners, that the Grand Dukes have returned. A great and unusual animation exists in the town. The men work busily at the defences, and the thin streaks of smoke from the camp fires indicate the arrival of considerable masses of the Russians over the Tchernaya, on the table lands above it.

Jan. 30.

By general orders dated 29th of January, Lord Raglan communicates the intelligence to the army that the Russian commanders have entered into an agreement with the allied generals to cease firing along the lines whenever a white flag is hoisted to indicate that a burying-party is engaged in front of the batteries. This order was required, for several accidents had taken place among burying-parties on both sides from the fire of the riflemen. Admiral Boxer has arrived, and will assume the command of the harbour of Balaklava. The harbour and town are much better than they have been.

Jan. 31.

To-day, a spy *walked through some of our trenches*, counted the guns, and made whatever observations he pleased besides, in addition to information acquired from the men with whom he conversed. He was closely shaven, and wore a blue frockcoat buttoned up to the chin, and he stopped for some time to look at Mr. Murdoch, of the "Sanspareil," "bouching" the guns, or putting new vents into them. Some said he was like a Frenchman, others that he "looked like a doctor," no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian picquets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed. Strict orders have been issued, in consequence of this daring act to admit no one into the trenches or works without a written permission from the proper authorities, and that all persons found loitering about the camp shall be arrested and sent to divisional head-quarters for examination. I stated some time ago that the French have been in the habit of sending out working parties through our lines, towards the valley of Baidar, to cut wood for gabions and fuel, along the sides of the romantic glens which intersect the high mountain-ranges to the south-east of Balaklava. They have frequently come across the Cossack picquets, and as it is our interest not to provoke hostilities with them, a kind of good fellowship has sprung up between our allies and the men of the Russian outposts. The other day the French came upon three cavalry horses tied up to a tree, and the officer in command ordered them not to be touched. On the same day a Chasseur had left his belt and accoutrements behind him in the ruined Cossack picquet-house, and naturally gave up all hope of recovering them, but on

his next visit he found them on the wall untouched. To requite this act of forbearance, a French soldier, who had taken a Cossack's lance and pistol, which he found leaning against a tree, has been ordered to return them and leave them in the place he found them. The next time the French went out, one of the men left a biscuit in a cleft stick, beckoning to the Cossacks to come and eat it. The following day they found a white loaf of excellent bread stuck on a stick in the same place, with a note in Russian, which has been translated for them in Balaklava, to the effect that the Russians had plenty of biscuit, and that, though greatly obliged for that which had been left for them, they really did not want it; but if the French had bread to spare like the sample left for them, it would be acceptable. The sentries on both sides shout and yell to each other, and the other day a Russian called out, as the French were retiring for the day, "Nous nous reverrons, mes amis—Français, Anglais, Russes, nous sommes tous amis." I fear the cannonade going on before Sebastopol, the echoes of which reach the remote glades distinctly, must have furnished a strange commentary on the assurance, and must have rather tested the sincerity of the declaration.

Feb. 1.

This morning early the French made a demonstration on our right and two divisions were marched down towards Inkermann, consisting of about 16,000 men, but the Russians, who had been cheering loudly all along our front, did not meet them. I regret to say our gallant allies suffered severely in the sortie which took place on them this morning and last night. About 300 men and several officers were put *hors de combat*, and the loss is the more melancholy, inasmuch as a considerable amount of it was occasioned by an unfortunate mistake, which led one French regiment to fire upon another in the obscurity of the night. The firing all last night was incessant. The guns ordered up to the hill over the road outside Balaklava have not yet been mounted, but the work is all traced out, and the guns are lying ready to be hoisted up and placed on their carriages. The weather is beautiful; in fact, it is almost too warm for the time of year, and makes our men, who will insist on wearing all their warm clothing, at once unpleasantly hot and oppressed. Our picquets have the strictest injunctions to be on the alert, and our cavalry have a little more duty in the way that cavalry are accustomed to act than they have had for some time back. The preparations for laying down the electric telegraph from head-quarters are going on rapidly and with success.

Feb. 2.

Nothing unusual last night. Many of the regiments were held in readiness for immediate action. The cavalry were under arms all night. About 200 sick came down and were sent on board the 'Ripon." Many of them were covered with vermin, and their blankets were not sent down with them. The weather has changed. It is cloudy and overcast, and it blew hard at intervals last night, but the thermometer is still up to forty-two degrees. The Russians have not moved. The "St. Jean d'Acre" is still outside the harbour. The roads are all covered with shakos, which have been

thrown away by men of the various draughts and regiments recently landed on their way to camp.

Feb. 3.

A very sudden change in the weather, quite characteristic of the climate and of its extreme variations, occurred about one o'clock this morning. A bitter cold wind sprang up and blew with violence, and the thermometer fell to eighteen degrees. A deep fall of snow took place, and the whole landscape is once more clothed in white. It is now freezing intensely. This will put impediments in the way of our railroad making. The navvies are hard at work picking and growling and fighting among themselves. There was a regular battle on board one of their ships last night, and the Provost-Marshal will have to give a few of them a taste of his quality ere they are brought to a sense of their responsibility in a state of martial law.

There was little firing on the trenches last night. The French had, as usual, a couple of smart fusillades. Our third parallel, in front of Chapman's battery, is to be strengthened at last. Every day strengthens the correctness of Sir John Burgoyne's homely saying about Sebastopol—"The more you look at it, the less you will like it." Three months ago that officer declared his opinion to be that the place ought to be assaulted. Now General Niel comes, and we hear that he laughs at the notion of our reducing the place by the fire of artillery. The French are extremely anxious for the assault. Our army has long been in a condition which induces it to prefer anything to the trenches. It may easily be imagined that General Canrobert is becoming less popular among his soldiers than he was. General Bosquet, who commanded the French movement at Inkermann, is rising in favour, as he is known to be in favour of the bayonet. The "Ripon" sails to-day with sick for Scutari. Most of the poor fellows are in a very low state, notwithstanding the stimulus of hot brandy-and-water and warm tea furnished to each of them by Mr. Skead at the little establishment in Balaklava, which may truly be called "The Caradoc restaurant." The brandy is furnished out of the stores purchased by "*The Times*' Fund," and administered here by Dr. McShane, of the "Caradoc." In addition to this, arrow-root, sugar, and medical comforts are given at the restaurant from the same source to each sick man who requires it, as he arrives. Your Commissioner has done immense service by the stores he has sent up here. An officer said to me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, "The things I've got from '*The Times*' Fund' out of the 'Bride' will save many of my poor fellows' lives. My God! what would I have given for them a month ago! Many of our best men would now be alive if I had had them."

The guns of our new battery outside Balaklava are in position. About three miles of the line of rail have been marked by the engineers from Balaklava beyond Kadikoi, and a line of white sticks in the ground denotes so much of the route at present. The arming of our batteries in front goes on every night.

CHAPTER LIV.

Distribution of the Fund Stores—The Christmas presents begin to turn up—Dangerous proximity to a Cossack—The railroad and the navvies—A colony of expelled sutlers—Turkish burying ground—Strange scenes—Fickle climate of the Crimea—Ammunition boats—Barbarous murder—A swarm of reckless vagabonds—The navvies at work.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Feb.* 4.

THE thermometer this morning stood at 22°. There was a sharp frost during the night, but the sun's rays softened the ground during the daytime, though they did not temper the wind, which was very keen and searching. The enemy fired very little during the day, and the French followed their example, so that we had a day of rest, only that the riflemen on both sides kept up the usual fusillade from their pits and covered works. In the afternoon a small party of Cossacks, with two light field-pieces, were observed crossing the head of the valley towards Inkermann, but no considerable movement of the Russians, that I am aware of, was visible throughout the day. Their men muster in force, however, over the heights of Inkermann, and on the ridges between the Belbek and the south side of Sebastopol. They must suffer very severely during these cold nights, for they are less able to bear the severity of the climate than our own soldiers, being accustomed, as I am informed, to spend their winters in hot close barracks, where they remain as long as the hard weather lasts. The Cossacks alone are employed in the open country during frost and snow.

Owing to one of those unaccountable delays which seem to attach themselves to all our operations here, the "Sir George Pollock," the ship appointed to sell the stores provided by Government at cost price, has not yet opened shop. Some of the Crimean Army Fund stores have been opened, and are in the course of distribution. They will be distributed officially, and by the instrumentality of the quartermaster-general's department in each division, but individual officers may get stores for their respective regiments by providing carriage for them. It has been decided by the managers that "it is better to sell than to give away;" and accordingly all articles which are not actually gifts to the fund will be sold at such a price as may defray costs and expenses. Our parcels and boxes and Christmas presents are turning up very slowly in the chaos of Balaklava. The presents sent by the Prince to the Guards are in the "St. Jean d'Acre," but have not yet been delivered. Poor fellows! Those who live will have ample comforts if they divide the share of their departed comrades among them. Lord Rokeby is said to have been affected to tears when the three regiments of Guards paraded, on his taking the command. His lordship has communicated a most gratifying letter from the Queen to the officers, in which her Majesty expresses her admiration of the conduct of "her beloved Guards." There was little firing all day, and no movement of troops on either side. The "Medway" arrived at Balaklava with the 1st battalion of the 71st Regiment.

Feb. 5.

Lord Raglan rode into Balaklava to-day, and remained in the town some time, inspecting the arrangements of the various departments of the service. A house took fire while his Lordship was there, but it was soon extinguished. Curiously enough, it has been remarked, it is said, that on each of the previous days when his Lordship visited the town a ship in the harbour was on fire. Nearly the whole of the newly-landed French division is pushed over towards our right. To the great dismay of the commissariat officers a portion of the harbour of Balaklava has been assigned for French ships to lie in, and they are to unload stores there for those regiments which are nearer to Balaklava than to Kamiesch, and thus they make their own road of use to themselves. The harbour is now full of ships, packed as close as herrings in a barrel.

As I was riding out towards the camp this afternoon, with an officer of the Scots Fusileer Guards, I witnessed a refreshing instance of the vigilance of our men. We rode out along the valley towards the Woronzoff road, and kept a little too much to our right, so that, happening to look towards the top of a mound about 300 yards distant, the first thing that struck us was the head of a Cossack as he crouched down to escape observation, in the hope that with the aid of his picquet he could make us prisoners. It was just as well a bullet had not struck either of us, but, as a rule, sentries never fire on stragglers passing within range. A little in advance of and keeping towards the mound on our right was an English soldier; behind him, at the distance of some 400 yards, another soldier was seen running, shouting at the top of his voice, with his firelock at the present. The first man kept walking rapidly on. The other halted and fired, and the ball knocked up the earth close to him. Still the fellow kept on, and we were riding up to see what he was, when a Heavy Dragoon dashed at a gallop from the cavalry picquet-house, and rode between the man and the hill. The foot soldier turned back at once with the Dragoon, who marched him to the picquet-house, and then went up to the other man. We found this poor fellow was a sentry from the hill in front of the Highland Battery, and that he had run all the distance after the other man, whom he had seen edging up towards the Russian lines along the plain. He returned at once to his post, and in a quarter of an hour more he was on his bleak beat, pacing up and down, with his eye fixed on the enemy. It was amusing to watch the Cossack all this time. Nothing could be seen of him for the time but his little bullet head over the bank. He evidently imagined that by lying close he might get one of us, but he was disappointed, for the Dragoon requested us to go more to the left, and thus debarred us the use of a path which many of the men of the regiments on the right of the camp had been in the habit of taking for a long time past.

CAMP NEAR KADIEKOVA, *Feb.* 6.

No bombardment yet—no fire opened, and yet the day generally assigned by rumour for the re-opening of our attack has been passed and gone now twenty-four hours ago. The only great type of life and motion visible to me is "the navvy's barrow." That potent

engine of civilization is lying in stacks on the water's edge at Balaklava. The principal depôt for the railway stores is in the horrible squalid space in the rear of the post-office. When we first arrived in Balaklava this house was in good order, and was white-washed and scrupulously clean; a neat wooden balcony, reached by a flight of steps from the garden, led to the principal rooms on the upper floor, and from this balcony a strong but light trellis-work, extending far down the garden, scarce sustained the rich masses of glowing grapes which burst through the thick foliage of the vines. The garden itself was enclosed by a whitewashed wall, and a gate at the end led out upon the quay—garden, and walls, and gate, and trellis-work, and balcony, have long since disappeared, and the soil has been for months a liquid abomination, so that it is a glad sight to behold barrows, and sleepers, and blocks of wood laid over it. It is strange that the first use—perhaps the only use—the Crim-Tartar will ever witness for centuries of the great invention of recent days should be to facilitate the operations of war and to destroy life. When the railway will be finished I know not; already there is a hitch, for it appears the survey had to be stopped yesterday, inasmuch as the line crossed the road which the French are so busy and so successful in making up towards the front from Kadikoi. After the expedition has left the shores of the Crimea, and has become a tradition among its people, the works of our unfinished railroad may serve to exercise the ingenuity of future Cimmerian antiquaries, and may form the only permanent mark of our presence on this bloodstained soil. The pick is at work, and the peculiar idiom of the navvy strikes the ear as he salutes "the sojer," and asks after "the foitin 'afore Sebastopowl" from his perch up among the rocks outside Balaklava. The line of railway is nearly surveyed, but it has not yet been marked out beyond the mound outside Kadiekova, over the plain which leads up to the plateau on which our camp stands. The entrance to Balaklava presents a most extraordinary appearance at present. After descending into the valley from the plateau on which the camp stands, and passing over the plain, all torn and trodden into mud by incessant traffic of horses, men, and carts and camels, which extends up to Kadikoi, you suddenly turn round by a mound on which stands a battery, sweeping the plain, and behold a new wooden world that has arisen by magic in a few days along the hill-side over the road to Balaklava. Rows of white huts strew the ground. A little town, called "Buffalo Town," "Log Town," "Hut Town," or "Sutlers' Town," according to the fancy of the speaker, has been erected on the right-hand side of the path, about three-quarters of a mile outside Balaklava, for the expelled sutlers; and, from the din and clamour, one might imagine he was coming to some well-frequented English fair. A swarm of men, in all sorts of grotesque uniforms, French, English, and Turks, throng the narrow lanes between the huts and tents, and carry on bargains in all the languages of Babel with Greek, Italian, Algerine, Spaniard, Maltese, Armenian, Jew, and Egyptian, for all sorts of merchandize. Here I beheld my runaway servant—a vagabond Italian—selling small loaves of bread for 2*s*. each which he had purchased from a French baker in Balaklava for 1*s*. 6*d*., and thus realized 6*d*. out of

it for a short walk. The guard-house had had no effect on him, and, as the authorities do not interfere in such cases, I was left to solace myself with the poor revenge of seeing him break his shins over a tent-stick as he ran away to escape my horsewhip. Here you may see all the scoundrels of the Levant who can get across the Black Sea making little fortunes by the sale, at the most enormous prices, of the vilest articles of consumption, which necessity alone forces us to use; and here you may see a few honest traders sitting moodily in their stalls and mourning over their fast-departing probity. There is not one Englishman, so far as I know, among these sutlers of the British army, though the greatest vein of nuggets that ever charmed multitudes to a desert was as dross and dirt to the wealth to be realized in this festering crowd. Camel-drivers, arabajees, wild-eyed, strange-looking savages from out-of-the-way corners of Asia Minor, dressed apparently in the spoils of the chorus of "*Nabucco*" or "*Semiramide*," stalk curiously through the soldiery, much perplexed by the conflicting emotions of fear of the Provost-Marshal and love of plunder. There are about 150 huts and tents clustered together on this hill-side. Close beside it is the new battery. Then more huts and tents, occupied by the cavalry.

On the other side of the cleft in the mountain ridge through which the town is approached, are the huts and tents of the Highlanders, Turks, French, Marines, and Rifles, guarding the lines towards Kamara, and rising one above the other till they cover the tremendous crag which frowns down at the sea, 1200 feet below. Then there is an odd-looking acre or two of ground with a low wall round it, which looks as if all the moles in the world lived beneath it, and were labouring night and day—so covered is it with mounds of earth, through which peer rags and bones. This is the Turkish burying-ground, and full well frequented is it. Little hearses may be seen flocking to it down the hill-sides all day, and returning with the empty litters gravely back again. They have also turned one or two vineyards into graveyards, and they have also selected a quiet nook up among the hills for the same purpose. Our own more decent graveyard is situated outside the town, in low ground, close to the sea. The huts and tents of the 14th, and long rows of wooden sheds for the mules, and the tents of the sailors guarding stores, and the huts of the landing-wharf, are all crowded along the steep and at the edge of the bay on the other side of the town, so that the place altogether would give one the idea that he was looking at some great migratory population just settled for a week, or had fallen across one of the mushroom canvas cities of Australia. Of course, those who are nighest get first served to the huts, and are best able to put them up. If Birnam Wood were formed of white deal boards, Macbeth would see his worst suspicions realized could he but witness the moving forest of timber marching up to the front. He would behold literally miles of men, and of mules and ponies, all struggling along through the mud with boards—nothing but boards. In calm weather they get on well enough, but a puff of wind puts an end to all progress, and a strong gust lays men and horses in the mire. However, they are slowly working up towards the camp, but it cannot be conceived by a person not on the spot how hard it is to take up even one hut, and what a great quantity

of timber has to be moved ere the building is complete. The weather is fine, but cold.

The following is my journal since my last letter :—

The cold and frost have almost disappeared; the only traces of winter remaining to us are patches of snow on the hill-sides and in the ravines, and the blanched mountain ridges in the far distance, or the rotten roads, in which the blackened snow still lies in masses perforated by deep holes, dangerous to horse and man. The thermometer is up to fifty-two degrees. The birds are singing around us; the sun is generally bright and warm for several hours in the day. It is, in fact, one of those Crimean proto-springs of not unfrequent occurrence, wherein even the trees, and vines, and grass are deceived for a short time, and think they may put forth their young buds and shoots. But the inhabitants warn us not to be misled by this transient calm; March is still to be endured, and we hear that he roars right royally, and comes in, and remains in, with bitter cold and very strong winds, and heavy falls of rain, sleet, and snow. The month of March is, in truth, like the month of November in the Crimea, and we all know what disasters we endured during twenty terrible days of that month in 1854. The climate, indeed, is beyond all conception fickle. A bird may be singing, under the impression that he has done with foul weather, and may soon be getting ready his nest, and very shortly afterwards he may be knocked down by a blow on the head from a hail-stone. Warm clothing has been served out to most of the army. A store of it brought out a long time ago (six weeks) by the "Jason," and sent on board another vessel, has just been transshipped into a third, instead of being landed. Can any one tell the reason why? It must be observed that the articles most essential to the health and comfort of the men are of the most disgraceful description. I was told by the principal medical officer of one of the divisions of this army that the surgeons of the various regiments had complained to him that the ammunition boots served out to the men were not only too small, but "that the soles dropped off after a week's wear. The long waterproof boots are generally of better quality, and last very well, but the "ammunition boots," as they are called, have been infamously made out of bad materials. The health of the camp is improving a little, but there are still a great number of men in hospital. A low fever, a kind of bilious attack, arising from a disordered liver, prevails rather extensively. The men's stomachs are, in fact, disorganized, and their whole system exhausted, by the labours and fatigues to which they have been subjected. Even yet there is little or no fuel to be had by the men in front. The supplies of charcoal are scanty, and infrequent and irregular. An order was issued some time ago to supply so many pounds of charcoal to each man in the trenches; but it was found impossible to carry it out, as the commissariat could not furnish the charcoal nor transport for it. In default of charcoal or wood, the men are obliged to grub out of the soil, by the most painful labour, the roots of brushwood or of vines, and they are often obliged to go down the hill-sides right under the enemy's fire in order to gather enough to cook their meals.

The Light Division, though it has been the hardest worked, is

one of the healthiest in the army, and yet such is its condition, viewed under the very favourable aspect it at present offers to the spectator. The Guards are now reduced to less than five hundred men fit for duty. It must be observed that where the condition of one regiment is noticed to be better than that of another, if they have been an equal length of time in the campaign, it will be found invariably that the result is the work of three men—the Colonel, the Doctor, and the Quartermaster. Efficiency, zeal, and activity on the part of the last-named class of officers produce the best effects, and I have been a witness of the extraordinary amelioration which one of them can bring about in the state of a regiment by his almost unassisted labours.

There was a murderous fire kept up for about an hour yesterday morning between the French and Russians. The cannonade and roll of small arms was incessant. I do not remember if I mentioned to you in my last letter the fact that the Russians had cut into the gallery of a French mine, and had destroyed an officer of Engineers and some men by smoke-balls, after which they blew up the mine. It is unfortunately too true; but our allies had their revenge. When the Russians came out, as usual, last night the French got three 18-pounders in readiness, and carefully laid them on the approach to the sallyport, nicely stored with grape and canister. The enemy made their sortie under a tremendous cannonade from the batteries, and then rushed in upon the works, but they were received with such destructive volleys of Miniés and musketry that they were speedily driven over the trench towards the town. The three guns were fired right into their retreating columns at short ranges, and continued to plough them up with round shot till they got under cover of their works. Seven Russians were killed inside the trenches, and remained there. Many wounded men were carried off, and it is conjectured that 250 or 300 were killed and wounded before they reached the town. The French lost about fifty in killed and wounded.

I regret to state that a barbarous murder has been committed on Private E. Cullen, servant of Lieutenant Harvey, of the 9th Regiment. When the unfortunate man was found his body was lying nearly naked not very far from the new Turkish camp. One of the chief interpreters has been sent with the Provost-Marshal to make inquiries about the camp as to the poor fellow's death. It is certain our army is gathering around it a swarm of reckless vagabonds, whom it will require all the Provost-Marshal's vigilance and power to keep in order. Mule-drivers from Spain and Malta, runaway Italians, who were brigands, patriots, or thieves at home, and have been worse in the towns of the Levant; runaway servants, Greeks from the alleys of Pera, and adventurers from all the corners of Asia, arrive here daily, and some of them have very peculiar notions of the way in which a man may "seek his fortune." The "navvies" are working away heartily, pulling down the rackety houses and fragments of houses near the post-office of Balaklava, so as to form the terminus of the first bit of the Grand Crimean Central Railway (with branch line to Sebastopol). They have landed a large quantity of barrows, beams, rails, spades, shovels, picks, and other materials. The frail houses soon dissolve into heaps of rubbish under their vigo-

rous blows, and the more friable remains are carted off and shot into and over the ineffable horrors and nastinesses of the Turkish plague and charnel-houses. It is sickening to think of it, but it is nevertheless true: the wells in the town of Balaklava, down by the sea-side, must be filled with water that has trickled though the earth down the hill, from and through the layers of Turkish corpses that lie festering above, barely covered from sight by a few inches of earth. The neighbourhood of the French camps is very filthy. It is surprising that such acute and active men as our allies should permit these dirty habits to exist, and that their able surgeons do not point out the danger arising from them to the whole army. They leave their dead horses unburied close to their tents. The Turks pay greater apparent regard to cleanliness when in the field, but at the best of times a camp is a strong-smelling place, and must necessarily be somewhat dirty. All we can do is to make it as little offensive as possible. On the other hand, the French display the greatest regard to cleanliness of person, and take opportunities (which our men do not or cannot) to wash their clothes wherever there is a running brook or a supply of water.

CHAPTER LV.

The works of the Malakoff Tower—The English batteries too distant to be effective—Improvements at Balaklava—"General Rumour"—Preparations to receive the enemy, who did not appear—The Russians again occupy their position at Kamara and Tchorgoun—Slow progress of the siege.

Feb. 7.

A DULL, heavy day. There was an extremely hot contest last night between the French and Russians: the cannonade, which sounded all over the camp, lasted about an hour. The enemy, not satisfied with what they have already done, are still labouring hard at the works in the rear of the Malakoff (or the Round Tower) and at three o'clock to-day they had about 1200 men employed on the earth slopes and parapets of the batteries. While I was examining the place to-day there was scarcely a shot fired for two hours. The small steamers and boats were particularly active, running across the creek and to and fro in the harbour, and everything seemed to go on in the town much the same as usual. One portion of the place containing some fine buildings, and a large church with a cupola, as seen from the picquet-house, put one in mind of the view of Greenwich from the Park Observatory seen through a diminishing glass. The French mortars have already begun to tell on the stonework of the buildings opposite their batteries—in a few days our allies will be able to inflict tremendous damage on the town. Lord Raglan has ordered ten of our 13-inch mortars to be lent to the French, and Major Claremont came down to Balaklava to get them landed from the "Firefly" with all speed. They were already preparing platforms for the mortar-beds to-day. Our left attack seemed in very fine order as seen from the hill over the

French right, at the other side of the ravine. The parapets and trenches are said to be in better order than they were on the first day of the siege. All the other works are equally improved, and when the fire reopens, its volume and weight will be prodigious. I should state, however, that the French engineer, General Niel, who visited the English trenches recently, expressed a decided opinion that the batteries were too far to produce any substantial results. When we first sat down before this place it was proposed that the first parallel should be at the usual distance of from 600 to 800 yards from the defences; but to this it was objected that there would be great loss of life in making it so near, and that the old rule of war which fixed the distance of the lines of the besiegers from those of the besieged, was abrogated by recent improvements in gunnery, and by the increased power and range of siege guns. Our batteries were constructed at upwards of 1000 and 1200 yards from the enemy, and the steadiness of our artillerymen and the activity of our sailors were frustrated by the length of the range, which enabled the Russians to escape the force of our fire, and emboldened them in working their guns. Meantime, the railway is in the stage of babyhood, and has a very hard time of it in the mud and stones outside Balaklava. The town of Balaklava itself is undergoing vast improvements, partly by demolition, partly by expulsion of the sutlers, and especially by the energetic action of Major Hall and Colonel Harding, and the harbour arrangements have been much improved by Captain Powell. The harbour presents some appearance of order, and that is saying much, when it is considered that the place is as much crowded as a London or Liverpool dock. The quay is at last something better than a quagmire and a series of mud pitfalls, and the streets of the town have ceased to fluctuate between water-courses and dirt-heaps. Stones have been laid down, and have been beaten into a rough pavement by endless traffic. There is very little news respecting the Russians or their operations. The French have scarped the Woronzoff road more deeply than before, and have cast a kind of drawbridge over it. The valley of the Tchernaya is still flooded deeply, and the pools afford some excellent duck shooting to our more adventurous sportsmen, who are not deterred by the round shot and shell of the lower Inkermann Battery, very liberally bestowed, from following their game under difficulties.

Feb. 8.

"General Rumour" is a very efficient officer in the management of "*alertes*." He is never surprised, and errs rather on the safe side of caution than otherwise. This morning he turned out all the troops in and about Balaklava, manned his guns, roused up Admiral Boxer, awakened Captain Christie, landed the seamen, mercantile and naval, and, taking Sir Colin Campbell and his staff out on the hills, awaited an attack which never was made, but which, no doubt, would have been repelled with signal energy and success. It appears that a spy passing through the lines of the Rifle Brigade on his way to the head-quarters of the French army—being interrogated by a young officer, informed him that the Russians had small bodies of men—about a sotnia, or demi-troop, in several of the

villages towards the eastward of Balaklava, such as Tchorgoun, and a large body of Russians, whom he estimated at 35,000 men, were in their rear, moving round to the south-east of Baidar, so as to approach our right on the heights over Balaklava. Having communicated this intelligence, the spy went on his way, and the rifleman, in the course of the day, imparted the result of his inquiries to another officer in a Highland regiment. There is no place in the world like a camp for the hatching and development of "*canards.*" The egg thus laid was very soon matured, and the young bird stalked forth, and went from tent to tent, getting here a feather and there a feather, till it assumed prodigious dimensions and importance. How it became "official" has not exactly come to my knowledge, but certain it is that at half-past ten o'clock at night orders were sent from Sir Colin Campbell to the regiments along the intrenchments up the heights to hold themselves in readiness for an attack, and the 71st Regiment was marched up to strengthen the bold crest occupied by the Rifles and Marines. Later at night, or early next morning, Colonel Harding, the energetic and active Commandant of Balaklava, roused up the Quartermaster-General, Major Mackenzie, who at once repaired to Sir Colin Campbell's quarters, and learned that this attack was fixed to come off at half-past four or five o'clock a.m. The alarm spread —the harbour was soon involved in it. Captain Christie sent orders round to all the large merchant steamers to be in readiness to render all the aid in their power; and Admiral Boxer ordered the men of the "Vesuvius" to be landed, and the sailors of the transports to be armed and in readiness for service. The "Wasp" and "Diamond," all cleared for action and moored stem to stern, so as to form a floating battery, commanded the approach of the harbour from the land side. At four o'clock Sir Colin Campbell and his staff mounted the heights up to the Rifle camp. It was bright moonlight. A deep blue sky sparkling with stars was streaked here and there by light fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness, which swept slowly across the mountain crags, or darkened the ravines and valleys with their shadows like masses of infantry on the march. Scarce a sound was audible near us, except at long intervals the monotonous cry of the sentries, "Number one, and all's well," or the bells striking the hours on board the ships; but terrible salvoes of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry from the front before Sebastopol told that the French and Russians had availed themselves of the moonlight to continue their contest with renewed vigour. The sullen roar of the heavy mortars which came booming upon the ear twice or thrice in every minute bespoke the deadly use which our allies were making against the city of the beauty of the morning. In the rear, around the deep valleys and on the giant crags towards the sea, all was silent. The men behind the trench which defends our position from Balaklava to the seaboard scarcely spoke above a whisper, and were almost lost to sight, but the moonlight played on long lines of bright barrels and sparkling bayonets, which just crested, as it were, the dark outlines of the breastwork, beneath which English, French, and Turk were lying in readiness for the enemy. The guns in the redoubts and earthwork batteries were prepared for instant service. All the batteries

were fully manned, and, had the enemy come on at that time, he would have met with an astonishingly warm reception. I had been roused out before four o'clock in the morning, but, being rather incredulous in the matter of *alertes*, I had contented myself with getting on my clothes and having the horses saddled, till the firing from Sebastopol became so very heavy that the echoes from the heights sounded as if there was really a conflict taking place above. However, I was soon undeceived, for the sound decreased, and at last all was silent around us. An hour and a half of anxious vigil brought the dawn. All eyes peered through the strange compound of light, formed by the rays of the rising sun and the beams of his fast-declining satellite, to discover the columns of the enemy, but there were none in sight. Just as the sun rose, the eternal Cossack vedettes came in view on the hill tops to the east, each figure standing out sharp and black against the glowing background. A few Russians were seen about Kamara, but it was evident there was no preparation for an attack this day, and Sir Colin Campbell gave orders for the men to return to their tents. The fact was, that the story of the Tartar had been magnified and distorted to such an extent before it came to the General's ears that he believed it was quite certain the Russians would have attacked us.

The events of this day, however, have shown that the spy brought trustworthy intelligence to us. The Russians have actually returned to the heights over the valley of Balaklava towards the left of the Tchernaya, and have reoccupied the hills and ravines about Kamara and Tchorgoun in some force. They appear to be casting up intrenchments along their front, and it was quite evident, at four o'clock this afternoon, that they were getting up two heavy guns on a space of land close to "Canrobert's Hill," which would enable them to annoy our convoys across the plain to the camp very considerably.

At present there is no telling the exact force of Russians in our rear, but the spy fixed them at 35,000 men. A *reconnaissance* on a small scale was to have been made by Sir Colin Campbell, accompanied by Lord Burghersh, but, owing to the thick weather, it did not take place.

The siege makes slow progress on our side. The French have been bombarding from ten large mortars for the last twenty-four hours, without producing any apparent effect commensurate with the weight of such a tremendous mass of metal as they are throwing into the town. They fire about four large shells every minute for six hours in the twenty-four, and then reduce the fire to one or two shells a-minute. The Russians have directed a tolerably strong fire on the mortars, but they have done no considerable damage of any kind. Lord Raglan visited the camp the day before yesterday.

Feb. 9.

Omar Pasha arrived at Kamiesch last night, in the "Colombo," and to-day his Highness visited General Canrobert and Lord Raglan, and had lengthened interviews with them. These interviews, in effect, constituted a council of war, and it is reasonable to suppose that the operations of the campaign have been finally determined on and arranged between the allied Generals.

The weather was fine to-day, though it rained a little this morning. At night, however, the rain—the most active of "General Février's" lieutenants—came down incessantly. The Russians are moving about on the hills in our rear, and a column of infantry was seen to march along over the Tchernaya heights towards Sebastopol yesterday. This morning all our troops at the heights over Balaklava were out under arms from half-past four o'clock till seven o'clock in a dense fog and drizzling mist—the same force as before. The Russians made no sign, and the men were dismissed to their tents soon after daylight.

There was an awful cannonade last night all along the Russian lines, and a sortie was made, which was repulsed by the French, while a feint on our lines was equally unsuccessful.

Feb. 10.

One of those sudden changes which render this climate the most peculiar in the world took place last night. The day had been warm and beautiful; the night was cold, and the rain fell in torrents. This morning the ground is partially covered with snow, which descended heavily towards morning, but which thawed fast. The roads will be in a very bad condition in consequence. Omar Pasha inspected the works before Sebastopol after his arrival. A vessel was ordered to be in readiness at Kamiesch yesterday, to carry his Excellency to Eupatoria. There is no visible movement among the Russians on the heights this morning, and it is doubtful whether the guns are in the earthworks they have thrown up on the ridges.

CHAPTER LVI.

Heavy rain—Cossacks hovering on our rear—Rapid progress of the railway—Escape of a prisoner from Sebastopol—Sickness in the camp—Uncomfortable weather—More mismanagement—Superiority of the French system of cooking—A Somersetshire *chef de cuisine*—Soyer's receipts for cooking—Nothing wanting but the materials—Pigs a national institution—Cost of soldiers to the country—Arrival of Sir George Brown—Strict secrecy respecting our operations.

BALAKLAVA, *Feb.* 10.

It rained heavily all night, and the ground was reduced to such a state in a few hours, that the *reconnaissance* which Sir Colin Campbell, aided by the French, intended to have made with the men under his command, was postponed. The atmosphere was so obscure, that it was all but impossible to catch a glimpse of the enemy's movements; but a break in the rain and a lift in the haze now and then enabled us to see them working at some earthworks on the brow of the hills before Kamara. They also pushed a vedette up to the top of Canrobert's Hill (formerly the site of Redoubt No. 1, held by the Turks previous to the 25th of October.) About the middle of the day three columns of men were observed moving round from their right by the back of Kamara towards the hills over Baidar; they took with them some field-guns, and their numbers were estimated at 3000 men. There is a swarm of Cossacks between Kamara and the road to Mackenzie's farm, moving about in all directions, and their vedettes are posted along the heights

over the Woronzoff-road. Our heavy dragoon vedettes on the last mound over that road nearest to our lines have also been doubled. Some of the Cossacks this afternoon came so close to our front looking out for stragglers, that a shell was fired at them from No. 4 Battery, near Kadekeeva (Kadikoi).

The railway is making very respectable progress. It has wound its way up the greater part of the main street of Balaklava, and the engine has been astonishing the Turks by great puffs of steam from its iron lungs, and by sundry shrieks and screams, as it has been put in play by the engineers, outside of the post-office yard, in order to see if its health or constitution has suffered by the sea voyage. The railroad is simply constructed—the wooden sleepers are laid down longitudinally over a bed of stones on the road, and the rails are fastened down on them. It nearly fills up the breadth of the main street. About fifty yards of rail have been laid down in the street, but the road is in many places in a state of forwardness, and will soon be ready to receive the rails. The road winds outside the church of Kadikoi.

Lord Raglan visited Balaklava to-day and inspected the works of the railway, in which he seemed to take great interest. His lordship was accompanied by a numerous staff. After examining the progress and condition of various departments in the town, he visited the "Caradoc *restaurant*," and tasted the tea which is served out to the sick men.

A man of the 88th Regiment, who had been taken prisoner in a sortie a few nights ago, made his escape on Friday night, and came into camp in a most miserable condition, his hands and knees being terribly cut and lacerated. He stated that he had crawled away over a place strewed thickly for a great distance with broken glass. His sufferings magnified the space, no doubt, but he said he had struggled on over a mile and a-half of this awful causeway. The description he gave of the condition of the garrison would be encouraging to us if it could be altogether relied upon.

I regret to state that sickness does not diminish in the camp. Scurvy and low fever extend their action every day. Now, scurvy is mainly caused among debilitated men by the use of salt meat and the want of vegetables. Even fresh meat alone will develop it among men worn out by excessive labour, should they have no leguminous diet. I believe there has been only one cargo exclusively of vegetables ever sent up here, and that came in the "Harbinger," which lay in Balaklava for weeks, till her load of potatoes and onions began to rot and become putrid, so that much of it was unfit for use, and had to be thrown away. Whoever had an order got a sack of potatoes; but who could carry a sack of potatoes to the front? Meantime, ships chartered by Government for the use of the service, come in day after day to Balaklava with quantities of vegetables *for sale*, and with stores of provisions to be sold for the private profit of the stewards and adventurers at great prices, though the charter-party of these vessels expressly forbids any such use to be made of any ship, or any private property to be conveyed in her while she is in the employment of the Government.

The mortality among the Turks is not so great. As an instance

of the good feeling of our poor allies, the Bono Johnnies, I may mention a circumstance which is very creditable to them, and which is, I am sorry to say, illustrative also of the disposition of some of the French and English soldiers towards the Turks, and of practices which became so common that they had to be forbidden by special orders. An English artilleryman, for some fancied slight, set upon a Turk, and gave him a beating, and attacked "outrageously" a Turkish officer who came to his countryman's assistance. He was found guilty of the double offence by general court-martial, and sentenced to fifty lashes. Osman Pasha, the commander of the Turkish troops, and the officer who had been struck, interceded with Lord Raglan for the remission of the man's punishment, and his lordship, who is one of the most clement and merciful of men, yielded to their request, and in general orders rescinded the sentence of the court-martial.

Feb. 11.

A day quite worthy of "General Février's" gratitude—bleak, raw, and stormy; the wind raging furiously between intervals of profound calm—the sky invisible in a murky sheet, from which fall incessant showers of rain, sleet, or snow alternately, or altogether—and the landscape shut out of sight at a few yards' distance by the gray walls of drizzling clouds and vapour. It may be imagined that no one stirred out who could help it; a few drenched fatigue parties and some artillery wagons sent down for shot and shell were all one could see between Balaklava and the camp, and in the front all was silent—not a gun was fired the greater part of the day, and the popping of rifles nearly ceased also.

A considerable number of sick men (217) were sent down yesterday from the camp to Balaklava. There were many bad cases of scurvy and of scorbutic dysentery among the men; and yet vegetables of all sorts and lemons and oranges are to be found in abundance, or could have been purchased in any quantities, all along the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. No one can say there were no ships to bring them. Balaklava contains ships which have been lying here for weeks—ay, for months—*doing nothing*. The splendid screw steamer "Jason," fitted up especially as a horse transport, came in many days ago from Ismed laden *with a cargo of wood for fuel*. The expenses of such a large vessel must be enormous, and yet she has been in harbour now for nearly a fortnight doing nothing. Many cases like this—many stronger (if one is not at liberty to say grosser) cases than this could be adduced, if necessary, but it would serve no good purpose to bring them forward, because every one seems tolerably well persuaded just now that there has been very great mismanagement inside and outside Balaklava.

There is a good deal of sickness in the French camp, and one regiment is said to have suffered as much from scorbutic diseases as any of our own, and to have ceased to exist, like the 63rd Regiment. But the French have no large steamers which they can send to forage in all the ports of Asia Minor; and, with all their deficient transport, they have had far less sickness and less loss of life from disease cent. per cent. than our troops, while they have

been better provided with food and soldiers' luxuries. Had the French army undergone the same amount of vigil, labour, and fatigue to which our army was exposed, I am convinced it would have been in as bad a plight, and that it would have suffered very nearly the same proportionate losses. Their system of cooking is better; their system of hutting is better; instead of having twelve or fourteen miserable, gloomy fellows, sitting moodily together in one tent, where each man eats his meal, cooked or uncooked, as best he can, they have four men together in a tent, who are neither miserable nor gloomy as a general rule, because they have a good dish of soup and bouilli well made at the mess fire, and carried away "piping hot" in the camp kettle of the tent. The canvas of the *tente d'abri* is, in fact, in bad weather only a roof to a deep pit in the shape of the parallelogram formed by the flaps of the canvas. This pit is dug out of the earth; it contains a little fire-place at one end, with a mud chimney outside, and is entered by a flight of two or three steps, which descend to the dry floor. Our men rarely dig out the earth, and their tents are generally pitched on the surface of the ground. They have no time to do any better.

In cooking, I need not say our neighbours beat us hollow. I partook of a sumptuous banquet in the tent of an officer of the Guards the other night, the staple of which was a goose, purchased for a golden egg in Balaklava, but which assumed so many forms, and was so good and strange in all—now coming upon you as a *piéce de resistance*, again assuming the shape of a *giblotte* that would do credit to Philippe, and again turning up as a delicate little *plat* with a flavour of woodcocks, that the name of the artist was at once demanded. He was a grisly-headed Zouave, who stood at the door of the tent, prouder of the compliments which were paid to him than of the few francs he was to get for his services, "lent," as he was, by the captain of his company for the day. A few days after—these were Christmas times, or were meant to be so—there was a dinner in another friendly tent. A Samaritan sea-captain had presented a mess with a leg of English mutton, a case of preserved turnips, and a wild duck. Hungry as hunters, the little party assembled at the appointed hour, full of anticipated pleasure and good fare from the fatherland. "Bankes, bring in dinner," said the host, proudly, to his *chef de cuisine*. The guests were set—the cover was placed on the table—it was removed with enthusiasm, and, lo! there lay the duck, burnt black, and dry as charcoal, in the centre of a mound of turnips. "I thout vowls wor alays ate vurst," was the sole defence of the wretched criminal as he removed the sacrifice for the time. Then he brought in the soup, which was excellent, especially the bouilli, but we could not eat soup all night, especially when the mutton was waiting. "Now, then, Bankes, bring in the leg of mutton." "The wawt, zur?" "The leg of mutton, and look sharp, do you hear? I hope you have not spoiled *that* too." "Woy, zur, thee's been 'atin oo't!" The miserable being had actually *boiled* down the leg of mutton in the soup, having cut it —large slices off it—to make it fit the pot!

We have had great fun with the recipes for cooking rations which appear in the papers. M. Soyer's were good and simple, but

every one of them had been found out by experiment months ago, and were familiar, however little successful, to every camp cook. The recipes which teach the men how to make rations palatable by the help of a "sliced turkey," nutmegs, butter, flour, spices, and suet, are cruel mockeries. Can any one tell us why the army *must* eat salt pork? Why is this the only meat except beef that is served out? The lean is always very hard and tough, and requires great care and trouble in cooking to make it masticable—the fat is ever in undue proportion to the lean, and is far too "rich" for a debilitated stomach. Are "pigs" a national institution, to be maintained at any cost? Is the flesh of the bull a part of the constitution? A soldier is a very dear animal. A crop of them is most difficult to raise, and, once they have been fully grown, and have become ripe soldiers, they are beyond all price. Have we not got abundance of meats in our warehouses, of vegetables, of all kinds of nutritious preparations, to bestow on those who are left to us, and who are really "veterans," for in the narrow limits of this one campaign they have epitomized all the horrors, the dangers, and the triumphs of war? The ration, with its accessories of sugar, tea or coffee, tobacco, and rice, was sufficient, as long as it was unfailing, and while the army was in full health; but it is not sufficient, or, rather, it is not suitable, when the men are debilitated from excessive weakness.

What has been the cost to the country of the men of the Brigade of Guards who died in their tents or in hospital of exhaustion, overwork, and deficient or improper nutriment? The brigade musters now very little over 400 men fit for duty. It would have been *cheap* to have fed those men who are gone on turtle and venison, if it could have kept them alive—and not only those, but the poor fellows whom the battle spared, but whom disease has taken from us out of every regiment in the expedition. It is the *men* who are to be pitied—the officers can take care of themselves; they have their bât-horses to go over to Kamiesch and to Balaklava for luxuries; their servants to send for poultry, vegetables, wine, preserved meats, sheep, and all the luxuries of the sutlers' shops; and they have besides abundance of money, for the pay of the subaltern is ample while he is in the field.

Feb. 12.

Sir George Brown arrived to-day, and Lord Raglan went down to meet him, and returned with him to head-quarters. The weather has changed again. The sun is out, the rain is over, and a cold, drying wind is blowing over the plain. The French are arming our right attack. The left attack is completely armed. There is no appearance of any considerable force of Russians either to the north of Sebastopol or over the heights of Balaklava. All danger of attack from Baidar seems very trifling. It would be almost impossible for the enemy to deploy on the hills and in the ravines over our position, and the plain is impassable for artillery. The Tchernaya is now our great line of defence, and it is a line which defends itself. There is only one bridge over it, descending from Mackenzie's farm, and that is not fit for the transport of either artillery or cavalry; and the banks of the river are so steep, that bridges must be thrown over whenever it may be desirable to send either

arm across it. Towards Inkermann, the whole valley is flooded, and turned into marsh and bog.

The preparations to remedy our great error in the plan of our first attack proceed rapidly. Our troops are in better condition, and huts are being erected on every side.

Feb. 13.

It blew half a gale of wind all night, and the rain fell till two o'clock p.m. in the day, but the wind was warm and the temperature agreeable. The roads are very heavy, and the country is not easily traversed. The soil is not so tenacious, however, as it is when drying up in fine weather after heavy rains. It is then so sticky, that the wheels of artillery wagons actually "drag" in it, and the earth accumulates solidly between the spokes. It need not be said with what difficulty men get over the ground on foot. As to the condition of the horses, it is really pitiable. It is now four or five days that our cavalry and artillery horses have been without hay, and that all they have had to eat has been the ration of barley, and, now and then, a little chopped straw. The reason of this is simple. No hay has been received by the commissariat in harbour; and yet it is stated that Mr. Filder wrote last September to the authorities at home, to state that it would be absolutely necessary for them to take steps to send out forage for the horses from England. What is the result of our mode of doing business? At a recent board, the veterinary surgeons condemned no less than 140 horses out of the Royal Artillery alone! The diseases of most of these animals—once fine English horses, the glory and pride of Woolwich holidays—were simple; they were the produce of hard work in carrying up shot and shell, and of insufficient food.

The mounted staff corps is now reduced to about twenty-eight effectives.

The French workmen have made considerable progress with the new batteries on our right. On the left they were exposed to a heavy fire from four till half-past four o'clock, and the Russians blew up another French magazine inside the batteries. They at once opened fire along their lines with six tremendous salvoes of artillery, and rushed up on their parapets and gave three loud ringing cheers. The damage done by the explosion was, I am happy to say, very insignificant, and before the Russians had ceased cheering, the French took their revenge by discharging a tremendous volley of heavy shells, which burst on the walls of the Admiral's house, and silenced for a time the guns in No. 3 Battery at the Flagstaff Fort.

The railway progresses very rapidly, and has now reached a point 300 yards from the town. The enemy appears to have abandoned any attempt to annoy the workmen, and have not put guns on Canrobert's-hill.

The French mortar batteries are within 1300 metres of the inner batteries of the Russians. A sortie of insignificant strength was made by the garrison last night, and was repulsed as usual. The French lost five men only. The Cossacks on the hills to the north-east of Balaklava have nearly disappeared, and there are no indications that they intend to reoccupy the hills on which it was supposed the enemy were about to reconstruct redoubts.

The utmost secrecy is observed respecting our future operations. Strict orders have been issued that artillery and engineer officers are not to give information respecting our works to any one but officers entitled to demand it; and infantry officers are not allowed to get any details concerning the works and armaments.

CHAPTER LVII.

Recal of Lord Lucan—Hot parching wind—Crocuses and hyacinths cover the ground—Lord Raglan visits the camp—Mortality among the horses—Crowded state of the harbour—Improved aspect of the town—Abundance of provisions—Renewed activity on all sides.

BALAKLAVA, *Feb.* 14.

THE great topic of conversation and gossip to-day is the recal of the Earl of Lucan from the command of the Cavalry Division. The circumstances under which this unusual exercise of authority has taken place are not very accurately known, except to a few officers to whom Lord Lucan has communicated them, but the prevailing impression among those who are likely to be well informed, and whose opinions carry weight, is certainly to the effect that the step is not justifiable on the grounds set forth for taking it.

Feb. 15.

Last night the wind increased in force, blowing in strong gusts and squalls, which tore down tents and the materials for hutting on the heights over Balaklava, and sent them clattering down the hill. This wind, hot and dry as one of the warm breezes of the tropics, sucked up the moisture of the roads as it passed, and the tracks of deep mud and the waste of earth and water on which our camp stands are rapidly becoming solid—so rapidly, indeed, that the effect is little short of magical. It much resembles the Mediterranean sirocco. The thermometer exposed outside my quarters marks no less than seventy-one degrees. The sky is overcast and lurid, but there are no clouds visible—the whole atmosphere is of a slaty grey hue overhead and on the horizon, but objects at a distance give well-defined outlines, and are not at all obscure. The wind is very uncertain in force; at times the gusts are terrific; they generally come at intervals of five or six minutes, and vary in strength at each outburst. The general direction of the wind is from the south-south-east to south-west. Under the strange change of temperature, the bulbous roots, which seem to abound in the soil of the Chersonese, are putting forth shoots with vigour, and crocuses and hyacinths, some *in flower*, have pushed their bright green leaves above the black surface of the soil, and, by their freshness and vividness of colour, afford a strong contrast to the sterile aspect of the hoof-betrodden ground.

Towards night the violence of the gale abated. The Field-Marshal came down to Balaklava yesterday, and visited the various public establishments in the town, and inspected the progress of the railway. There was another sortie last night, which the French repulsed with a loss of thirty-five killed and wounded and missing.

The Russians lost at least as many in their hasty retreat. The works on our right are in splendid order.

The division of General Bosquet on our right and in rear of our right flank was reinforced to-day by upwards of 8000 men.

The Russians have established three batteries from Inkermann Light east on the heights over the Tchernaya towards the south-east, with the object of annoying our flank, but the distance is too great, and all their efforts to injure us have hitherto been abortive.

Feb. 17.

Fine and temperate. Thermometer forty-six degrees, being an increase of eight degrees since yesterday; the men busily employed in getting up shot and shell to the front. On the north side of Sebastopol the Russians have seamed the earth in every direction with mud batteries and entrenchments. To-day about 2500 men could be seen through the glass working at a long trench which runs nearly due south-east from the end of the bay at Inkermann towards the Belbek. It seems as if their camp between Inkermann and the Belbek was not so large. Probably some considerable force has been drawn off in our present inactive state towards their centres of supply. Lord Raglan visited a portion of the camp to-day. Scarcely a single day passes, indeed, on which his Lordship does not now inspect some part or other of the lines. All our lines towards the sea-road from Yalta have been much strengthened, and the profile of the works, which was certainly not satisfactory before, has been altered and improved.

Feb. 18.

Shot and shell still going up to the front. The mortality among the horses does not diminish; and the wretched oxen intended for conversion into beef die rapidly of emaciation. In August last Government paid 10*l.* a pair for them, and since then Mr. Hanson has received, it is said, in addition to that sum, 3*l.* a-head for feeding them. They are now—those that are alive—fit for the instruction of students of comparative anatomy.

Why on earth was Captain Powell, an efficient harbour-master, taken away just as he was beginning to get the harbour into order, aided as he was by the officers of the Vesuvius?

Feb. 19.

The drying winds continue, and the plateau to the south of Sebastopol can be traversed easily on horse or foot, even at the bottom of the ravines. With this fine weather the good spirits and energies of our men have returned, but I regret to say the warm wind which blew the other day brought with it, or developed, the seeds of typhus fever, which broke out in several regiments lately, and soon marked some of the strongest men as its victims. At the moment I write there is an appearance of a change in the weather; the thermometer is at forty-six degrees, and the wind is strong from the westward, with heavy masses of clouds coming down along with it. The trenches, however, are dry; the men get all they want; provisions are abundant; hay has arrived, and fresh vegetables have been sent up to the front to check the scurvy. The progress of the railroad is extraordinary. It is already completed out to the entrance of the village of Kadikoi, to-morrow it

will have passed through it on its way out to the plateau, and on Wednesday it will be, in all probability, used for the transport of a cargo of shot and shell out so far from Balaklava in the intervals of the workmen's labour. The aspect of the town is greatly altered for the better. The wretched hovels in which the Turkish soldiery propagated pestilence and died, have been cleaned out or levelled to the earth, the cesspools and collections of utter abomination in the streets have been filled up, and quicklime has been laid down in the streets and lanes, and around the houses. The sutlers have been driven forth to a wooden world of their own outside the town, and the number of visitors to the town diminished. Indeed, the railway, which sweeps right through the main street, very effectually clears away the crowds of stragglers who used to infest the place. It is inexpressibly strange to hear the well-known rumbling sound of the carriages and wagons as they pass to and fro with their freights of navvies, sleepers, and rails; it recals home more strongly than anything we have yet heard in the Crimea.

The Cossacks are riding about the hills in front; our vedettes are watching them; vast masses of men in long lines carrying planks of wood or fascines intersect the plain, and seem at a distance like armies of ants migrating. The thunder of cannon from the front booms through the air; the martial music of the French regiments interrupted by the creaking of cartwheels, the cries of camels, the yells of drivers in nearly every language of the east or west,—worse than all, by the terrible instruments of the Turkish bands,—speak of war, which no Englishman has ever known at home in this day. Even the railway cannot bring thoughts of peace. It is now a very effective engine of war. Measures will be taken to protect it from the enemy, but as yet they evince no inclination to annoy the works or workmen, even if they had the power to do so. As to the siege of Sebastopol, all I am at liberty to say is that our works and those of the French make great progress this dry weather, and that no event of consequence has occurred since I last wrote.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Preparations for a *reconnaissance*—The French troops assembled—Sudden change of weather—The intended operations postponed—Sir Colin Campbell and Brigadier Villenois attempt the *reconnaissance*—Defeated by the weather—The writer loses his way in a snow-storm—Perilous situation.

Feb. 20.

In my last despatch, which left at seven this morning, some eulogiums were passed upon the weather, almost up to the time of its departure from the Crimea. I then felt inclined to think the winter was gone. The birds, however, were still gregarious. They did not seem to know Valentine's-day had come and passed. The old Tartars shook their round bullet heads, when one asked them if the frost and snow had departed for the year Wild fowl still flew in noisy file over the Chersonese, and so, between the actual heat of the weather and the prognostics and experience of those who

knew better, it was a matter of doubt whether to put up one's warm clothing under the bed or still keep it ready for use over it, as the usual stowage of such articles is confined to those localities. On Monday night extensive preparations were made very secretly for a *reconnaissance*, to be conducted by Sir Colin Campbell on our side and by Generals Bosquet and Villenois on the part of the French. The weather, the most important condition of action in a winter campaign, had been unfavourable, but the few fine days from the 15th to the 19th had made the country in tolerable order for the movements of artillery and cavalry. The French were to have furnished 4000 men; Sir Colin Campbell's force was to have consisted of about 1800 men. Soon after dark the French on the left of the head-quarters camp began to get in readiness, and the hum of men, and the peculiar dull sound of armed masses on the march, betrayed the movement of our allies. A *reconnaissance* was to take place. Sir Colin had made all his preparations too, and everybody was to be up and under arms long ere daylight. By degrees the rumour spread from one confidant to the other, and by midnight a good number of outriders and amateurs were aware of what was going on, and strict orders were issued for early calls and saddling of horses "to-morrow morning at dawn." Nothing excites such interest as a *reconnaissance*. Our army here is deprived of the peculiar attractions of most wars in Europe. There is none of the romance of the Peninsular campaigns about it. We are all shut up in one dirty little angle of land, with Cossacks barring the approaches to the heavenly valley around us. There are no pleasant marches, no halts in town or village, no strange scenes or change of position; nothing but the drudgery of the trenches and of fatigue parties, and the everlasting houses and works of Sebastopol, and the same bleak savage landscape around us. The hardest-worked officer is glad, therefore, to get away on a *reconnaissance*, which gives him an excitement, and varies the monotony of his life; it is a sort of holiday for him—a hunt at Epping, if there be such a thing, to his cockney existence. Before midnight the French had assembled in columns of companies, to the number of 2000, close to head-quarters. About the same time that they all assembled the wind changed, and began to blow with some violence, and the stars were overcast by clouds. About one o'clock in the morning the rain began to fall heavily, and continued to descend in irregular torrents for an hour. Then the wind chopped round to the north and become intensely cold, and the rain at once crystallized and fell in the form of hail, and at last the snow drifted down all across the camp, while the gale rose higher and higher, and increased in severity every moment. It was evident at last that no good could come of exposing the men any longer, and that the *reconnaissance* would be a failure; it certainly would not enable us to form any accurate conception of the numbers or position of the enemy, inasmuch as it was impossible for a man to see a yard before him. Major Foley was therefore despatched by General Canrobert from the French head-quarters, *to inform* Sir Colin Campbell that the French would not move, and the regiments under arms were ordered back to their tents, which they found with difficulty. When Major Foley, who had lost his way, arrived after

many devious wanderings at head-quarters, one of Lord Raglan's aids-de-camp was at once despatched to acquaint Sir Colin Campbell that the French were not coming, and to desire him to postpone any movement of the troops under his command. This officer had to set out about three o'clock in the morning for the heights over Balaklava. On passing through the French camp over the valley, he called on Brigadier-General Villenois to inform him of the change which the weather had effected in the plans which had been agreed upon, but the General said he thought it would be better to move down his men to support Sir Colin, in case the latter should have advanced before the counter-orders reached him. When our aid-de-camp, after a struggle with the darkness, reached Sir Colin's quarters, about four o'clock, the General was gone. Another difficult ride at last enabled him to overtake the General on the march with a body of men towards Tchorgoun. It may be imagined the news was not very pleasing to one who was all on fire, cold as he was, for a brush with the enemy, but the news of Brigadier Villenois' promise put him into excellent spirits, and the word "Forward" was given to his little force. They were accompanied by the Zouaves on the heights. These troops were under arms from a very early hour, and by four o'clock they were moved down towards the plain, and proceeded towards Kamara and Tchorgoun through the snow-storm, which increased in violence and severity as the morning dawned, and protracted the darkness of night. The Rifles preceded the advance, with the Highland Light Infantry, in skirmishing order. Strict orders were given that there was to be no firing in case the troops came upon the enemy, and it was hoped that we might surprise them; but the density of the falling snow prevented our men from seeing more than a few yards before them, and after daylight it was impossible to make out an object six feet in advance. However, the skirmishers managed to get hold of three Russian sentries, belonging probably to the picquet at Kamara, and their comrades gave the alarm, for as our troops advanced, the Cossacks and infantry vedettes fell back, firing their carbines and muskets into the darkness. The drums of the enemy were heard beating, and they had time to turn out while we were making our way towards them. Through rifts in the veil of snow their columns could be observed slowly moving back towards the heights over the Tchernaya, and it was quite impossible to form a notion of their strength or position, but it is thought they mustered about 5000 men. By their movements it seemed as if they had strong reserves in their rear. By this time our men had begun to suffer greatly from the cold, to which they had been exposed for several hours. Their fingers were so cold they could not "fix bayonets" when the word was given, and could scarcely keep their rifles in their hands. The cavalry horses had almost refused to face the snow—frostbites began to occur, and men's ears, noses, and fingers gave symptoms of being attacked. The Highlanders, who had been ordered to take off their comfortable fur caps, and to put on their becoming but less suitable Scotch bonnets, suffered especially, and some of them were severely frostbitten in the ears—indeed, there was not a regiment out in which cases of "gelatio," chiefly of the ears and fingers, did not occur. Scarcely had the enemy appeared in sight

before the snow fell more heavily than ever, and hid them from our view. The French were not visible—one company could not see its neighbour—each regiment was hidden from the other. The men were becoming momentarily less able to advance. There were no reserves to fall back on in case of a check. The space between Tchorgoun and our lines was considerable, and the strength of the enemy was unknown. Under these circumstances it would have been exceedingly unwise to proceed with the *reconnaissance*. The attempt had been defeated by the weather; it was a *coup manqué*, and the best thing to be done was to retire as soon as possible. Sir Colin very unwillingly gave the order to return, and the men arrived at their quarters about eleven o'clock a.m., very much fatigued and exhausted by the cold, with no other result than the capture of three prisoners and the exchange of some random volleys, in which no mischief to us was occasioned by the Russians, nor in all probability to them by us. The enemy were, however, put on the alert, and must have spent a very unpleasant day and night afterwards. Had the movement succeeded, the greater part of their force might have fallen into our hands.

Such a day as followed that morning I have never witnessed. Being anxious to get a letter off by the post ere it started from Kamiesch, and not being aware that the *reconnaissance* had been countermanded, I started early in the morning for the post-office marquee through a blinding storm of snow. The wind howled fiercely over the plain; it was so laden with snow that it was quite palpable, and had a strange *solid* feel about it as it drifted in endless wreaths of fine small flakes, which penetrated the interstices of the clothing, and blinded horse and man. For some time I managed to get on very well, for the track was beaten and familiar. I joined a convoy of artillerymen, but at last the drifts became so thick that it was utterly impossible to see to the right or left for twice a horse's length. As I fancied the artillerymen were going too much to the right, I bore away a little, and soon after met a solitary pedestrian, who wanted to know the way to Balaklava. I sincerely trust he got there by my directions. As he was coming from Lord Raglan's he confirmed me in the justice of my views concerning the route, and I rode off to warn my friends the artillerymen of their mistake. They were not to be found. I had only left them three or four minutes, and yet they had passed away as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. So I turned on my way, as I thought, and, riding right into the wind's eye, made, at the best pace I could force the horse to put forth, for my destination. It was not above an hour's ride on a bad day, and yet at the end of two hours I had not only not arrived, but I could not make out one of the landmarks which denoted an approach to it. Tents, and hill-sides, and jutting rocks, all had disappeared, and nothing was visible, above, around, below, but one white sheet drawn, as it were, close around me. This was decidedly unpleasant, but there was no help for it but to ride on and trust to Providence. The sea or the lines would soon bring one up. Still the horse went on snorting out the snow from his nostrils, and tossing his head to clear the drift from his eyes and ears; and yet no tent, no man—not a soul to be seen in this

peninsula swarming with myriads of soldiery. Three hours passed! —Where on earth can I be? Is this enchantment? Has the army here, the lines and trenches, and Sebastopol itself, gone clean off the face of the earth? Is this a horrible dream? The horse stops at last, and refuses to go on against the storm. Every instant the snow falls thicker and thicker. A dark form rushes by with a quick snarling bark—it is a wolf or a wild dog, and the horse rushes on affrighted. The cold pierces one's bones as he faces the gale, and now and then he plunges above the knees into snow-drifts, which are rapidly forming at every hillock and furrow in the ground; a good deep fallow—a well or pit—might put a speedy termination to one's fears and anxiety at a moment's notice. Minutes become hours, and my eyes were bleared and sore striving to catch a glimpse of tent or man, and to avoid the new dangers in our path. Suddenly I plunged in amongst a quantity of brush-wood—sure and certain sight that I had gone far astray indeed, and that I was at some place removed from the camp and the wood-cutters. The notion flashed across me thatt he wind might have changed, and that in riding against it I might have shaped my course for the Tchernaya and the Russian lines. The idea of becoming the property of a Cossack picquet was by no means a pleasant ingredient in one's thoughts at such a moment. Still what was to be done? My hands and feet were becoming insensible from the cold, and my face and eyes were exceedingly painful. There was no help for it but to push on, and not to let night come on. That would indeed be a serious evil. At this moment there was a break in the snowdrift for one moment, and I saw to my astonishment a church dome and spire on my right, which vanished again in a moment. My impression was, that I must either be close to Kamara or to Sebastopol, and that the church was in either of those widely separated localities. Either way the only thing to do was to bear away to the left to regain our lines, though I could not help wondering where on earth the French works were, if it was indeed Sebastopol. I had not ridden very far when, through the ravings of the wind, a hoarse roar rose up before me, and I could just make out a great black wall as it were rising up through the snow-drift. I was on the very edge of the tremendous precipices which overhang the sea near Cape Fiolente! The position was clear at once. I was close to the Monastery of St. George. Dismounting, and carefully leading my horse, I felt my way through the storm, and at last arrived at the monastery. The only Zouave in sight was shooting larks out of a sentry-box, but he at once took my horse to the stable, and showed me the way to the guardhouse, where his comrades were enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire, each waiting for his turn to be shaved by the regimental barber. Having restored circulation to my blood, and got the ice out of my hair, I set out once more, and a smart Zouave undertook to show me the way to head-quarters; but he soon got tired of his undertaking, and deserted me on the edge of a ravine, with some very mysterious instructions as to going on always "*tout droit*," which, seeing that one could not see, would have been very difficult to follow. By the greatest good fortune I managed to strike upon the French tents of the wagon train, and

halting at every outburst of the tempest, and pushing on when the storm cleared away a little, I continued to work my way from camp to camp, and at last arrived at head-quarters, covered with ice, and very nearly "done up," somewhat before four o'clock in the afternoon. It was some consolation for me to find that officers had lost themselves in the very vineyard, close to the house, that day, and that aids-de-camp and orderlies had become completely bewildered in their passage from one English divisional camp to another.

CHAPTER LIX.

Rigour of the weather—Russian mode of conducting a sortie—A Frenchman's spirits rise with the thermometer—Inspection of Sebastopol—Appearance of the town and defences—The French trenches—Mortar practice—Enormous preparations on the north side of the harbour.

Feb. 21.

THE northerly wind continued to blow, and in the Crimea frost and snow are ever borne on its wings till April. The thermometer marked 20° early in the morning, but as the sun shone out soon after eight o'clock and the wind was not high, the day was endurable, and even enjoyable to any one who could move about and was well clad. To the men in the trenches, who were necessarily obliged to keep quiet, and whose supply of fuel was scanty, the cold must have been very trying; but the warm clothing and long boots enabled them to bear the severity of the weather, which would have been fatal to many of them had they been in the same state as those poor fellows on whom winter fell with all its rigour while they had got but the rag of a regimental coat and the regimental blanket.

The Russians during the night made a small demonstration against us, thinking that the sentries and advanced posts might be caught sleeping or away from their posts. Their usual mode of conducting a sortie on the scale which they have hitherto preferred is to send on some thirty men in advance of a party of 500 or 800, in loose skirmishing order. These men advance stealthily, *en tirailleur*, up to the line of our sentries and picquets, and feel their way cautiously, in order to ascertain if there is a weak and undefended point for the advance of the main body. If the firing is slack, the latter immediately push on, rush into the trenches, bayonet as many as resist, and, dragging off all the men they can get as prisoners, return to the town as rapidly as possible. In these affairs the French suffer most. Any man, however weak, can rush across a landing into the nearest room, and do damage in it before he is kicked out. The French are so close to the Russians they may be said to live next door to them. The latter can form in a small body, under cover of their works, at any hour in the night, and dash into the works ere our allies can get together to drive them back again. Last night some thirty-five men advanced upon the sentries stationed in front of Major Chapman's batteries (the left attack), but they were instantly perceived and challenged. They replied "Ruski!" and were at once fired upon. The Rifle-

men in the pits which have been made in front of these lines gave them a spattering volley, and the Tirailleurs at once retreated, and, with the body in reserve, returned to their lines. It is strange they should have given such a reply to the sentries' challenge, but the men all declare the Russians used the word I have mentioned, which would seem to be the Russians' notion of their own name in the English tongue.

As the sun came out the aspect of the camps soon changed, and our French neighbours filled the air with their many-oathed dialogues and with snatches of song. A cold Frenchman is rather a morose and miserable being, but his spirits always rise with sunshine, like the mercury of a thermometer. They are now in excellent humour at the chance of a *reconnaissance*, which will take place certainly as soon as the weather is favourable. In company with two officers from the head-quarters camp, I had a long inspection of Sebastopol to-day from the ground behind the French position, and I must say the result was by no means gratifying. We went up to the French picquet-house first (*la Maison d' Eau* or *Maison Blanche* of the plans), and had a view of the left of the town, looking down towards the end of the ravine which runs down to the Dockyard-creek, the buildings of the Admiralty, the north side of the harbour, and the plateaux towards the Belbek and behind Inkermann. As the day was clear one could see very well through a good glass, in spite of the dazzling effect of the snow and the bitter wind, which chilled the hands so as to render it impossible to retain the glass very long in one position. The little bridge of boats from the Admiralty buildings across to the French side of the town was covered with men, who were busily engaged passing across supplies, and rolling barrels and cases to the other side of the creek, showing that there is a centre of supply or some kind of depôt in the Government stores behind the Redan, and opposite to the fire of our batteries.

Several large lighters, under sail and full of men, were standing over from side to side of the harbour, and dockyard galleys, manned with large crews of rowers all dressed in white jackets, were engaged in tugging flats laden with stores to the south-western side of the town. A tug steamer was also very active, and spluttered about in all directions, furrowing the surface of the water, which was scarcely "crisped" by the breeze, so completely is the harbour landlocked. The men-of-war, with their large white ensigns barred by a blue St. Andrew's cross flying from the peak, lay in a line at the north side, between Forts Sievernaia and Constantine, the top-gallant yards and masts of two out of four being down; a two-decker with bare topmasts lay on the south side, with her broadside towards the Ville Civile; and the white masts of three vessels peered above the buildings of the town further away on the right towards Inkermann. The inner part of the town itself seemed perfectly untouched, the white houses shone brightly and freshly in the sun, and the bells of a Gothic chapel were ringing out lustily in the frosty air. Its tall houses running up the hill sides, its solid look of masonry, give Sebastopol a resemblance to parts of Bath, or at least put one in mind of that city as it is seen from the declivity which overhangs the river. There was, however, a re-

markable change in the look of the city since I saw it last—there were no idlers and no women visible in the streets, and, indeed, there was scarcely a person to be seen who looked like a civilian. This may in some measure lead us to believe the report that the Governor has ordered all the women across to the north side, and out of the place. There were, however, abundance of soldiers, and to spare, in the streets. They could be seen in all directions, now sauntering in pairs down desolate-looking streets, now chatting at the corners or running across the open space from one battery to another; again in large parties on fatigue duty, or relieving guards, or drawn up in well-known grey masses in the barrack-squares. Among those who were working on the open space, carrying stores, I thought I could make out two French soldiers. At all events, the men wore long blue coats and red trousers, and, as we work our prisoners and make them useful at Balaklava, where I have seen them aiding in making the railway, I suppose the Muscovite commanders adopt the same plan. Outside the city, at the verge of the good houses, the eye rests on great walls of earth piled up some ten or twelve feet, and eighteen or twenty feet thick, indented at regular intervals with embrasures, in which you can just detect the black dots which are throats of cannon. These works are of tremendous strength. For the most part there is a very deep and broad ditch in front of them, and their fire is so far from being direct that, wherever the ground allows of it, there are angles and *flèches* which admit of flanking fires along the front, and of cross fires on centre points of each line of attack or approach. In front of most of the works on both the French and English sides of the town, a suburb of broken-down whitewashed cottages, the roofs gone, the doors off, and the windows out, has been left standing in detached masses at a certain distance from the batteries, but gaps have been made in them so that they may not obscure the fire of the batteries. The image of misery presented by these suburbs is very striking—in some instances the havoc has been committed by our shot, and the houses all round to the rear of the Flagstaff Battery, opposite the French, have been blown into rubbish and mounds of beams and mortar. The advanced works which the Russians left on the advance of our allies still remain, and it is hard to say whether there are any guns in them or not, but they are commanded so completely by the works in their rear that it would be impossible to hold them, and at present they would afford a good cover to the Russians, while the latter could fire through the embrasures of the old works with far greater ease than the enemy could get at them. The Russians managed their withdrawal very well. They threw up their new earthworks behind the cover of the suburb; when they were finished, they withdrew their men from the outer line, blew down and destroyed the cover of the houses, and opened fire from their second line of batteries. Their supply of gabions seems inexhaustible—indeed, they have got all the brushwood of the hills of the South Crimea at their disposal. In front of the huge mounds thrown up by the Russians, foreshortened by the distance, so as to appear part of them, are the French trenches—mounds of earth lined with gabions, which look like fine matting. These lines run parallel to those of the enemy.

The nearest parallel is not "armed" with cannon, but is lined with riflemen. Zigzags and covered ways—that is, trenches cut at angles from one parallel to the other—lead down from trench to trench. The troops inside walk about securely, if not comfortably. The covering parties, with their arms piled, sit round their little fires, and smoke and enjoy their coffee, while the working parties, spade in hand, continue the never-ending labours of the siege—filling gabions here, sloping and thickening the parapets there, repairing embrasures, and clearing out the fosses. Where we should have a thin sergeant's guard at this work, the French can afford a strong company. There was no general firing to-day, but a large mortar inside the Russian lines towards the sea projected a huge bomb into the air every half minute or so across a hill in front of it, to annoy a working party who were engaged in throwing up a new approach towards the Quarantine Fort. A column of white smoke rushing up into the air expands into concentric rings—then follows the heavy dull report, like the beat of some giant drum, and then comes the shrill scream of the shell as it describes its fatal curve, and descends with prodigious velocity, increasing rapidly every instant till it explodes, with the peculiar noise of "a blast," just as it reaches the ground. At least it ought to do so; but to-day I watched the shells one after another, and only two out of three burst properly, though the range and flight were beautifully accurate. The Russian fusees are bad, but their artillerymen are not to be excelled when their practice is undisturbed.

It is rather an unpleasant reflection, whenever one is discussing the range of a missile, and is perhaps in the act of exclaiming, "There's a splendid shot," that it may have carried misery and sorrow into some happy household. The smoke clears away—the men get up—they gather round one who moves not, or who is racked with mortal agony; they bear him away, a mere black speck, and a few shovelsfull of mud mark for a little time the resting-place of the poor soldier, whose wife, or mother, or children, or sisters, are left destitute of all solace, save memory and the sympathy of their country. One such little speck I watched to-day, and saw quietly deposited on the ground inside the trench. Who will let the inmates of that desolate cottage in Picardy, or Gascony, or Anjou, know of their bereavement? However, there goes another shell, and it does nothing but knock up a cloud of snow and dust. There is no use in looking more towards the left; the black, cold sea alone is there, with its bleak horizon of cloud, a mass of masts in Kamiesch, and a couple of vigilant steamers, like two great eyes, staring into the harbour of Sebastopol, keeping watch and ward over the fleet inside. We descended the hill slope towards Upton's house, now occupied by a strong picquet of the French, under the command of a couple of officers. We should have been able to put a sergeant's guard there at the outside. A wagon-train was waiting there with its cargo of ammunition; here the ground is strewed with incredible quantities of shot fired at the commencement of the siege. As we advance to the first French trench near the place where their batteries were "snuffed out" on the 17th of October, the plain is covered with hundreds of tons of these iron missiles, and one can trace the direction of the fire of each gun by

observing the regular lines in which they are lying. The Russians never fire now, even on considerable parties, and let idlers reap as much grape-seed as they like, unless they are actually in the nearest approaches. So we had another halt, and a long look into and over the French trenches, from a little mound in the rear. From this position one can see the heights over Inkermann, the plateau towards the Belbec, the north side, the flank of the military town opposite the English, our own left attack, and the rear of the redoubtable Tower of Malakoff. The first thing that struck one was the enormous preparations on the north side, extending from the sea behind Fort Constantine far away to the right behind Inkermann towards the Belbek. The trenches, batteries, earthworks, and redoubts all about the citadel (the North Fort) are on an astonishing scale of magnitude, and indicate an intention on the part of the Russians to fall back on the north side when we occupy the south side of the place. Major-General Jones is said to have declared the position was not so strong as he expected to find it from the accounts he had heard, but it is only to the eye of a practised engineer that any signs of weakness present themselves, for the earth is furrowed as far almost as the eye can reach by enormous banks, pierced with embrasures. The heights over the sea bristle with low batteries, with the guns couchant and just peering over the face of the cliffs. Vast as these works are, the Russians are busy at strengthening them. Not less than 3000 men could have been employed to-day on the ground about the citadel. One could see the staff-officers riding about and directing the labours of the men, or forming into groups, and warming themselves round the camp fires. About three o'clock three strong bodies of cavalry came down towards the fort, as if they had been in the direction of the Alma or Katcha. They halted for a time, and then resumed their march to the camp over Inkermann. In this direction also the enemy were busily working, and their cantonments were easily perceptible, with the men moving about in them. At the rear of the Round Tower, however, the greatest energy was displayed, and a strong party of men were at work on new batteries between it and the ruined suburb on the commanding hill on which Malakoff stands. Our own men in the left attack seemed snug enough, and well covered by their splendid works; in front of them, on the slopes, were men, French and English, scattered all over the hill side, grubbing for roots for fuel; and further on, in front, little puffs of smoke marked the pits of the Riflemen on both sides, from which the ceaseless crack of the Minié and Liège smote the ear; but the great guns were all silent, and scarcely one was fired on the right during the day; even Inkermann and its spiteful batteries being voiceless for a wonder. As one of the officers now began to rub his nose and ears with snow, and to swear they were frostbitten, and as we all felt very cold, we discontinued our *reconnaissance*, and returned to the camp. The wind blew keenly, and at night the thermometer was at 16°. Therewere few cases of illness in the trenches; but sickness has increased within the last twenty-four hours. Typhus fever has, thank God! nearly disappeared.

I regret to add that another convoy of 220 wagons was received

by the enemy to-day, without loss to them, or any attempt on our part to hinder them getting such extensive supplies.

Feb. 22.

Thermometer twenty-two degrees; dull and cloudy. Nothing to report. Lord Raglan inspected the camps.

Feb. 23.

The "Australian" arrived to-day with Lord George Paget on board. The railway is now one hundred yards beyond Kadikoi. One stationary engine has been run up to the high ground near the plateau of the camp. *Inter alia*, we are to have an *hotel* at Balaklava. It is to be conducted by "Mrs. Seacole, late of Jamaica." I suppose the lady calculates on a liberal share of patronage when excursion visitors come out to see the siege in the summer. The French are working actively on our right, and in advance of it, and the enemy do not disturb them.

Day dull, but fine, no wind. Thermometer thirty-four degrees during the day; it now marks twenty-three degrees.

CHAPTER LX.

Furious cannonade—Strong sortie on the French lines—Success of our allies—Impatience of the French for the assault—The Russians fortify their new position—An armistice granted for one hour—Wonderment of the Cossacks at the sight of a line of railway trucks—The Commander-in-Chief's secretary work—Merchant adventurers at Balaklava.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Feb.* 24.

I WAS woke up shortly after two o'clock this morning by the commencement of one of the most furious cannonades we have heard since the siege began. The whole line of the Russian batteries from our left opened with inconceivable force and noise, and the Inkermann batteries began playing on our right; but the French were more exposed to the weight of this most terrible fire, which shook the very earth, and lighted up the skies with incessant lightning flashes for an hour and a half. Under cover of it a very strong sortie has been made, and for half an hour the musketry rolled incessantly with volume and vigour enough for a general action. The instant the fire opened I got out of my blankets and went towards the front, but I could see nothing but a blaze of fire before the trenches: our batteries were silent. As no person—not an officer even, unless he be actually on duty—is permitted to go down to the works or beyond the inlying sentries and picquets, I can at this hour of the morning (four a.m.) tell you no more than that the firing has now ceased, and I have returned with the impression that a very serious affair has taken place.

The cannonade lasted from a quarter-past two a.m. to half-past three a.m.

Feb. 25.

The weather has again become mild, and, although the clouds are heavy, the air is genial to-day.

The general impression which existed among the English re-

specting the unfavourable result of the attack of the French on the new Russian trench near Malakoff has been modified by the publication of an order of the day by General Canrobert, in which he describes the operations of the morning of the 24th as a great success. It is gratifying to find that our allies have not considered their inability to retain the ground occupied by the Russians as a misfortune.

Lord Raglan, accompanied by Sir George Brown, visited Balaklava yesterday, and afterwards rode up the hills and examined the whole of the position. His lordship went up to the redoubt at the very extremity of the lines right over the sea. When the men who are to aid the present force come up, the position will be of immense strength. We have now the Guards in reserve, and the 14th and 71st Regiments close at hand, within a few minutes' march of any point assailed by the enemy. The Zouaves next the Highlanders have been reinforced. The Turks are healthier than they were, and are now fit to take a vigorous part in the defence, should an attack be made upon it. As the hill sides in front of the camp are covered with brushwood, the enemy can carry on extensive sorties without being seen, unless a *reconnaissance* takes place. The French have cleared a good deal of cover away for gabions and fascines, but they have not penetrated far enough across the hills to produce any essential result.

Feb. 26.

The Zouaves were under arms and in readiness to attack the Russian work in front of us last night, but for some reason or other they did not carry out their project. Very heavy firing took place all night. The Russian batteries were scarcely ever silent for a minute, and the firing of small arms was incessant all along the front, but more especially on the French, on our right and left. A strong sortie took place on the left, but was quickly repulsed without loss. The Russian riflemen showed in front with uncommon boldness, and in great numbers, and some sharp struggles occurred between them and the allied riflemen for superiority, but, on the whole, the advantage rested with our men, notwithstanding that the Russians fired under cover of their enormous batteries. The French soldiers, it is said, grow impatient, and demand to be led to the assault. They certainly might begin the work by driving the Russians out of their new trench. The Zouaves are chiefly anxious for the pillage, and they are difficult gentry to deal with. They are exceedingly irritated against the marine infantry, whom they threaten in detail with exceedingly unpleasant "quarters of an hour" at some time to come for their alleged retreat on the morning of the 24th. "*Ces sacrés matelots*" come in for hard language, for the Zouaves have got it into their heads not only that the marines bolted, but that they fired into those before them, who were the Zouaves aforesaid. In their excessive anger and energy they are as unjust to their comrades, perhaps, as they are complimentary to ourselves, and I have heard more than two of them exclaim, "Ah, if we had had a few hundred of your English we should have done the trick; but these marines—bah!" General Monet has quite lost one hand, and the other is much mutilated, but he is not so dangerously wounded as was imagined. The

Zouaves are said to have lost nine officers killed and missing, and eight officers wounded.

Feb. 26.

Since the mail left on the morning of the 24th there has been little doing to advance the objects of the siege, nor does it seem that any great unanimity of counsel exists between the allied Commanders with respect to the mode in which Sebastopol is to be assailed.

General Canrobert has had several interviews with Lord Raglan lately. To-day Sir Edmund Lyons came over from Kamiesch to head-quarters, and had a long interview with the Field-Marshal. The differences of opinion which existed, or were said to have existed, between Sir John Burgoyne and General Bizot, no longer continue, but it is believed out here that Sir John was in the right, and that General Niel and Major-General Jones supported his views. It may be added, however, that both these generals are thought to have condemned the general plan of attack, which they consider very faulty, especially on our right. Sir John Burgoyne is not, however, responsible, his friends say, for those works, as he has been placed in a very anomalous position, and has had no real absolute control over the works. He was merely an *amicus curiæ* in the consultations of the engineers.

The Russians appear to be throwing up a large square redoubt on the place which they have selected with so much resolution and sagacity. It is only due to them to say that they have displayed no ordinary boldness in taking this ground, as well as courage in defending it when occupied. In order to explain their position, it must be recollected that the French have the control of the neck of the creek of Sebastopol at Inkermann. The shore at the south-east side of this creek is very high, and almost precipitous; it is quite too steep for men either to ascend or descend in masses. Between the hill on which the Round Tower is situate, and the Mamelon recently occupied by the Russians, there is a tremendous ravine running down to the sea, the wall-like sides of which, as they reach the high cliffs on either side, would effectually bar any attempt to cross it under the fire of an enemy. It is evident, therefore, that the Russians made up their minds either to hold this ground or to run the chance of perishing in the sea in their rear. They could scarcely hope either to break through the French at Inkermann, or to escape across the ravine under fire. I saw them yesterday working as if for the bare life, and throwing up immense banks of earth, while men from the cliffs brought up gabions and fascines.

Feb. 28.

The oppressive warmth which characterized the weather yesterday has disappeared. This morning was dark and somewhat cold, and each hour leaves less light in the sky, and increases its wintry feel and aspect. Two large guns (8-inch) were sent up the heights over Balaklava, and the French took up two more of our heavy pieces to put in their new batteries over Inkermann to-day. It is now rumoured that our fire will really be opened against the place very soon; indeed, it will begin, according to the most eager, before this letter can reach England.

An armistice took place for an hour yesterday. In the orders for the day, Lord Raglan notified that at the request of General Osten-Sacken, an armistice was granted from twelve till one o'clock, to enable the Russians to bury their dead. There was not much firing in the morning previously. At twelve o'clock precisely, white flags were run up on the battery flagstaffs on both sides, and immediately afterwards, a body of Russians issued from their new work near Malakoff, which was the object of the French attack of the 24th, and proceeded to search for their dead. The French were sent down from Inkermann on a similar errand. A few Russian officers advanced about half-way up towards our lines, where they were met by some of the officers of the allies, and extreme courtesy, the interchange of profound salutations, and enormous bowing, marked the interview. The officers sauntered up and down, and shakoes were raised and caps doffed politely as each came near an enemy. The exact object of the armistice it is hard to say, for neither French nor Russians seemed to find any bodies unburied. Shortly before one o'clock, the Russians retired inside their earthwork. At one o'clock the white flags were all hauled down in one instant, and the last fluttering bit of white bunting had scarcely disappeared over the parapet, when the flash and roar of a gun from Malakoff announced that the war had begun once more. The French almost simultaneously fired a gun from their batteries also; in a minute afterwards, the popping of rifles commenced as usual on both sides. The Cossacks about Balaklava are particularly busy to-day, and, having nothing better to do, I spent an hour watching them through my glass from the artillery camp at Kadikoi. They had a picquet of ten horsemen at Kamara, from which the vedettes on the top of Canrobert's Hill were furnished, and they had a similar body of eight horsemen on the slope at the back of No. 2 Redoubt. There were a few regular Hussars in a handsome dark blue or green uniform, with white belts, on duty as sentries. The horses seemed to follow the Cossacks about like dogs. The men all wore long loose grey coats and round fur caps. They cannot be very badly off for provisions, inasmuch as the fields behind them towards the slope of the hill to Mackenzie' farm were tolerably well filled with cattle.

From the top of Canrobert's Hill their vedette can see everything that goes on in the plains, from the entrance to Balaklava to the ridges on which the French right rests. Not a horse, cart, or man, can go in or out of the town which this sentinel could not see if he has good eyesight, for he is quite visible to any person who gazes on the top of Canrobert's Hill. The works of the railway must cause this Cossack very serious discomposure. What on earth can he or does he think of them? Gradually he sees villages of white huts rise up on the hill-sides and in the recesses of the valleys, and from the Cavalry Camp to the heights of Balaklava, he can now behold line after line of snug angular wooden buildings, each with its chimney at work, and he can discern the tumult and bustle of Vanity Fair. This may be all very puzzling, but it can be nothing to the excitement of looking at a long line of black trucks rushing round and under the hill at Kadikoi, and running down the incline to the town at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A number of the

Cossacks did gallop up to the top of the hill to look at a phenomenon of that kind, and they went capering about, and shaking their lances, in immense wonderment and excitation of spirits when it had disappeared.

In addition to the old lines thrown up by Liprandi close to the Woronzoff-road, the Russians have now erected, to the rear and north of it, a very large hexagonal work, capable of containing a large number of men, and of being converted into a kind of intrenched camp. The lines of these works were very plain to-day, as they were marked out by the snow, which lay in the trench after that which fell on the ground outside and inside had melted. There were, however, no infantry in sight, nor did any movement of troops take place over the valley of the Tchernaya. Last night, in front, the Russians actually began to construct an advance from their new intrenchment at Malakoff. This is "besieging" with a vengeance! The French seem to have given up all notion of taking this work from the enemy, although 20,000 men were under arms the other night to do it. Emboldened by this success, the Russians are apparently preparing to throw up another work on the right of the new trenches, as if they had made up their minds to besiege the French at Inkermann, and attack their right attack. Lord Raglan goes out to one or other of the divisions every day he can spare from his desk. Perhaps there is no clerk in England who has so much writing to get through, *ipsâ manu*, as the Field-Marshal in command of the forces. I believe his Lordship is frequently up till two or three o'clock in the morning, looking over papers, signing documents, preparing orders and despatches, and exhausting his energies in secretary's work. Such a life could with most men afford little opportunity or energy for action. The system that necessitates such labours on the part of a Commander-in-Chief must be faulty; it certainly is unsuited for the field or for times of war, and is cumbrous and antiquated. General Estcourt has also to get through an enormous quantity of writing, and General Airey is much occupied in the same way. The requirements of home authorities oblige the heads of departments here to perform a great deal of writing. They have to fill up innumerable forms, requisitions, abstracts, and returns, and every motion in the House for papers overwhelms them with fresh matter for pen, ink, and paper.

There are a good many merchant adventurers in the harbour, who are sorely hunted about by the authorities. Admiral Boxer is very stingy about sea-room, and looks sharply after all strangers. He is very properly impressed with a sense of the exigencies of the public service, and takes care that the public property is first attended to. In the harbour there is scarcely room for the numerous vessels which are engaged by Government; and it is desirable, certainly, to see that the disinterested gentlemen, who only come out here to make cent. per cent. in supplying the wants of our brave fellow-countrymen, should not be allowed to interfere with the action of the public authorities. In the case of Lord Blantyre's vessels every possible indulgence ought to be exhibited, because his Lordship has sent out a most valuable and useful assortment of articles, which are sold at the lowest rates to officers and men. Of

course, there is no comparison between these vessels and those which have been freighted with cargoes of luxuries sold at luxurious prices.

CHAPTER LXI.

Preparations for renewing the bombardment—Ominous silence—Railway services—Croat labourers—Unusual display of energy in the public departments—Variable weather—Abundance of flowers spring up—The Chersonese suddenly converted into a garden—Flocks of birds—Exciting sport—Gold seekers.

BALAKLAVA, *March* 1.

ABOUT 240 sick men were sent in from the front to Balaklava today on French ambulance mules, and were received, and refreshed at the Caradoc restaurant. The preparations for the renewal of our fire are pressed on with rapidity; and arrangements have been made to send up at least 2000 rounds a-day to the front from the harbour. About 200 mules have been pressed into this service in addition to the railway, and the Highlanders and the artillery horses are to be employed in the carriage of heavy shell to the front—a duty which greatly distresses and disables them. The men of the Fourth Division, the 17th and 18th Regiments, have been armed with the Minié or with the new rifle. Some strange and unaccountable mistakes take place occasionally in the way in which our arms are distributed. It will scarcely be credited (but it does no harm now to mention it) that at Balaklava the Scots Greys *had no cartridges* to fit their carbines, and that they were armed with the old cavalry sword, which bent in several instances on coming in contact with the thick coats of the Russian horsemen. The new swords are excellent weapons, and afforded great satisfaction to all but those on whom they were tried. To-day there are frost and snow, thermometer at thirty-one degrees.

March 2.

It froze last night. The thermometer was at twenty-four degrees at two a.m. this morning, the wind strong and very cold. It is scarcely to be believed that, with all our immense stores of warm clothing, boots and shoes are by no means plentiful with the army. The 14th Regiment has been much employed in fatigue duties about the town. About three hundred pairs of boots were served out to them, but the thick heavy clay sucked the soles off, and for a week back some of the men have been going about without any soles to their boots—*ergo*, their feet were on the ground, with the thermometer at thirty degrees: that is not agreeable locomotion. The Guards are now all down about Balaklava. Some of them seem in very delicate health. A few old campaigners have attained that happy state in which it is said that a cannon-ball will hop off the pit of the stomach.

The silence and calm of the last few days are but the omens of the struggle which is about to be renewed very speedily for the possession of Sebastopol. The Russians are silent because the allies do not impede their works. The allies are silent because they are preparing for the contest, and are using every energy to bring up from Kamiesch and Balaklava the enormous mounds of projectiles

and mountains of ammunition which will be required for the service of the new batteries, and to extend, complete, and strengthen their offensive and defensive lines and trenches.

The railway has begun to render us some service in saving the hard labour attendant on the transport of shot and shell, and enables us to form a sort of small terminal depôt at the distance of two miles and three quarters from Balaklava, which is, however, not large enough for the demands made upon it, and it is emptied as soon as it is formed by parties of the Highland Brigade, who carry the ammunition to the camp depôt, three miles and a half further on. The railway is not yet sufficiently long to induce Mr. Filder to avail himself of it largely for the transport of provisions to the front, as he conceives such a partial use of it would impede the formation of the rail, derange his own commissariat transport, and produce endless confusion at the temporary terminus. The commissariat officers of the Second Division have, however, been allowed to use the rail between six and eight o'clock every morning, and about 500 tons of provisions and stores have been moved up towards the front by it within the last few days. The navvies, notwithstanding the temptations of the bottle and of strange society in Vanity Fair or Buffalo-town, work honestly and well, with few exceptions, and the dread of the Provost-Marshal has produced a wholesome influence on the dispositions of the refractory. The Croat labourers astonish all who see them by the enormous loads they carry, and by their great physical strength and endurance. Broad-chested, flat-backed men, round-shouldered, with long arms, lean flanks, thick muscular thighs, and their calfless legs—feeding simply, and living quietly and temperately—the Croats perform daily an amount of work in conveying heavy articles on their backs which would amaze any one who has not seen a Constantinople "hamal." Their camp, outside the town, is extremely picturesque, and, I am bound to add, dirty. A rich flavour of onions impregnates the air for a considerable distance around, mingled with reminiscences of ancient Parmesan, and the messes which the nasty-handed Phillises dress for themselves do not look very inviting, but certainly contain plenty of nutriment, and are better, I dare say, than the tough pork and tougher biscuit of our own ration. The men are like Greeks of the Isles in dress, arms, and carriage, but they have an expression of honest ferocity, courage, and manliness in their faces, which at once distinguishes them from their Hellenic brethren. We have also a number of strong "hamals" in our service, who are very useful as beasts of burden to the commissariat.

Parties of men have been lent to Mr. Beatty to assist in the works of the railway, and at this moment 200 men of the Naval Brigade have been detailed in order that the construction of it may be hastened and facilitated as much as possible. I was favoured by a striking proof of the energy of the proceedings of the navvies the other day. I had left my quarters in Balaklava, as I do each week, to spend some days going from division to division, and regiment to regiment, and left my delectable premises in their usual condition: a courtyard of abominations unutterable, the favourite resort of

Tartar camel-drivers, when they had a few moments to devote to the pursuit of parasites, and of drunken sailors, who desired dignified retirement from the observation of the Provost Marshal's myrmidons, was surrounded by a wall which enclosed a ruined shed, in which stood some horses and a few old poplar trees. I left on one post-day and returned on another, and it was with difficulty I recognised the spot. A railway was running right across my courtyard, the walls were demolished, a severance existed between the mansion and its dependencies, and just as my friends and myself entered the saloon and bedchamber—a primitive apartment, through the floor of which I can investigate the proceedings of my quadrupeds below—the navvies gave us a startling welcome by pulling down a poplar right on the roof, which had the effect of carrying away a portion of the balcony, roof, and pent-tiles, and smashing in two windows.

Whatever the cause may be, it is quite evident that an unusual display of energy has been visible recently in most of the public departments connected with the army. The word "must" begins to be heard. Whether its use is attributable to the pressure of the French, to instructions from home, to the necessity which exists for it, or to any specific cause, I am unable to surmise. Certain it is that officers are now told so many guns *must* be in the batteries on such a day, and that such a work *must* be finished by such a time. A Chef d'Etat-Major has been appointed, and General Simpson is expected every day, to assume that important office, and to harmonize the operations of the Quartermaster-General's and Adjutant-General's departments. A sanatorium is about to be established on Balaklava heights, the hospitals are in order, and now (and now only) a *General* visits the trenches every day, and sees that the men do not neglect their duty. As another instance of this vigour, Captain Christie has been removed from the post of Captain superintending the Transport Service; and Captain Heath, who canvassed the merchant captains for testimonials to the orderly state of Balaklava Harbour, &c., and received *more than* thirty replies to his circular, has been appointed in his stead.

The weather has been of the most extraordinary character for the last few days. Three days ago the very sight of a great-coat or pair of warm gloves made one perspire; next day it was so cold that even our immense stores of warm clothing were not superfluous: out of the midst of summer you are here suddenly precipitated, at half an hour's notice, into the midst of winter. But we have been spared the infliction of rain, and frost and mere cold are very endurable, and even healthful, as long as we have no wet. The thoughts of a summer in the Chersonese may make the boldest tremble, for the sun's rays will develope fever and pestilence out of the layers of animal matter festering below the surface of the soil as assuredly as they will ripen the ear or quicken the fruit for autumn. We have had a few warm days only, and yet the soil, wherever a flower has a chance of springing up, pours forth multitudes of snowdrops, crocuses, and hyacinths. The Chersonese is covered with bulbous plants, some of great beauty, and the shrubs contain several rare species. The finches and larks here have a Valentine's-day of their own, and still congregate in flocks. Very

brilliant goldfinches, large buntings, golden-crested wrens, larks, linnets, titlarks, and three sorts of tomtits, the hedge sparrow, and a pretty species of wagtail, are very common all over the Chersonese; and it is strange to hear them piping and twittering about the bushes in the intervals of the booming of cannon, just as it is to see the young spring flowers forcing their way through the crevices of piles of shot and peering out from under shells and heavy ordnance. The insides of our huts are also turned into gardens, and grapes sprout out of the earth in the window sills, the floor, and the mud walls. Divers, cormorants and shags still haunt the head of the harbour, which is also resorted to by some rare and curious wild-fowl, one like the *Anas sponsa* of Linnæus, another the golden-eyed, tufted widgeon. The eagles, vultures, kites, buzzards, and ravens wheel over the whole plateau in hundreds at a time for two or three days, and all at once disappear for the same time, when they return, as before, to feast on the garbage. Probably they divide their attention between the allies and the Russians. The Tchernaya abounds with duck, and some of the officers have little decoys of their own, where they go at night, in spite of the Russians. It is highly exciting sport, for the Russian batteries over Inkermann will assuredly send a round shot or shell at the sportsman if he is seen by their sentries; but even that does not deter them. In the daytime they adopt the expedient of taking a few French soldiers down with them, who actually, out of love of the thing, and for the chance of a *bonnemain*, are only too happy to go out and engage the attention of the Cossacks in front, while their patrons are engaged in looking after mallard. There are bustards and turkey bustards on the steppes near the Monastery of St. George, and the cliffs present appearances which have led two or three officers acquainted with Australia to make some fruitless searches for gold ore. The cliffs are principally of granitic porphyry, and the ravines near them abound with pebbles of jasper, bloodstone, &c. There is abundance of "black sand" in the interstices of the rocks, which are of exceeding hardness, and are perfectly useless for building, but south-west of St. George, and all along the plateau, there are great quantities of the finest blue limestone.

March 3.

Bright moonlight night from nine p.m. till four this morning. Thermometer 28 deg., but no wind blowing and no severity of weather. The French and Russians have availed themselves of the fineness of the night to keep up a constant fire of musketry and guns on each other from the trenches.

The horses of the Cavalry and Artillery continue to suffer severely, notwithstanding the improvement of the weather. They are now nearly all in wooden sheds. Colonel Doherty had only three horses fit for active service the other day on the strength of the 13th Light Dragoons.

The French throw rockets of a new construction every night into Sebastopol. They seem to answer remarkably well, and are accurate in flight and long in range.

March 4.

The French and Russians had a severe brush about daybreak. The volleys of musketry lasted an hour, mingling with the roar of a cannonade. The sortie was repulsed.

General Canrobert, General Bosquet, and staff, rode over to the English head-quarters to-day. The Generals were closeted with Lord Raglan for some time, but of course nothing is known publicly respecting the subject and result of the council. The enemy attacked the French on both flanks this morning.

CHAPTER LXII.

Camp sports—First Crimean Spring Meeting—Two "bolters" from the Russians—Marks of improvement everywhere—The electric telegraph and the old-fashioned semaphore—Intelligence of the death of the Emperor Nicholas—A story of the old higgledy-piggledy system.

BALAKLAVA, *March 5.*

A VERY fine, warm, bright day. This morning early there was a repetition of the affair between the French and Russians. Very little damage is said to have been done, considering the enormous waste of ammunition. The Russians are working in front of their batteries like bees. No effort is made to disturb them. At the armistice the other day some of the enemy who came out, shook blankets with the broad arrow and B.O. on them in the faces of our soldiers. They are throwing up a new redoubt towards the Victoria Redoubt. In order to strengthen our right, which the enemy menace more evidently every day, the whole of the Ninth Division of the French army was moved over there to-day. The sports of the camp have commenced. Dog-hunting has been "open" for some days past, and the curs of Karanyi have had several hard but successful runs for their lives. To-day our first spring meeting took place, and was numerously attended. The races came off on a little piece of undulating ground, on the top of the ridges near Karanyi, and were regarded with much interest by the Cossack picquets at Kamara and on Canrobert's Hill. They evidently thought at first that the assemblage was connected with some military demonstration, and galloped about in a state of excitement to and fro, but it is to be hoped they got a clearer notion of the real character of the proceedings ere the sport was over. In the midst of the races a party of twelve Russians were seen approaching the vedette on No. 4 Old Redoubt in the valley. The Dragoon fired his carbine, and ten of the men turned round and fled, and when the picquet came up to the man, they found two deserters had come in. One of them was an officer; the other had been an officer, but had suffered degradation for "political causes." They were both Poles, and the ex-officer spoke French and German fluently and well. They expressed great satisfaction at their escape, and the latter said, "Send me wherever you like, provided I never see Russia again." They stated that they had deceived the men who were with them into the belief that the vedette was one of their own outposts, and, as they belonged to a party which had only just arrived, they believed it was so, and advanced boldly till the Dragoon fired on them, when they discovered their mistake and fled. As the Poles were well mounted they dashed on towards our post; the Cossacks galloped down to try and cut them off, but

did not succeed. On being taken to Sir Colin Campbell they requested that the horses they rode might be sent back to the Russian lines, for, as they did not belong to them, they did not wish to be accused of theft. Sir Colin granted the request, and the horses were taken to the brow of the hill and set free, when they at once galloped off towards the Cossacks. The races proceeded after this little episode just as usual, and subsequently the company resolved itself into small packs of dog-hunters. The deserters state that a corps of about 8000 men have joined the army between Baidar and Simpheropol.

March 6.

The weather has been extremely mild and fine. The nights are clear, and the moon shines so brightly that it is not easy, without being observed, to carry on the works which are usually performed during a siege at night-time. Nevertheless, certain important alterations and amendments have taken place in the construction of our offensive line, and our defensive line over Balaklava has been greatly strengthened, and its outworks and batteries have been altered and amended considerably. Everything round us bears marks of improvement. The health of the troops is better, mortality and sickness decrease, and the spirits of the men are good. The wreck we made of Balaklava is shovelled away, or is in the course of removal, and is shot into the sea to form piers, or beaten down to make roads, and stores and barracks of wood are rising up in its place. The oldest inhabitant will not know the place on his return. If war is a great destroyer, it is also a great creator. The Czar is indebted to it for a railway in the Crimea, and for new roads between Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Sebastopol. The hill-tops are adorned with clean wooden huts, the flats have been drained, the watercourses dammed up and deepened, and all this has been done in a few days, by the newly awakened energies of labour. The noise of hammer and anvil, and the roll of the railway train, are heard in these remote regions a century before their time. Can anything be more suggestive of county magistracy and poor-laws, and order and peace, than stonebreaking? Here it goes on daily, and parties of red-coated soldiery are to be seen contentedly hammering away at the limestone rock, satisfied with a few pence extra pay. Men are now given freely wherever there is work to be done. The policeman walks abroad in the streets of Balaklava. Colonel Harding, the new commandant, has exhibited great ability in the improvement of the town, and he has means at his disposal which his predecessors could not obtain. Lord Raglan is out about the camps every day, and Generals Estcourt and Airey are equally active. They all visit Balaklava, inspect the lines, ride along the works, and by their presence and directions infuse an amount of energy which will go far to make up for lost time, if not for lost lives. A sanatorium is being established on the heights for 400 patients. The filthy heaps accumulated by the wretched Turks, who perished in the fœtid lanes of Balaklava, and the masses of abomination unutterable which they left behind them, have been removed and mixed with stones, lime, manure, and earth, to form piers, which are not so offensive as might be expected. The dead horses are being collected and buried beneath

lime and earth. The railway extends its lines by night and by day. A little naval arsenal has grown up at the north side of the harbour, with shears, landing-wharf, and storehouses, and a branch line will be made from this spot to the trunk to the camp. In a fortnight more it is hoped the first engine will be at work, and it is lying all ready, with the tender and all the apparatus for pulling up the trucks beside it, at its allotted station. The harbour, crowded as it is, has assumed a certain appearance of order. The collections of rotten clothes and rags, the garments of the poor Turks, have been burnt. Cesspools have been cleared out, and the English Hercules has at last begun to stir up the heels of the oxen of Augæus. The whole of the Turks are removed to the hill-side, where they have encamped. Each day there is a diminution in the average amount of sickness, and a still greater decrease in the rates of mortality. A good sanitary officer, with an effective staff, might do much to avert the sickness which may be expected among the myriads of soldiers when the heats of spring begin. The thermometer has on an average been at 45 degrees during the day for the last three days. To-day it was at 52 degrees. Fresh provisions are becoming abundant, and supplies of vegetables are to be had for the sick and scurvy-stricken. The siege works are in a state of completion, and are admirably made. Those on which our troops are now engaged, proceed uninterruptedly. A great quantity of mules and ponies, with a staff of drivers from all parts of the world, have been collected together, and lighten the toils of the troops and of the commissariat department. The public and private stores of warm clothing exceed the demand for it. The mortality among the horses has ceased, and, though the oxen and sheep sent over to the camps would not find much favour in Smithfield, they are very grateful to those who have had to feed so long on salt junk alone. The sick are nearly all hutted, and even some of the men in those camps which are nearest to Balaklava have been provided with similar comforts and accommodation. These are all cheering and delightful topics to dwell upon. How happy one is to communicate such most pleasing intelligence!

The electric telegraph has now been established between head-quarters and Kadikoi, and the line will be speedily carried on to Balaklava. It is rather singular that the French prefer the old-fashioned semaphore. They have had a telegraphic communication by semaphore established between the camps and naval stations for some time back. The camp of the allies is being rapidly concentrated, as it were, by these means of communicating with each of its parts with rapidity.

The news of the death of the Emperor Nicholas has produced an immense sensation here, and has given rise to the liveliest discussions as to the effect which such an event is likely to produce upon the contest in which we are engaged. The enemy fired very briskly all to-day, as if to show they were not disheartened at the news.

We have now about sixty garrison carriages at the artillery depôt, and the stores of shot and shell seem inexhaustible, but, in reality, are not too much for thirty hours' firing. Our guns of position will now be available, if ever we require to use them. The

story of these guns is instructive. It will be remembered that the Russians inflicted great loss upon us by their guns of position at the Alma, and that we had none to reply to them. Indeed, had they been landed at Kalamita Bay, it is doubtful if we could have got horses to draw them. However, if we had had the horses, we could not have had the guns. The fact is, that sixty fine guns of position, with all their equipments complete, were shipped on board the "Taurus" at Woolwich, and sent out to the East. When the vessel arrived at Constantinople, the admiral in charge, with destructive energy, insisted on transhipping all the guns into the "Gertrude." The captain in charge remonstrated, but in vain—words grew high, but led to no result. The guns, beautifully packed and laid, with everything in its proper place, were hauled up out of the hold, and huddled, in the most approved higgledy-piggledy *à la Balaklava ancienne*, into the "Gertrude," where they were deposited on the top of a quantity of medical and other stores. The equipments shared the same fate, and the hold of the vessel soon presented to the eye of the artilleryman the realization of the saying anent the arrangement of a midshipman's chest, "everything uppermost and nothing at hand." The officer in charge got to Varna, and in vain sought permission to go to some retired nook, discharge the cargo, and restow the guns. The expedition sailed, and when the "Gertrude" arrived at Old Fort, had Hercules been set to clear the guns, as his fourteenth labour, he could not have done it. And so the medicines, that would certainly have done good, and the guns, that might have done harm, were left to neutralize each other!

There is nothing to say about to-day except that it was fine and mild.

March 7.

The medical service has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Chilley Pine, for many years in the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and lately acting as Principal Medical Officer of the Second Division. There is nothing to report concerning the siege.

March 9.

There was brisk firing last night. Nothing of consequence occurred, that I can ascertain.

The French poured flights of their new rockets into the town last night; the effect was pretty to look at, but I am not aware if the damage was great. A restaurant in a wooden hut has been opened for officers at Vanity or Donnybrook Fair, near Kadikoi.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Continued fine weather—Our siege works approaching but never attaining completion—Increasing numerical strength of the army—Improved health of the troops—Jack Tar's adaptation of stray horseflesh—An "out-and-out sporting dromeydairy"—The camp a sea of abundance—Sharp affair between the French and Russians.

BALAKLAVA, *March* 10.

THE weather has continued to be so mild and fine, that it is scarcely generous to notice the few Black Sea fogs which have swept over us now and then like shadows and so departed. Our siege works are a kind of Penelope's web. They are always approaching completion, and never (or at least very slowly) attaining it. The matter is in this wise:—Our engineers now and then see a certain point to be gained by the erection of a work or battery at a particular place. The plans are made, and the working parties are sent down, and after a few casualties the particular work is executed? but, as it generally happens that the enemy are quite alive to our proceedings, without waiting for their copies of *The Times*, we find that the Russians have, by the time the work is finished, thrown up another work to enfilade or to meet our guns with a direct or angular fire. Then it becomes necessary to do something to destroy the advantageous position of the enemy, and fresh plans are drawn up, and more trenches are dug and parapets erected. The same thing takes place as before, and the process may be almost indefinite but for the space of soil. The front of Sebastopol, between English, French, and Russians, looks like a huge graveyard, covered with freshly-made mounds of dark earth in all directions. Every week one hears some such gossip as this—"The Russians have thrown up another battery over Inkermann;" "Yes, the French are busy making another new battery in front of the redoubt;" and so on, day after day, till all confidence in the power of artillery and batteries is destroyed, and the strenuous assurances that "Our fire will most positively open about the end of next week" are received with an incredulous smile. We are overdoing our "positively last nights."

The French have constructed two new batteries on the right of the position, and are pushing forward the works on their own left and centre.

The first "mining" operation occurred the other day, although months have passed since it was alleged that one of the English correspondents had done some mischief by giving to "airy nothing a local habitation," and talking about a mine which never existed. Yesterday was the day generally assigned for the complete armament of our batteries being concluded, but the artillery were busily engaged in getting up some large sea-service mortars to the front all day, and that labour is to be renewed to-day; so that I do not see much likelihood of our batteries being opened for a short time, even if the French were quite ready. In fact, all speculation with respect to future operations is hazardous, and will be most likely falsified by events.

Every material for carrying on a siege—guns, carriages, platforms, powder, shot, shell, gabions, fascines, scaling-ladders—is here in abundance. The artillery force is highly efficient, notwithstanding the large proportion of young gunners. Our engineers, if not quite so numerous as they ought to be, are active and energetic; and our army must now consist of nearly 20,000 bayonets, owing to the great number of men discharged from the hospitals here, and returned fit for duty, and to the draughts which have been received. The Light Division some time ago mustered about 2000 men; it can now show 5000 men fit for duty; but, instead of six regiments, it contains ten regiments. With the exception of the Guards, nearly every brigade in the army can muster many more men now than they could have done a month ago.

It is strange we get up so few convalescents from Scutari. The hospitals there seem to swallow up the sick for ever. Of all the Guardsmen who were sent down there to recover from disease or wounds, not more than sixty or seventy, we are told, are in such a state of convalescence at the present moment as to permit them to join their regiments and do duty once more. The men in Balaklava do better, and the weather has effected a marked improvement in the health of the men in the field hospitals. Perhaps the huts which have been provided for medical purposes have had something to do with that most desirable result. The artillerymen, who have been better fed and clothed than any body of men out here, except most of the sailors, are in excellent condition. As to Jack, he is as happy as he will allow himself to be, and as healthy, barring a little touch of scurvy now and then, as he can wish; but it must be remembered that he has had no advanced trenches, no harassing incessant labour to enfeeble him, and that he has been most successful in his adaptation of stray horseflesh to camp purposes, in addition to which he has had a peculiar commissariat, and has had the supplies of the fleet to rely upon. It is a little out of place, perhaps, to tell a story here about the extraordinary notions Jack has imbibed concerning the ownership of chattels and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, but I may not have a better chance hereafter. A mild young officer went up the other day to the sailors' camp, which he heard was a very good place to purchase a horse, and on his arrival picked out a likely man, who was gravely chewing the cud of meditation and tobacco beside the suspension bridge, formed of the staves of casks, which leads across a ravine to their quarters. "Can you tell me where I can get a good horse to buy, my man?" "Well, sir, you see as how our chaps aint come in yet, and we don't know what we may have this evening, if your honour could wait." "Then you haven't got anything to sell now?" "Ah! how I does wish your honour had a comed up yesterday. We had five regular good 'uns—harabs some on 'em was, but they was all bought up by a specklator from Ballyklava." "So they're all gone?" "All, your honour. But (with his face brightening up suddenly), if you should happen to want a sporting out-and-out dromeydairy I've got one as I can let you have cheap;" and, as he spoke, Jack pointed in great triumph to the melancholy-looking quadruped, which he had "moored stem and stern," as he expressed it, to the ground, and was much dis-

appointed when he found there was no chance of a sale in that line.

The cavalry and artillery horses are beginning to look a little better—the mange and sore backs are decreasing. So far, then, the condition of the army is vastly improved, and, what is more, it is beginning to *look* like an army, instead of resembling an armed mob with sheepskin coats, and breadbag and sandbag leggings, and butchers' fur caps, the men of which scarcely saluted an officer, no matter how high his rank, unless he belonged to their own regiments. The weather is too warm for sheepskins, and the red coat is seen once more, and the influence of "uniform" returns.

Again, as regards food and shelter, our men are better off every day than they were the day before, but it is unfortunately just in proportion as they do not want them that comforts and even luxuries are showered upon them. In this weather a tent is as good as—some say better than—a hut. Where were the huts when the snow was on the ground, and where was the warm clothing when cold rains and bitter winds racked the joints? Just where our fresh meat and vegetables were when scurvy and scorbutic dysentery were raging in the canvas cantonment before Sebastopol. From hunger, unwholesome food, and comparative nakedness, the camp is plunged into a sea of abundance, filled with sheep and sheepskins, wooden huts, furs, comforters, mufflers, flannel shirts, tracts, soups, preserved meats, potted game, and spirits. Nay, it is even true that a store of Dalby's Carminative, of respirators, and of jujubes, has been sent out to the troops. The two former articles have been issued under the sanction of Dr. Hall, and he has given instructions that the doctors shall report on the effects of the first-named of them. Where the jujubes came from I know not, but if things go on at this rate we may soon hear complaints that our Grenadiers have been left for several days without their Godfrey's Cordial and Soothing Syrup, and that the Dragoons have been shamefully ill-supplied with Daffy's Elixir. "Hit high—hit low—there is no pleasing him;" but really the fact is that the army is overdone with Berlin wool and flannel, and is ill-provided with leather. The men still want good boots and waterproofs, for there is a rainy season coming, and the trenches will soon be full of mud and slush, more fatal by far than mere cold. Medicine is not deficient at present, and there is an unfortunately large demand for the remedies against the ravages of low fever. Mutton and beef are so abundant that the men get fresh meat about three times a-week. Some of the mutton, &c., brought to the Crimea ready killed, is excellent. Potatoes, cabbages, and carrots, are served out pretty frequently, as the cargoes arrive, and the patients in hospital are seldom or never left short of vegetables.

All the materials we possess now were to be had for the moving then, and the thankfulness which the survivors feel for the use of them is tinged with bitter regret that their departed comrades can never share the advantage of such comforts. As these neat white huts rise up in rows one after another, the eye rests sadly on the rows of humble mounds which mark the resting-places of those who perished in their muddy blankets under the rotten and saturated tents!

There is not a regiment out here that has not some known or secret benefactor in the generous mother islands, whose care and bounty have provided them with luxuries and comforts beyond all price to the sickening and declining soldier. Some have sent tobacco, others wine; some brandy, others butter; some hams or cheese, others arrowroot; all clothing. The private bounty of the nation has most liberally contributed to the wants of the army, and the public funds have been largely lavished—ay, squandered—in the attempt to make up for lost time. Pity it is that they cannot restore the dead to life!

The improvements in Balaklava will evidently cease only with the utter destruction of the remnants of that ill-fated village. Every day wooden huts and sheds spring up, mushroom-like, over the ruins of the houses. The navvy, his barrow and pickaxe, are in possession, and he is "master of the situation." The noise of "blasts" in the rock, the ring of hammers, the roll of the train, the varying din of labour, sound all around the harbour. The railway has crept up the hill, about three miles outside the town, and two engines have been dragged up to the top of the greatest elevation which the engineers will have to surmount, and will speedily be at work moving the drum to drag up the heavy trains laden with shot and shell and provisions. These have been already sent up to the terminus in considerable quantities. The transport service is assuming form and substance under the hands of Colonel M'Murdo and Mr. Herbert. The roads are improved in all directions. Major Hall works away with all his might to get up the huts.

Admiral Boxer is most anxious to clear the harbour, and exerts himself very much to reduce the number of adventurers' ships, and he has applied himself also with success to the improvement of the wharfage and of the roads to the north side of the harbour. In fact, the dreamers have awakened, and after a yawn, a stretch, a gape of surprise to find that what they had been sleeping over was not a horrid nightmare, they have set to work with a will to clear away the traces of their sloth.

March 15.

Last night there was an affair with the Russians, which was not so fortunate for our allies as might be desired. The Russians had advanced some riflemen in front of the French battery and lines before and on the right of our Second Division, who caused considerable annoyance by their fire. A body of French, consisting of a demi-brigade, went down last night and drove the Russians out of the pits. All the batteries opened at once along the front with a tremendous crash, and for half an hour there was a furious cannonade directed against the darkness. In the midst of this fire a strong body of Russians advanced on the French with much impetuosity, and obliged them to retire. Assistance was sent down to the French, who again drove the Russians back, but the latter, being reinforced from the town, succeeded in regaining possession of the pits under the fire of their guns, not without heavy loss. The French lost about sixty-five men killed and wounded.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Cheering influence of the fine weather—The voice of song in the tents—Sounds of labour—Russian opinions respecting the conduct of the siege—The expense of organizing the new transport service—Costly lodgings—A neglected veteran.

CAMP NEAR KADIKOI, *March* 16.

WE are blessed at last with all the genial influences of a glorious spring. Vegetation is struggling for existence beneath the tramp of armed men and the hoof of the war horse, and faint patches of green herbage dot the brown expanse in which the allied camps have now rested so long. The few fruit-trees which have been left standing near Balaklava are in blossom. The stumps on the hill-sides are throwing out green shoots as outlets for the welling sap; the sun shines brightly and warmly from blue skies streaked with clouds, which are borne rapidly along by the breeze that never ceases to blow from the high lands. Of course, the beneficial effects of this permanent fine weather on the health and spirits of the army are very great, and become more striking day after day. The voice of song is heard once more in the tents, and the men have commenced tuning up their pipes, and chanting their old familiar choruses once more. Every token of improvement and change that I noticed about the camp and the army has been developed. The railway pushes its iron feelers up the hill-side to the camp. The wire ropes and rollers for the trains have been partially laid down. Every day the plains and hill-sides are streaked with columns of smoke, which mark the spots where fire is destroying heaps of filth and corrupt animal and vegetable matter as sacrifices on the altar of Health. The sanatorium is working in the most satisfactory manner, and has produced the best results. Watercourses are dammed in, and the waters of little streamlets are caught up in reservoirs to provide against drought. Provisions are abundant. Vegetables for the sick, and fresh meat several times a-week, have stopped the ravages of scorbutic disease. Up to this date about 700 of the huts have been sent to camp and erected. The army, animated by the constant inspection of Lord Raglan, and by the supervision of the heads of the great military departments, is nearly restored, in all but numbers, to what it was six months ago. Balaklava is fast resolving itself into lines of huts. Bakeries, under the control of Government, are established in the town, and the troops will soon be fed on wholesome bread. The silence and gloom of despondency have passed away with the snows and rains and the deadly lethargy of our last terrible winter. The blessed sounds of labour—twice blessed, but that they speak of war and bloodshed—ring throughout the camp, from the crowded shore to the busy lines of batteries in front. It must not be forgotten, however, that the enemy will derive equal advantage from the improvement in the weather. Valley and plain are now as firm as the finest road, and the whole country is open to the march of artillery, cavalry, infantry, and commissariat wagons. Each day

the Russian camps on the north of Sebastopol increase and spread out. Each night new watchfires strike the eye. We hear that a formidable army has assembled around Eupatoria, and it is certain that the country between that town and Sebastopol is constantly traversed by parties of horse and foot, who are sometimes seen from the sea in very great numbers. The actual works of the siege make no progress to justify one in prophesying. Actual increase of lines and batteries and armament there is, no doubt, but it exists on both sides, and there has been no comparative advantage gained by the allies which can be made public. The impression which has long existed in the minds of many that Sebastopol cannot now be taken by assault, considering the position of the north forts, the fleet, and the army outside, gains ground. It is generally thought that the army outside ought to be attacked and dispersed, or that the investment of the place should be completed, before we can hope to reduce the city and the citadel. But coupled with this impression is the far stronger conviction that, had our army marched upon the place on the 25th of September, it would have fallen almost without resistance. A Russian officer, who was taken prisoner some time ago, and who knew the state of the city well, declared very recently that he could not account for our "infatuation" in allowing the Russians to throw up works and regain heart, when we could have walked into the place, unless under the supposition that the hand of the Almighty was in it, and that He had blinded the vision and perverted the judgment of our generals. "And now," said he, "He has saved Sebastopol, and we, with His help, will maintain it inviolate." However, let bygones be bygones on this and other points as well—they will be matters for history and posterity. The present has quite enough to do in taking care of itself.

Several sea-service mortars, with a range of 3500 yards, have been sent up to the front, and the new batteries will have the heaviest armament which has ever been used in war. It is an error to suppose, however, that the batteries have been advanced closer to the works of the enemy. The fact is, that we have thrown up detached works at the distance of 600, 800, and 1000 yards from the Russian guns, and that our second parallel has been converted into a battery also, but the actual "attacks" remain as before, and are identical with those from which we opened fire on October the 17th, 1854, except that they have been improved and strengthened, and that the armament is much heavier.

It is strange, but true, that as the Tartars run away from the commissariat service here, so did the arabajees at Varna. Are we hard taskmasters? It must be recollected that at first the generals would give no men for escorts, and so the natives escaped the moment they were paid their wages. The muleteers were the offscourings of ten different nations—Italians, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Maltese, Turks, French (very few), Spaniards, Greeks, and Russian deserters from the army of the Danube. *One* officer had the charge of all this force, which equalled two regiments of the line in men and ten regiments of cavalry in animals, and he had only one interpreter and about a dozen Englishmen, quite unsuited for and ignorant of the service they had to perform, to assist him, while

for escort service he could only rely on one captain and a company of a Turkish regiment, and a lieutenant and fifty men of Turkish cavalry!

Colonel M'Murdo, who is the Director-General of the new transport service, will, it is understood, require no less than 12,000 mules and horses. Where they are to be got, and how they are to be fed, do not appear very evident as yet. The expense of organizing this transport service will be enormous, but it can readily be saved in the sea service transports alone, by hunting a few lazy vessels out of Balaklava. There are some officers here whose lodging alone costs or has cost the country at the rate of 22,000*l.* a year, that being about the expense of the vessels in which they have their quarters. It would be a curious and instructive return for some member to move for the services rendered by each vessel, the trips she has made, and the sums paid to her owners for her services since the expedition was determined upon to the present time. The stories one hears upon this point are incredible to all but "a follower" of the British army.

No one who has been into Balaklava lately can have failed to remark a very old man in the uniform of a naval officer, whose cuffs, with two stripes of gold lace, show that he is in that naval limbo between lieutenants and captains which is occupied by the class called commanders. All who have seen this poor old gentleman walking about the fœtid quays, or sitting in the sternsheets of his boat as it cleaves its way through the nastiness of the harbour, must have been struck with pity at the sight, and with astonishment that the country, so rich, so great, and so generous, could afford no peaceful asylum to the veteran for the few years of life yet left him. If he has served England in his day, it is now time for her to give him another stripe of gold lace and let him return to her shores for ever. If he has not done his work in former days, there is little chance of his being more efficient now, when the sere and yellow leaf is dangling by its withered fibre to the tree of life. Balaklava is no place for such officers as these. It is cruel and unjust to send them out on active service, and above all, on such active service as must be performed here.

General Simpson and Sir John M'Neill have been inspecting the posts around Balaklava. The former goes up to head-quarters to-day to take up his abode there.

General Canrobert and Lord Raglan visited Balaklava to-day.

CHAPTER LXV.

The Fourth Division races—St. Patrick's Day—Real shamrocks by post—The Russians occupy the Mamelon—Importance of the rifle-pits—Repeated struggles for their possession—The French compelled to retire—The garrison of Sebastopol reinforced—Sir George Brown's affection for stocks—Divisional order on dress.

CAMP NEAR KADIKOI, *March* 17.

AFTER the post went to-day, we heard that the Russians had received reinforcements, which were then two days' march from

Sebastopol. The Fourth Division had excellent races to-day, and the regret I feel that I cannot send the Crimean "Dorling's 'krect card" is diminished by the certainty that some enterprising correspondent of one of our sporting journals will do his duty. The meeting was well attended, and the Fourth Division had this advantage over the races at Karanyi, that the course was almost under long range fire of the forts, and that the thunder of the siege guns rose now and then above the shouts of the crowd in the heat of the sport. It was St. Patrick's Day, and many an officer had a bit of some sorry green substitute for a shamrock in his cap, and the cries of the applauding multitude had now and then a particular "chique" about them which showed that the Hibernians who owned the voices had not forgotten the peculiar rites and ceremonies by which this once celebrated day was remembered in times gone by. But not a drunken man was visible on the course. Every face beamed with good humour and joy and high spirits. Some thoughtful people at home had actually sent out to their friends real shamrocks by post, which arrived just in the nick of time, and an officer of my acquaintance was agreeably surprised this morning by his servant presenting himself at his bedside with a semblance of that curious plant, which he had cut out of some esculent vegetable with a pair of scissors, and a request that he would wear it, "and nobody would ever know the differ."

Nothing of importance took place last night. There was very little firing. The French retain possession of the Russian pits on the right, but there is such heavy fire on them from the batteries that they will in all probability fill them up and abandon them. The Russians confine their labours to the north side at present.

March 18.

A melancholy accident occurred last night. Mr. Edward Leblanc, surgeon of the 9th Regiment, was coming home after dark, and got outside the French lines on our right and rear. He was challenged by a sentry, and either did not hear or understand what the man said. The Frenchman challenged again, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, shot the unfortunate officer dead on the spot.

There has been another struggle for the pits, which has not resulted as we could have wished. As the Russians have succeeded in making good our ground against us on the right, they have advanced their riflemen, who keep up a most galling fire against the exposed parts of our works. On looking at any plans of the position, an elevated mound will be observed to our right of Malakoff Tower (the Round Tower), but considerably in advance of it. This is now called the Mamelon, and the Russians occupy it every night, and throw up works upon it, intended for a large redoubt, which would be able to annoy us very materially. The left front of this they have covered with rifle pits. To the right of this Mamelon from our position, and somewhat in advance of it again, is the square redoubt, which the Russians have thrown up on the mound they seized by the bold movement of which you received information some time ago. As the possession of the rifle pits near these works is of great importance, and would assist the allies materially in checking the fire of the guns which the enemy may mount in

their batteries, the French (to whose extreme right front, overlapping our right, these pits are opposite) made an attempt, which was unsuccessful, on Friday night, to drive out the Russians. Again they attacked the place in force last night, and it is with deep regret that I have to state that they met with the same result. The shot of our batteries generally drove out the Russians during the day, but at night they came back and re-occupied them, supported by large bodies of infantry. In these encounters the enemy must have had many men killed and wounded.

These rifle-pits, which have cost both armies such a quantity of ammunition, and have led to so considerable a sacrifice on the part of our allies, are placed in front and to the right and left of the Tower of Malakoff, about 600 yards from our works. They are simple excavations in the ground, faced round with sandbags, which are loopholed for rifles, and banked round with the earth which has been thrown up from the pit. Each of these pits contains about ten men. They are, in fact, little forts or redoubts for offensive proceedings against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Practice has made the men placed in them expert, and it is likely they are picked shots, for their fire is exceedingly good, and if a man shows for a moment above the works in front of these pits he has a small swarm of leaden hornets buzzing round his ears. At first there were only two of these pits in the particular spot of which I am speaking. After the enemy recovered possession of them the first time they dug two more, and now they have increased the number to six, so that the force of riflemen which they hold is about sixty men. After the French were obliged to retire on Saturday morning the Russians re-occupied these pits, and kept up a continual fusillade against every object which appeared to have life in it towards the French right. They were so well covered and so admirably protected by the nature of the ground that our riflemen could do nothing with them, and the French sharpshooters were equally unsuccessful. It was determined to try a round shot or two at them from one of the English batteries. The first shot struck down a portion of the bank of one of the pits, the second went slap into the sand-bags, right through the parapet, and out at the other side, and the riflemen, ignorant of Sir John Burgoyne's advice to men similarly situate, to adhere the more obstinately to their work the more they are fired at by big guns, "bolted," and ran across the space to their works. The French sharpshooters, who were in readiness to take advantage of this moment, at once fired on the fugitives, but did not hit one of them. All the riflemen left the pits, and they were deserted for the rest of the day, as the allies could not approach them under the guns of the works till dark. It was probable that, silent as the enemy had been, he would have opened on them at once with case and grape had they attempted to occupy them. As it was made a point of honour by General Bosquet that our allies should take these pits, a strong force of about 5000 men at least were marched up to the base of the hills in front of our position, close to the Second and Light Divisions, before dusk on Saturday evening, and shortly afterwards they were sent down to the advanced trenches on our right occupied by the French. At half-past six o'clock their skirmishers and riflemen were ordered

out to occupy the pits. The Zouaves advanced with their usual dash and intrepidity, but they found the Russians had anticipated them, and that the enemy were already in possession of the pits. A fierce conflict immediately commenced, but it was evident that the Russians were in great strength. The French could not drive them back from their position, notwithstanding their repeated attempts to do so. It is stated that some misapprehension led the men in the trenches to fire two heavy volleys of musketry before their comrades reached the pits, and that the enemy at once despatched a large force to the assistance of the troops already engaged with the French, so that the latter were at last forced back by the weight of fire. The contest was carried on by musketry, and the volume of the volleys which rang out incessantly for four hours and a half roused up the whole camp. From the almost ceaseless roll and flashing lines of light in front one would have imagined that a general action between considerable armies was going on, and the character of the fight had something unusual about it owing to the absence of any fire of artillery. About half-past seven o'clock the Fourth Division was turned out by the General, Sir John Campbell, and took up its position on the hill nearly in front of its tents, and Sir George Brown at the same time marched the Light Division a few hundred yards forward to the left and front of their encampment. These Divisions remained under arms for nearly four hours, and were marched back when the French finally desisted from their assault on the pits. The Second and Third Divisions were also in readiness for immediate action. Had our allies required our assistance they would have received it, but they are determined on taking and holding these pits, which, in fact, are in front of their works, without any aid. I hear that the reserve, owing to some mistake, did not come into action, and was not where the advanced troops expected to have found it at the most critical moment. The Zouaves bore the brunt of the fight. Through the night air, in the lulls of the musketry, the voices of the officers could be distinctly heard cheering on the men, and encourging them—"*En avant, mes enfans!*" "*En avant, Zouaves!*"—and the tramp of feet and the rush of men generally followed; then a roll of musketry was heard, diminishing in volume to rapid file firing—then a Russian cheer—then more musketry—a few dropping shots—and the voices of the officers once more. This work went on for about four hours, and the French, unassisted by their reserve, at length retired, with the loss, they say, of about 150 men killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners.

A large force of men entered Sebastopol to-day from the north side. It is computed to number about 15,000 men. This force may probably be a relief to the garrison from the army of the Belbek, and may be only a change of men, but it is more likely that it is a reinforcement from the north. The very remarkable silence of the Russian batteries continued all day. Large trains of carts and wagons were moving round towards the Belbek, and a considerable force had just bivouacked by the waterside below the citadel.

About the same time that the Russians received the reinforcement to the army north and north-east of the town a portion of the

army of Inkermann, numbering 15,000 men, according to the best calculations, marched down towards Mackenzie's Farm road, and is reported to have crossed the Tchernaya and to have gone towards Baidar. A "Commission of Inquiry" has been for some time back sitting at the General's quarters, to see what "improvements" can be made in the equipment of the soldier, and more especially in the arrangement and mode of carrying the knapsack.

About four o'clock p.m., General Canrobert, attended by a small staff and escort, passed down the Woronzow-road by our right attack, and carefully examined the position of the "pits," and the works of the Mamelon and of the square redoubt to its right. At nightfall a strong force of French, with six field-guns of "12," were moved down on the left of their extreme right, and another attempt was made to take the pits from the Russians, but I regret to say that it was not successful. Both parties appear to have retired after the contest was over.

During the course of to-day our batteries pitched shot and shell right into the Mamelon, which the Russians are fortifying rapidly, and they also threw some excellently-aimed missiles into the new redoubt which the Russians threw up on the ground where the French were so severely handled some nights ago. This redoubt has been armed. It is square, and mounts sixteen guns on the three faces visible to us. The fire at Inkermann, of the forts across the Tchernaya, and of the works of Malakoff cover this redoubt, and converge on the approaches in front of it.

March 19.

I have made up my mind never to praise the Crimean weather again till it has settled firmly for three weeks at the least. All our Spring has changed to November—roaring winds, cold gloomy days, and grey leaden skies have driven away our Favonian breezes, our warm bright noons, and mellow sunshine. The weather, without being severe, is unpleasant just now; before I finish my despatch it may be worthy of the best season in the best part of Italy or Madeira. It is easy to give an abstract of our proceedings since the date of our last mail. The Russians have armed their new battery, which the French failed to take some nights ago, and they have erected a strong work, which will soon be armed, on the "Mamelon," formerly known as Gordon's hill. For three days the enemy have shut up their batteries, and have preserved the profoundest silence. They have closed up about forty of their embrasures, for some unknown purpose. Our siege-works are in a state of completion. Those of the French are almost as far advanced. In speaking of siege-works, I refer to those which have been recently constructed in addition to our former batteries. The defences of Balaklava are strengthened day after day, guns of large calibre are placed in position along the heights, and the disadvantages of a plunging fire are obviated as far as possible. The French have thrown up a new work, containing six guns, right above our 32-pounder battery on the road to Kadikoi.

A kind of Medical Commission, at the head of which is Dr. Hall, goes round each camp periodically, and inquires into the state of the sick and into the sanitary condition of the camp.

We have had our races, our dog-hunts, our athletic sports, all

sanitary agents in their way. The men have recovered health, strength, and spirits most surprisingly. It is delightful to walk through the camps now, and hear the hum of voices and the old songs ringing out again, and to see the noble fellows smile and hear them laugh once more. They are so strong, indeed, that dear old Sir George Brown thinks they are fit to wear stocks. It must be admitted that our army had when *in extremis* become very like a rabble in aspect; they delighted in sheepskin and mufflers after the occasion and necessity for wearing them was over. It is a strange thing, but a true thing, that our two great battles of Alma and Inkermann were fought, and partially won, by mobs, or rather broken masses of men. All Sir George's hard drilling of his famous Light Division at Gallipoli, Aladyn, and Devno, was nugatory at the Alma, for the men rushed up the hill like a flock of sheep, except those regiments whom some wiseacre on the staff ordered "to form square to receive cavalry!" And we all know Inkermann was won in defiance of discipline, order, stocks, and formation. Sir George Brown is such a gallant soldier that one always listens to him, if not with pleasure, at least with attention. His written directions are always sufficiently simple, clear, precise, and unadorned by rhetorical colouring. Let him speak for himself, then, in the orders he has recently issued on the subject of the bearing and dress of the soldiers of his Division; and let it be borne in mind, as I have already told you, that the soldiers recently arrived had contracted a habit of throwing away their new shakos very recklessly and discreditably on the first opportunity:—

"DIVISION ORDERS. "*March* 7, 1855.

"1. Now that the weather appears to have improved, commanding officers are requested to exert themselves in looking to and enforcing some degree of personal cleanliness and smartness in their men, many of whom have been observed to have become very careless and indifferent in this respect.

"2. With this view all the regiments will parade in their dress clothing every day when off duty at two o'clock.

"3. The worsted comforters, which have been provided as a portion of the winter equipment of the troops, are to be reserved for cold and inclement weather, or when the men are employed in the trenches or other out-duty during the night, but are not to be worn on parade in fine weather with the dress clothing.

"4. On such occasions they are to wear their stocks, or to wear their collars buttoned up, but without anything about the neck, in compliance with the orders of this army.

"5. Therefore, until something else shall have been decided, and is sanctioned by authority, commanding officers will do well to provide such of their men as require them with stocks of the established pattern without delay.

"6. Neither are the men, when employed on duty or on fatigue in fine weather, to be permitted to wear their sheepskins or other fur jackets, or even their great-coats, but in all such cases will be required to revert to their former habits, and to the established practice of the service."

As far as I can learn, Sir George Brown is the only General of Division who has availed himself of the late fine weather to get out stocks and shakos once more.

The firing last night was nearly all from the French mortars. We also opened a few guns. The enemy scarcely replied at all.

The French are supposed to have lost about 180 men last night. In their first skirmish they lost 50; in the second two officers were killed, eight wounded, 30 men killed, 140 wounded; in the third and last they had seven officers killed or wounded.

Some Cossacks came down this evening in front of Canrobert's Hill, and two of our batteries fired shell between them at these troublesome gentry, but did not hit any of them. There were games of football to-day at the cavalry camp. The sea and wind are now (midnight) awfully high and strong.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Sir John Burgoyne returns to England—The contest for the rifle-pits—Watching a cannonade—Eagerness of the men—Particulars of the attack—Repulse of the Russians—Severe loss of the enemy—Fire opened from the Mamelon.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *March* 21.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE left the camp to-day and proceeded to Kamiesch, where he took a passage by the mail steamer, on his way to England. All kinds of opinions and acts have been attributed to Sir John while he was here superintending the earlier operations of the siege, but no one has ever denied the entire devotion and zeal which the veteran General displayed in the prosecution of the works so far as he could control them. If his manner exhibited that stoical apathy and indifference which distinguish the few remaining disciples of "the Great Duke," his activity and personal energy were beyond his years. Whether he was for an immediate assault after we arrived before the place—whether he originated the famous flank march to Balaklava, which has now fallen into popular disfavour—whether he counselled delay at first, and afterwards recommended the bayonet—whether he allowed the enemy's defences to grow up under his eyes uninterruptedly—whether he left our right at Inkermann undefended,—whether he did all these things or not, he will, no doubt, be able to state to those who have a right to ascertain the truth; but it must in justice be remembered that Sir John Burgoyne was in an anomalous and difficult position from the time he joined the army at Varna, when Brigadier-General Tylden was in command of the Royal Engineers, up to the moment that he was relieved from responsibility by the recent arrival of Sir H. Jones.

The Orders are now signed by General Simpson, and the name of the Adjutant-General, Estcourt, is no longer appended to them. It is the Chief of the Staff who waits on Lord Raglan each day to ascertain his wishes, and to receive orders, and he communicates those orders to the Quartermaster and Adjutant-General, and sees that they are duly executed. General Simpson is very active for his years, and walks as well as most men. He has been on foot in all directions about the camp. Major-General Jones possesses activity and energy, and it is hoped that these two appointments will contribute to the improvement of the social and internal economy of the army, and to the accomplishment of the objects of this expedition. As yet the lines of our batteries remain

very nearly identical with those from which we opened fire on the 17th of October.

The Engineer officers allege there is great difficulty in finding men to execute the necessary works, notwithstanding the improved condition of our army and the diminution of work and labour which has taken place since the co-operation of the French on our right. As steps are about to be taken to remedy the evils which have arisen from the weakness of the force on duty in the trenches, it can be no harm to state that we have frequently had not more than 900 men for duty in the trenches of the left attack, although it is considered that they ought to be defended by at least 1200 men, and that 1500 men would be by no means too many for the duty. I saw one parallel in which the officer on duty was told to cover the whole line of work. He had about 340 men with him, and when he had extended his line they were each nearly thirty paces apart. This was in a work exposed to attack at any moment. Notwithstanding the ground taken by the French, we are obliged to let the men stay for twenty-four hours at a time in the trenches. On an average the men have three or four nights out of seven in bed. The French have five nights out of seven in bed. With reference to the observations which have been made at home on the distribution of labour between the two armies, it must be borne in mind that when the French and English first broke ground before Balaklava we were as strong as our allies, and that it was some time after the siege began ere the relative proportions of the two armies were considerably altered to the advantage of the French by the arrival of their reinforcements. With that single remark all my comments on this portion of our proceedings here must cease for the present.

March 22.

The contest for the rifle-pits terminated this morning, amid a blaze of fire from the forts in the pale light of dawn, in favour of the French, who now occupy three of the pits, and direct a sharp fusillade against the Mamelon and Round Tower from the sand-bags. The Russian riflemen are in one of the pits still; two seem to be unoccupied. The enemy have also placed riflemen in the Mamelon and the new work on the right, and a gun from Gordon's trenches and one from the French redoubt on the right, are constantly engaged in firing shot and shell into the former place throughout the day, to reduce the fire and impede the men in their works. Our two sea-service mortars fire seldom, but surely; their range is very great. One shell yesterday evening went far over and beyond the Round Tower, and burst among the buildings in the rear of it. Another burst through the roof of one of the public buildings, and it instantly collapsed into a cloud of dust and rubbish.

For the last half-hour—it is now 10 45 p.m.—a furious fight has been raging all along our front. To a person standing on Cathcart's Hill, in front of the 4th Division, the whole of the Russian lines are revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame, and the bright starlike flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town for three or four miles in length, show that a fierce contest is going on before the trenches of the Allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire

where the fusee is burning, describe their terrible curves in the air, and seem to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets with long trails of dropping sparks rush like comets through the air. Above all, the pale crescent moon is shining from a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rockets, and the whizzing of the round shot, form a horrid concert. It is curious to note the eagerness of the men on such occasions; they swarm out of their tents to the lines in front, and watch the progress of the fight, as far as they can make it out, with the deepest interest; and their whispered comments are most amusing—"That's a lively shell from the French." "Mossoo is getting his bellyful." "I wish they'd let us go at that, and we'd not waste so much powder," &c. I have just returned to the hut in which I am lodging. It is now 11 15 p.m., but the conflict is still going on. No one knows what it is about. To-morrow I hope to be able to learn something about it; but the difficulty of ascertaining the particulars of attacks like these is incredible.

March 23.

We know the particulars of the fight. Between eleven and twelve o'clock last night columns of Russian infantry came suddenly upon the men in our advanced trenches, and rushed in upon them on the right with the bayonet before we were quite prepared to receive them. When they were first discerned they were close at hand, and, on being challenged, they replied with the universal shibboleth, "Bono Franciz." In another moment they were bayonetting our men, who had barely time to snatch their arms and defend themselves. Taken at a great disadvantage, and pressed by superior numbers, our men met the assault with undaunted courage, and drove the Russians out at the point of the bayonet after a smart fire. The Russians, pursued by our shot, retired under cover of the batteries.

The attack seems to have been general along the line. At half-past eight o'clock last night the French batteries began to shell the town, while their rockets were poured every five minutes in streams into the place. At ten o'clock, our sentries in advance of Chapman's attack gave notice that the Russians were assembling in force in front of the works. The 20th, 21st, and the 57th Regiments were in the trenches on the left attack, and they were, to a certain extent, prepared for the assault of the enemy. About the same time the French on the right of our right attack, which is separated from the left attack by a deep ravine, were assailed by masses of the enemy. As our allies were hardly pressed, orders were given to advance the troops in a portion of the trenches, consisting of a part of the Light Division, to their support. On the left attack the Russians, advancing with impetuosity through a weak part of the defence, turned the third parallel, and took it in reverse. They killed and wounded some of our men, and had advanced to the second parallel, when our covering party and the men in the trenches of the batteries came down upon them and drove them over the works after a sharp conflict. On the right the attack was more serious and sudden. Our men had been ordered out to the

support of the French from one part of their lines, and while they were away, the Russians came up to the flank of the works, and took them in reverse, so that they had to fight their way back to get to their position. The gallant old 7th Fusileers had to run the gauntlet of a large body of the enemy, whom they drove back *à la fourchette*. The 34th Regiment had an enormous force to contend against, and as their brave Colonel, Kelly, was leading them on, he was shot down, and carried off by the enemy. In the midst of the fight, Major Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, displayed that cool courage and presence of mind which never forsake him. With a little switch in his hand, he encouraged the men to defend the trenches, and, standing up on the top of the parapet, all unarmed as he was, he hurled down stones on the Russians. He was struck by a ball, which passed through the lower part of his arm, and at the same time he received a bullet through the shoulder. We are all rejoiced that he is not dangerously wounded. After an hour's fight the enemy were driven back.

We had seven officers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and about 100 men put *hors de combat* or carried into Sebastopol. The French, it is believed, lost between 300 and 400 men and fifteen officers killed, wounded, and missing. On the other hand, the enemy must have suffered a loss of 600 or 700 men, although they succeeded in concealing the severity of their loss by carrying off their dead and wounded, as usual. Still, the number of dead bodies lying along the front of our trenches proves that they received a heavy loss. The bodies of twelve men and of one officer remain in the trenches of our left attack. The hill-sides below the Round Tower and the Mamelon are covered with their dead, mingled with the bodies of the French. The corpse of a Zouave officer is distinguishable on the slope, close up to the abattis of the Round Tower, where the gallant soldier fell as he led on his men in pursuit of the Russians. No flag of truce has been sent in from either side to demand permission to bury the dead. They are lying about among the gabions which have been knocked down in front of the French sap towards the rifle pits in great numbers. The rifle pits which have been so hardly contested are in front of the Mamelon. Three of them are still occupied by the Russians, and three of them now belong to the French; but the latter were obliged to abandon them for a time last night, during the first rush of the enemy. The enemy have already opened guns from the Mamelon, which they direct against the French approaches towards the pits, and we may expect that the work east of it will soon be armed also. Its fire will enfilade a portion of our lines, and the Mamelon will be able to direct from one flank an awkward fire on the flank of our right attack. The Russian engineers have displayed consummate ability in their works, and it is well for us their artillerymen are not as expert as those who placed them in the batteries. The practice of our artillerymen is splendid. Scarcely a shot fails in striking the top of the parapet just at the right place, and a black pillar of loose earth shoots up into the air from the work after every discharge from our guns; but the Russians hold it still, and they are determined to keep their hold as long as they can. The defence of the place is conducted on a new principle, and we shall be severely tried, with our present numbers, in doing the work cut out for us

CHAPTER LXVII.

Loss of the Allies in the affair of the rifle-pits—Further particulars of the conflict—Armistice to bury the dead granted—The white flags hoisted—Friends and foes mingling on neutral ground—Russian officers—The courtesies of war—Carrying the dead from the field—Satisfactory working of the Land Transport Corps—Squandering the public money—A fight among the Croats, and a fire in Balaklava.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *March* 26.

THE affair of Thursday night and Friday morning last was not so serious for us as was at first imagined. Our loss, instead of being nearly 100 killed, wounded, and missing, did not amount to much more than half that number; and Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the 34th Regiment, is, I am glad to say, alive in Sebastopol, with a slight wound. Captain Montagu, Royal Engineers, is also a prisoner. The French fought with remarkable energy, and repulsed the attack on them with great slaughter.

When the Mortar Battery was carried by an enormous force of the enemy on Thursday night, or more properly speaking Friday morning, they held it for about fifteen minutes, and were dislodged by a handful of men, who, according to the statements made to me, displayed the utmost gallantry and daring. At the time the heavy fire between the French and Russians was going on, a portion of the 90th Regiment were employed on fatigue duty on the right of the new advanced works on our right attack. They were in the act of returning to their posts in the Gordon Battery just at the moment the heavy firing on the right had ceased, when a scattered irregular fusillade commenced in the dark on the left of their position close to the Mortar Battery. Captain Vaughton, who commanded the party of the 90th, ordered his men to advance along the covered way to the works. They moved up in double time, and found the Russians in complete possession of the Mortar Battery. The 90th at once opened as heavy a fire of musketry as they could upon the enemy, who returned it, but the coolness and steadiness of our men were giving us the advantage, when an alarm was given that our men were firing on the French; but the mistake was speedily discovered by the enemy's fire being poured in with more deadly effect, and the small party of the 90th were thrown into great confusion. Captain Vaughton, at this moment shouted, "Men of the 90th, follow me!" and Sergeant Henry Clarke, Sergeant Brittle, a sergeant of the 7th Fusileers, about fourteen men of the 90th, and a few of the 7th dashed out of the confused ranks, and rushed right into the Mortar Battery. In a few moments these brave fellows drove the enemy beyond the first traverse, and at the narrow way leading into the second traverse they made a stand, and opened a heavy flanking fire on the parapet, over which the Russians were making determined efforts to come upon them. The narrow pass was meantime defended by the sergeants and a few men, who delivered fire as fast as they could load right into the Russians, who gradually began to give way. With a loud "hurrah" the gallant little band sprang with the bayonet upon the enemy, who at once precipitately retired over the parapet

followed by our rifle-balls, which were poured in upon them incessantly, till every round in the men's pouches was expended. In order to keep up the fire, the men groped about among the dead Russians, and exhausted all the cartridges they could find in the enemy's pouches. At the first charge at the Mortar Battery, the Russian leader, who wore an Albanian costume, and whose gallantry was most conspicuous, fell dead. As an act of justice, the names of the officers and men of the party of the 90th Regiment whose conduct was distinguished in this affair should be recorded. They are—Clarke, Brittle, and Essex (sergeants), Caruthers, severely wounded (corporal), Fare, Walsh, Nicholson (wounded), and Nash. Captain Vaughton received a severe contusion in the affair. The courage displayed by Captain Cavendish Browne, of the 7th, in another part of the works, was most conspicuous. He was severely wounded at the commencement of the attack, but he refused to go to the rear, though nearly fainting from loss of blood. He led on his men, encouraging them by voice and gesture, to the front. When his body was found, it lay far in advance of our line, with three balls in the chest. The 77th Regiment behaved admirably, and Major-General Codrington has communicated to the 88th (and I believe to the other regiments of the brigade of the Light Division engaged) the satisfaction of Sir George Brown at their gallant conduct. It is not known how many Albanian chiefs there were with the Russians, but certainly the two who were killed led them on with intrepidity and ferocious courage. One of them, who struggled into the battery in spite of a severe wound, while his life blood was ebbing fast, rushed at a powder-barrel and fired his pistol into it before he fell. Fortunately the powder did not explode, as the fire did not go through the wood. Another charged with a cimeter in one hand and a formidable curved blade, which he used as a dagger, in the other, right into our ranks twice, and fell dead the second time, perforated with balls and bayonets. They were magnificently dressed, and it is supposed they were men of rank.

Early on Saturday morning a flag of truce was sent in by the allies with a proposition to the Russians for an armistice to bury the dead, which were lying in numbers—five or six Russians to every Frenchman and Englishman—in front of the Round Tower and Mamelon, and, after some delay, an answer in the affirmative was returned, and it was arranged that two hours should be granted for collecting and carrying away the dead on both sides. The news spread through the camps, and the races which the Chasseurs d'Afrique had got up in excellent style were much shorn of their attractions by the opportunity afforded to us of meeting our enemies on neutral ground. The day was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the Round Tower and Mamelon. Not a soul had been visible in front of the lines an instant before the emblems of peace were run up to the flagstaffs, and a sullen gun from the Mamelon and a burst of smoke from Gordon's batteries had but a short time previously heralded the armistice. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe swarmed out of the embrasures. The Riflemen of the allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle pits, and sauntered

towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian lines and our own was filled with groups of unarmed soldiery. Passing down by the Middle Picquet Ravine, which is now occupied by the French, and which runs down in front of the Light Division camp, I came out upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariable long grey coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all *en grande tenue*, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed *à la* Balaklava, and wore uncouth headdresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots. Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in "style" of face and bearing. One tall, fine-looking old man, with a long grey beard and strangely shaped cap, was pointed out to us as Hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea, but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternize with the French better than with ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front. But while all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—shattered gabions and sandbags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes—each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced and seemed ill-fed, though many of them had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts, was remarkable. Several sailors of the "equipages" of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces. In the midst of all this stern evidence of war, a certain amount of lively conversation began to spring up, in which the Russian officers indulged in a little badinage. Some

of them asked our officers "when we were coming in to take the place." others "when we thought of going away?" Some congratulated us upon the excellent opportunity we had of getting a good look at Sebastopol, as the chance of a nearer view, except on similar occasions, was not in their opinion very probable. One officer asked a private confidentially in English how many men we sent into the trenches? "Begorra, only 7000 a-night, and a wake covering party of 10,000," was the ready reply. The officer laughed, and turned away. At one time a Russian with a litter stopped by a dead body, and put it into the litter. He looked round for a comrade to help him. A Zouave at once advanced with much grace and lifted it, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders; but the joke was not long-lived, as a Russian brusquely came up and helped to carry off his dead comrade. In the town we could see large bodies of soldiery in the streets, assembled at the corners and in the public places. Probably they were ordered out to make a show of their strength. Owing to some misunderstanding or other, a little fusillade began among the riflemen on the left during the armistice, and disturbed our attention for a moment, but it was soon terminated. General Bosquet and several officers of rank of the allied army visited the trenches during the armistice, and staff officers were present on both sides to see that the men did not go out of bounds. The armistice was over about three o'clock. Scarcely had the white flag disappeared behind the parapet of the Mamelon before a round shot from the sailors' battery went slap through one of the embrasures of the Russian work, and dashed up a great pillar of earth inside. The Russians at once replied, and the noise of cannon soon re-echoed through the ravines. Five dead Russians and two dead Zouaves were lying far in rear of our lines, in the Middle Picquet Ravine. Every look at the rifle pits satisfies me that the Russians mean them as rudiments of advanced works against us, and that they are likely to prove very troublesome. The Mamelon is a most serious ingredient in calculating the chances of an assault. The work on the east of it is also very dangerous. The Russians have already begun to arm them with heavy guns, and their fire will prove, I fear, extremely harassing.

The Third Division races came off to-day, and were "numerously and fashionably attended." The day's sport was excellent. Lord Raglan was present, and all the divisional generals—Sir George Brown, Sir Richard England, Sir John Campbell, &c., and a great number of staff officers came over to see the running. The wretched dogs had some unpleasant moments afterwards, but they now have got into the habit of running straight for the Russian batteries. A sergeant and private of the 79th Regiment have deserted. The sergeant belonged to the light company, and it is supposed his head was affected by excessive drinking. This regiment continues to suffer severely from sickness. They have lost 100 men within the month. The men are dying at the rate of two a-day. Dr. Gavin has arrived, and complains that he cannot find any of the authorities with whom he wants to communicate. The commissariat officers have handed over their oxen, horses, and mules to Colonel M'Murdo's Land Transport Corps, which is working remarkably well under the energetic direction of its commandant. All the

commissary officers have now to do is to make a requisition on the Land Transport Corps attached to the Division for the carriage of certain stores, and then to distribute them on arrival. *Apropos* of eating and drinking, I must mention a story which is going concerning the occurrences of the night of the 24th. The Russians carried off all the men's rum in one attack. In another, two of them got drunk in a traverse, and were found in friendly intercourse with one of our soldiers, all three flapping their arms and floundering in rum like stranded turtles. Our food is now abundant. There are, however, great complaints of the way in which the coffee is roasted. It is either burnt or half-roasted, and the coffee made from the berry is very indifferent.

As an instance of the way in which public money is squandered by the authorities,—well, if not by the authorities, by somebody or other who is vicegerent for the Genius of Misrule at Balaklava—I will just mention a circumstance which has recently come to my knowledge, and which any economist on the committee of inquiry may profitably ask a question or two anent. Mr. Alfred Pratt, an officer of Customs, was appointed by the War-office some time ago to superintend the warehousing and landing of stores at Balaklava, and was sent out there by the Government with a staff of one foreman of works, eight warehousemen, and thirty dock labourers, with whom he arrived a month ago. This little expedition has, up to the present moment, cost the country about 5000*l.*, and has not done a particle of good for the money. Mr. Pratt, who is a practical engineer, offered to build a landing wharf, but the authorities would not give a site for it. They would not employ him on the duty which the Government commissioned him to execute. He states that he has been treated with neglect, and has been subjected to contumely and affront, and at this instant he is employed side by side with a corporal in superintending the levelling of ground for wooden huts at a salary of 25*s.* per diem! Pray do put a termination to the energies of the Berlin wool interest, and try to stop the manufacture of mitts, cuffs, chest protectors, comforters, socks, &c., the very sight of which puts one in a stew this hot weather. There is scarcely an officer out here who is not embarrassed with bales of things which have arrived since the fine weather set in, and which he cannot now get rid of at any sacrifice. The ladies of England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been profuse in their contributions of winter clothing. Every description of stationery—pens, ink, paper, and light literature, has also been largely supplied, and the Egyptian-hall collection of books has been most acceptable to the poor patients in the hospitals.

March 27.

Last night Captain Hill, 89th Regiment, in proceeding to post his picquets, made a mistake in the dark, and got too near the Russian picquets. He was not very well acquainted with the country, and the uncertain light deceived him. The Russians challenged, "Qui va là?" "Nous, Français!" was the reply. The two picquets instantly fired, and Captain Hill dropped. There were only two or three men with him, and they retired, taking with them the Captain's great-coat. They only went a few yards to the

rear to get assistance, and returned at once to the place where Captain Hill fell, but his body had been already removed, and the Russian picquets had withdrawn. His fate is uncertain, but it is hoped that he is not severely wounded, and is safe in the hands of the Russians.

Two little "affairs," calculated to break the monotony of Balaklavan existence, occurred on Monday. *Imprimis*, a fight broke out among the Croats. These gentry were all armed when they landed, and it was judged inexpedient to deprive them of their stomachs-full of pistols and yataghans. It was known for some time past that ill-blood existed between various little sections of these wild mountainers; Montenegrins, Albanians, Croats, Arnauts, Greeks, even Affghans and Koords—all had their quarrels. Some of the men accused the head men of cheating them. Last night a squabble took place between two parties of the Croats. They drew their pistols and daggers, a regular fight took place. Thirty or forty shots were fired, and men fell wounded, two of whom have since died. Colonel Harding, the commandant, with a party of men, proceeded to the spot and quelled the riot, and disarmed all the Croats on the spot. It is a pity it was not done before. *Secundo*, a fire broke out in the harbour on board a vessel (No. 113), I believe, laden with combustible stores. The alarm bell was rung, the "Leander" sent round her boats, and after an immense deal of excitement the fire was extinguished. An inquiry has taken place into the origin of the fire, but it appears to have sprung from nothing more than the drunkenness of some of her crew.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Activity and energy of the Russians—The puzzle of the limekilns—Captain Christie superseded—Harassing duties of the French—Another fire in Balaklava—Derangements of the postal service—The bombardment still delayed—Wild cattle—A crowd of spectators dispersed—View from Cathcart's Hill—Duels between the batteries—Hand-to-hand fight—First railway trip—Fatal accident.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, *March* 30.

THE weather has been exceedingly fine since the despatch of the last mails, and has been very favourable for all siege operations. Nevertheless, the day on which the fire is to be reopened remains buried in the womb of the future, or, in other words, no one can say with any degree of confidence that our batteries will be ready on any fixed date to continue the work which has languished since the 22nd of last October. On the other hand, the Russians have displayed the greatest activity and energy. They have actually thrown up two new redoubts—one opposite the left, another on the flank, of the right attack, since my last letter was despatched, and the works which they have constructed on Mount Sapoune, to the right of the Mamelon, have been strengthened and partially armed, notwithstanding the enemy have had to work under a galling fire of shells. Their rifle pits are now regularly connected and in-

trenched, and in one of them they have mounted a heavy gun in advance of the Round Tower. In fact, they have made a parallel towards our works, and are now gradually approaching the French right attack towards Inkermann. Heavy guns, with small charges, are used to "lob" shot and shell into the advanced works on both sides.

For the last three or four mornings the force under Sir Colin Campbell has been turned out before four o'clock a.m. The men are all under arms at dawn, and ready for any duty that may be required of them; but the Russians do not show in any numbers near Balaklava. Our two new batteries on the left attack have been finished, and the night before last our men made a covered way in front of these batteries with great energy.

The Russians have been greatly puzzled, and are exceedingly angry, with the proceedings of our lime-burners in front of the Third Division. The volumes of smoke arising from the kilns have attracted their notice, and they have shelled the spot at intervals ever since, to the discomfiture of Major-General Barnard's poultry in the rear of the quarries. One shell grazed the General's tents, another burst among the little temporary establishment of cocks, hens, and sheep, and is said to have injured some of them, and the General has had to shift his quarters. The navvies who were burning the lime took the exigencies of their position with great coolness, and contented themselves with expressing a wish for a private cannon to themselves to fight the Russians with in the intervals of lime-burning. The Russians evidently think the smoke arises from some works connected with the railway, and although the kiln, which is concealed by the quarried stone before it, is full two miles from their batteries, they direct shells at it now and then during the day.

The telegraph is now in full play between the right attack, the left attack, and Lord Raglan's quarters. From the latter place there is also a line to Sir Colin Campbell's, at Kadikoi. Our scattered camp is thus, as it were, concentrated and kept in close communication. The railway is now completed up to the plateau, and has been carried close to head-quarters, where there will be a large depôt and station established.

Captain Christie, who has been superseded by Captain Heath, as Agent of Transports, has issued a memorandum taking leave of the commanders in that branch of the service.

March 31.

The weather has changed once more. It is now very raw and cold, and threatens another snowstorm. Indeed, there is no security against frost and snow in the Crimea till April is over. There was little firing last night and this morning. The Russians are still engaged in strengthening and extending the advanced works before the Mamelon and the Round Tower, and their artillerymen keep a sharp eye on the new parallel of the French on our right, and on our own advanced parallel on the extreme of the left attack, into which they keep up a fire throughout the day.

As a proof of the extreme severity with which the war presses on the Russians, and of the losses to which they are subject, I may mention a fact, which is stated on excellent authority, that out of

seven Admirals who were in command at Sebastopol, no less than five have died or been killed since the siege began. General Osten-Sacken commands the army in the field outside Sebastopol, and it is understood that he has expressed a confident belief that his position is impregnable to assault. From the town itself we hear that the men are not on full rations, and that they get no pay. The soldiers are exceedingly discontented at the non-fulfilment of the promises held out to them that their arrears of pay should be made up to them. Much more do they grumble at not receiving their current pay.

April 2.

The belief that our batteries will open on Wednesday or Thursday next is very general. To those who recollect how often they have been disappointed in similar expectations there are large suspicions respecting any day this week, next week, or next month, being the exact time for commencing operations.

There are now four heavy guns in the face of the Mamelon, opposite the right attack. The French, who have hitherto enjoyed comparative repose, are now very hardly worked. They have three nights out of seven in the trenches, and take twenty-four hours at a time, as our men do. In proportion as they are employed our overwork diminishes. We have now three nights out of seven in bed as a fair average. The most harassing part of the duties of the French is marching considerable distances to the trenches. Many of the men come from the rear of Lord Raglan's quarters to the right attack. Our allies send down very large parties and reserves. Not less than 12,000 or 14,000 men are marched on duty for the right alone every night, and the French mass large bodies of men in rear of all their working and covering parties. We cannot afford to send the full complement of men to our batteries, and the engineers and the officers in command of the trenches have frequent difficulties respecting the disposal of the troops, and complaints and reports are not unfrequent in consequence.

Our approaches almost lead us to the advanced Russian works. On Sunday the English engineers threw up a trench within 550 yards of the Garden Battery. The sentries posted along its front entered into that kind of rough joking with the Russians which is popularly called "chaffing," and the picquets were not more than sixty yards from each other. Although the Russians had a line of double sentries in front of this work, numbering at least 200 men, they did not attempt to disturb our operations. Their principal efforts for the last two days have been directed to the French works on the right, which they shell incessantly. Our allies do not care to return the fire. They are busied in making their approaches and preparing their batteries. The Russians sometimes use very heavy charges of powder, and propel their shot with extraordinary force. As an instance of this I may mention that the day before yesterday a 68-pound shot from the Redan passed right through the parapet of our battery, where it was from eighteen to twenty feet thick, and struck down, but did not kill, a gunner inside the work. They have some excellent artillerymen, and their practice with different charges of powder is very good; but their shell-firing is indifferent, principally owing to their bad fusees.

There was another alarm of fire in Balaklava last night. About eleven o'clock the engineer's storehouse at the entrance to the town was found to be on fire. The alarm bells rang in all the ships in harbour. The crews hastened on shore; the Guards, who were on duty, hastened down to the spot, and were speedily followed by a fatigue party of the 71st Regiment, but the seamen and people on shore had already begun to pull down the shed, and the fire was extinguished within the building in the space of half an hour, after destroying or damaging a considerable quantity of stores. It was observable that this fire broke out to windward, and that had it spread, the whole town might have been burnt, and the shipping could scarcely have escaped. How it originated no one knows.

To-day the greatest activity was displayed in Balaklava. The quays swarmed with labourers engaged in piling up shot and shell and loading the railway carriages with ammunition, of which immense quantities were sent up to the front. The first human cargo—one of sickness and suffering—was sent down to Balaklava to-day. Four wagons, filled with sick and wounded soldiers, ran from head-quarters to the town in less than half an hour. The men were propped up on their knapsacks, and seemed very comfortable. What a change from the ghastly processions one met with some weeks ago, formed of dead or dying men, hanging from half-starved horses, or dangling about on French mule-litters!

Major-General the Hon. Yorke Scarlett left this evening for England, whither he has been summoned on account of the serious illness of his wife. His place will be taken by Lord G. Paget, and Colonel Shewell will act as Brigadier of the Light Cavalry Brigade

Our cavalry picquets in the plain have been strengthened, and a strong patrol sweeps the plain in front of the Kadikoi at night. The Russian watch-fires can be seen plainly after dark on the hills beyond the redoubts, but the enemy do not show in force during the day.

The mail arrived to-day at head-quarters, but, as there is generally a "derangement" in what are called the "arrangements" of the postal service out here, the bags of the Royal Engineers and Cavalry and the miscellaneous bag were not forthcoming up to four o'clock to-day. The British army postmasters have nothing to say to the irregularities.

The Sanatorium, under the care of Dr. Jephson, is now becoming a great curative establishment, and promises to afford great benefits to our sick and wounded men, who will be saved the evils of the voyage to Scutari, or of the longer passages of Abydos and Smyrna. It already presents the appearance of a little village, with small patches of garden in front of the huts, and its position, on an elevated plateau among the rocks and savage crags of the ravine which winds up past the old Genoese castles of Balaklava to the heights of our camp over the sea, is strikingly picturesque.

The total strength of the British army last month was 22,600 men. Of these about 6000 would only be available *in extremis*, and the ordinary strength of the whole army *in bayonets* would not exceed 15,000 men.

April 3.

The allies have sustained a grievous loss in the death of M. St.

Laurent, Commandant of French Engineers in the right attack. He was mortally wounded by a rifle ball on Monday, as he was on duty in the French battery over Inkermann. One of the most important works over Inkermann bears his name, and he did much to place that portion of our attack and defence in a most efficient state.

This morning one working party effected a very difficult operation with entire success and without loss of life. They connected the advanced parallels of the two attacks by a trench without losing a single man, though they were close to the enemy's riflemen, and were exposed to round shot, shells, and grape from the batteries. The uncertain light of the moon prevented the Russians firing with accuracy; but as they brought down two field-pieces into their advanced works to play on our working party with grape, one of our 9-pounder field-pieces was ordered into the advanced trench to reply to them, and our single gun speedily silenced their two pieces. At dawn they fired with greater accuracy, and we lost two sappers, and a few men killed and wounded.

April 4.

We have lately been receiving a quantity of wild cattle, trapped on the hill-sides of Asia, and when they are let loose, after the sea voyage, they generally create a good deal of unwholesome excitement by charging in every direction through and about Balaklava, and by taking to the heights and butting every man they meet. In a little affair of this kind the other day one of the Provost-Marshal's men fired at an infuriated bull and missed it, but shot a soldier who was in chase through the leg. This bull knocked down men like ninepins, and cleared the alleys and quays; nor did he succumb till he had been the object of a smart fusillade, and had been made "a pincushion for bayonets," as was observed by an Hibernian bystander.

The Land Transport Corps is working extremely well, and I have not heard any complaint whatever against the mode in which the service is carried out. Colonel M'Murdo's administration has so far been attended with complete success. The management and direction of the railway has been handed over to this officer, who has appointed an officer to manage each terminus.

April 5.

It was expected that our batteries would open fire to-day, but it was soon ascertained that the hopes of the impatient people were once more doomed to disappointment. A number of outsiders crowded up to the front to see the proceedings; and it was some time before they could be persuaded that "the affair was not coming off." The Russians amused themselves by shelling the camp again to-day, but they did no harm. Yesterday, when there was a large crowd of French and English, including some of the staff, in front of the picquet-house, near the Mortar Battery, the Russians suddenly threw a shell which fell right into the midst of the group. The greater part of the assembly threw themselves down and rolled away on the ground as fast as they could. At last the shell burst with a loud report, and one of the fragments struck

and wounded a French sentry about fifty yards off. Then the crowd got up and ran away. Led horses broke loose or were let go, and scampered off in all directions, and as the few officers who had nerve to remain and enjoy the discomfiture of the runaways were enjoying the joke, down came another shell into the very centre of them. The boldest could not stand this, and in a few minutes not a soul could be seen near the ground. The Military Secretary lost his cap, owing to the eccentric evolutions of his frightened quadruped, but he speedily recovered it, and that was the only loss caused by the two shells, excepting the poor fellow put *hors de combat* for the time.

It was a lovely day, though somewhat hazy, and the idlers off duty employed their leisure hours in gazing listlessly at the endless duel between the allied batteries and the Russian works from the mounds in rear of the trenches.

"Cathcart's Hill," a small rectangular mound in front of the Fourth Division camp, enclosed by the ruins of a wall just peering a foot above the grass, is a favourite resort for the officers belonging to the regiments behind the left attack. It commands a view of the extreme French left towards Kamiesch, and of their approaches to the Flagstaff Battery and the crenellated wall. Taking up the view from this point on the left, the eye rests on the mass of ruins in front of the French lines, seamed here and there with white banks of earth, dotted with embrasures, or banked up by walls of gabions. This part of Sebastopol lies between the sea at Artillery Bay and the Dockyard Creek. It is exceedingly like portions of old London after the first burst of the wide-street commissioners upon it. This strip of ruin, the combined work of French and Russians, is about two miles long and 300 or 400 yards broad, and it sweeps round the town like a zone or girdle. The houses inside it and close to it are more or less injured, but as the distance from the French lines becomes greater the marks of injury are less perceptible; the tall white storehouses, with roofs of sheet iron, the domes of churches, the porticos of palaces, and the stately outlines of great public buildings, shine pleasantly in the sunshine. Tier after tier of roofs rise up to the crest of the hill on which this portion of the town is built, and figures steal across the field of the glass as it sweeps over the space, the streets appearing as though the owners kept a keen look-out for shells. In front of this portion of the town the dun steppes are scarred all over by the lines of the French approaches, from which at intervals arise the smoke wreaths of cannon or the puffs of the rifle, answered from the darker lines of the Russians in front of the city. At night this space is lighted up incessantly by the momentary twinkle of the flashes of the Chasseurs. Then comes a deep ravine, on the shoulder of which the French have established a battery which can be directed against the Garden Battery on the other side, and the neck of the Dockyard Creek, into which the ravine runs. This ravine runs from the hollow in which Lord Raglan's house is situated down to the Dockyard Creek. At the right of this creek is Fort Paul, with a long range of dockyard buildings. In the bend of the creek there is a two-decker, with her broadside presented to the

town, so as to sweep the approaches from the left. She is out of the line of fire of our batteries, and the French cannot touch her. Halfway up the creek, and closer to us than the man-of-war, is a bridge of boats leading from the French side to the English side of the city, which the Russians use constantly. This bridge is also out of range.

The English left attack (Chapman's) begins on the rise of the ridge which springs up from the right of this ravine, as we face Sebastopol, and the advanced works in front of it run close up to the Garden Battery and to the Redan. The "attack" itself faces these two Russian batteries, and is directly opposite the pile of Government offices and dockyard buildings, many of which are "pitted" by the shot which have flown over the Redan. Between our left attack and our right attack is another deep ravine, along the right side of which the Woronzow-road zigzags into Sebastopol. On the ridge on the right side of this ravine is our right (Gordon's) attack, and on the right and rear of it is the Sea Service Mortar Battery. To the right front of this attack are the works of the Round Tower, flanked by the Mamelon on the right, and by the recently erected Russian redoubt on the right of the Mamelon, over Mount Sapoune. To the right of the right attack, springing from the plateau between the Fourth and Light Divisions, there is another deep ravine called the Middle Picquet Ravine, which is now occupied by the French, and their works on their right attack begin at the fall of the hill, at the right of this ravine opposite the rifle pits of the Mamelon, and thence spread away to the right to Inkermann. Cathcart's Hill commands a view of the whole position, with the exception of a portion of the left attack, which is concealed from sight by the ridge called the Quarry, where our limeburners are at work in rear of Chapman's batteries. Within the space marked by the ruins of the four walls are the humble graves of Sir George Cathcart, of General Strangways, of Brigadier Goldie, of Colonel Swyny, of Colonel Seymour, and of two or three other officers who fell at Inkermann. The place derives its name from the circumstance of General Cathcart using it as a look-out station, and as his resort of a morning during the siege. Colonel Seymour's remains are marked by a neat tomb-stone, a pillar and cross in white stone with an inscription in English and Russian, stating who he was and how he died. General Strangways' grave is also marked by a headstone and inscription. General Cathcart's resting-place is as yet undistinguished by any record, save that which lives in the memory of his country. The flag of the division, a red and white burgee, floats from a staff on the left front angle of the parallelogram, and two stands have been erected for telescopes in the centre of the front. A look-out man with a telescope is stationed here to observe the movements of the enemy, and he can sweep their front from the west to the east, and can observe what is going on upon the north side almost up to the Belbek. Somewhat to the front of the flagstaff on the left is a cave in which Sir John Campbell lives. He found it a welcome refuge on the day of the storm of the 14th of November, and since then it has been enlarged. It is now marked by a little wooden fence resting on cannon shot, around which there is an impromptu flower

garden. The General's marquee and the tents of his staff are close at hand.

It is exciting enough to look at the beleaguered city (that is the melodramatic phrase which seems to be popular) and to watch the siege operations on a calm fine day. The ground in rear of the dark lines, serrated with black iron teeth which mark our batteries, is almost deserted. The soldiers are sauntering about in groups just below the cover of the parapets, and a deep greyish blue line denotes the artillerymen and covering parties, whose heads appear just above the trench. In front are the whitish mounds of the Russian intrenchments, and batteries with the black muzzles of the guns peering through the embrasures. The grey-coated Russians stalk about on the inner slopes of the parapets, busily engaged in carrying up gabions and repairing the damaged works. Suddenly, a thick spirt of white smoke bursts from the face of the Mamelon, the shot bounds into Gordon's Battery and knocks up a pillar of earth, and then flies around throwing up a cloud of dust at each ricochet. Scarcely has it struck the parapet before another burst of smoke rushes out of one of the embrasures of the Naval Battery, and a mass of whitish earth is dashed up into the air from the face of the Mamelon. Then comes another puff from one of the French batteries on the right, and a shell bursts right in the devoted work—"Bravo the sailors!" "Well done, French!" cry the spectators, and as the words leave their lips two or three guns from the Round Tower and as many from the Mamelon hurl shot and shell in reply at their assailants. A duel of this kind sometimes lasts all day with the occasional *divertissement* of a shell or round shot at working or covering parties on either side. The Russians fire very well, but they are not generally equal as artillerymen to our men, nor is their practice so invariably good. The French, who are intent on checking their approaches, plough right up and enfilade their trench from the right of the Mamelon to the rifle-pits, and make excellent shots. Now and then our sea-service mortars speak out with a dull roar that shakes the earth, and after nearly a minute of expectation a cloud of smoke and dust at the rear of the Round Tower bespeaks the effects of their terrible missiles. About twelve o'clock in the day the Russians knock off work to go to dinner, and our men follow their example; silence reigns almost uninterruptedly for two hours or more, and towards four o'clock the firing begins again. Meantime our officers walk about or lounge on the hill-side, and smoke and chat away the interval between breakfast and the hasty dinner which precedes the turn-out for twenty-four hours' vigil in the trenches. Many a hospitable cigar and invitation to lunch is given, the latter with the sure confidence, and with the greater chance of a ready acceptance, now that the Crimean Army Fund has done its work, and that one is tolerably sure of a slice of a giant game-pie, to be washed down by a temperate draught of that glorious Welbeck ale which has made the Duke of Portland's name a household word in our army.

Towards evening our mortar battery in the right attack fired two salvoes of shells—three 13-inchers at a time. The first three pitched into different parts of the works of the Round Tower—one right

into the centre of the shattered stonework itself. Beams of timber, trunks of bodies, legs and arms of human beings, were seen to fly up in the air, and after a time a blaze of fire ran along a portion of the work, which appeared to spring from one of the enemy's mines. The second salvo must have been very destructive also. On the whole, the result was so satisfactory to the feelings of a sailor in the battery, that he then and there expressed his decided determination to Captain Grant to reward him for his conduct with the entire use and possession of his whole "go of grog" for that day.

There was very heavy firing from half-past ten to half-past eleven o'clock, which was heralded in by some brisk volleys, and we hear that our working parties in the advanced trench happened to meet a working party of the Russians, and that a regular hand-to-hand fight with pickaxes, spades, bills, hatchets, and musket stocks, took place between the two parties, in which the Russians had the best at one time, and we gained the ground at another time, till at last the Island courage did its work, and our men drove the enemy up towards our own lines. The fight was renewed in front of the trenches. The covering parties came out on both sides to the aid of their comrades, and at last the Russians were repulsed after a severe struggle. Our loss in killed and wounded is stated to be thirty-seven. The Russians were said to have left forty-one bodies and that of one officer behind them in one of our parallels, but the report requires confirmation. It is believed that they lost in killed and wounded about 150 men out of the 750 who were engaged in the affair.

By considerable exertions for the last two or three days the demands of our engineers and artillerymen in the front have been almost complied with Colonel M'Murdo has made good use of the railway, and Major Anderson, at Balaklava, has seconded his efforts to send adequate munitions of war to the front for our opening day. To-day, Good Friday, the ten 13-inch mortars which lately arrived have been sent up—a work of no ordinary labour. Two 68-pounders are ready to follow, for the Sailors' Battery; and for the last few days about 600 13-inch shells (each of which weighs 190 lbs.) have been carried up to the further terminus of the railway, and thence to the artillery park, daily, exclusive of those carried by artillery wagons and horses. Great quantities of shot for heavy guns have also been conveyed by rail, and Colonel M'Murdo has been enabled to furnish thirty-three wagons daily for the carriage of the munitions of war. 1800 barrels of gunpowder have been brought up to the front within the last twelve days, so that there are now 280 tons added to our stores of that highly useful article. This work has been carried on by unskilled labourers, by Croats and Turks, by people from Mesopotamia, by Koords and Levantines, under the direction of Mr. Gillivray, and a few non-commissioned officers of artillery. The railway carried up 1000 shot and shell this forenoon alone.

It is to be regretted that our first railway trip had rather an unfortunate termination this evening. A party of the 71st Regiment, which was sent up to work in the trenches on the Land Transport mules, came down before dark to head-quarters, where they were

inspected by Lord Raglan. The men then marched off to the terminus, a couple of hundred yards from head-quarters, and got into the wagons, which proceeded down the incline towards Balaklava at a moderate speed. The momentum was so great that the rate was quickly increased to twenty miles an hour. The breaks became useless, and the director of the train, who behaved very well, managed, with great difficulty, to check the wagons, but the concussion was so great that one of them was broken, and many men were pitched out and severely injured. One man was killed on the spot, and several will have to undergo surgical operations.

April 7.

The ravages of the small-pox in the fleet have not decreased. The "St. Jean d'Acre" has been obliged to go into quarantine, and has landed her crew near Kamiesch, with many cases of the malady among them. Several men-of-war have put to sea to cruise for a time.

We have now nearly completed our fourth parallel. It is within sixty yards of the rifle-pits of the Russians, and it will speedily be armed with cohorns, which will make the pits too hot to hold the riflemen. A battery has been thrown up for the express purpose of clearing the ground of pits in front of the Redan and Round Tower, and it is expected to open this evening. The enemy having found out the value of the Mamelon, are working at it night and day, though they must suffer greatly from our fire.

The harbour is now tolerably clear; indeed there are fewer ships in it than I remember for many months past. Sickness is diminishing. Instead of sending down 1200 men a-week to Scutari, we now despatch, on an average, 250.

THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT.

CHAPTER LXIX.

The batteries open fire on Sebastopol—Heavy storm—The enemy taken by surprise—Pictorial effect at daybreak—The Russians commence a tremendous cannonade—Damage to their works—General Bizot wounded—Energy of the Russians—Jack Tar's excessive courage—Turkish reinforcements—Picturesque and warlike appearance of the Moslems.

CAMP OF FOURTH DIVISION, *Easter Monday, April 9.*

THIS morning at daybreak the allied batteries simultaneously opened fire on the defences of Sebastopol. It is now four o'clock in the afternoon, and the rain, which began to fall last night, is descending in torrents, accompanied by a high breeze of wind. So thick is the atmosphere, that even the flashes of the guns are invisible, and the gunners must be firing by guesswork at the flashes of the batteries, as it is impossible to see more than a few yards in advance. A driving sheet of rain and a Black Sea fog

whirl over the whole camp, which has already resumed the miserable aspect so well known to us of yore. Tents have been blown down, the mud has already become several inches deep, and the ground, as far as it is visible, looks like a black lake, studded with innumerable pools of dun-coloured water. I am now seated in a hut, into which the storm and the rain drive at every gust. Man or beast could not remain without some shelter on such a day as this. All around us there is a dense veil of grey vapour, sweeping over the ground and concealing from sight the tents which are close to our camp.

The firing has slackened considerably since twelve o'clock. It is not easy, so murky is the sky and so strong the wind, to see the flashes or hear the report of the Russian guns or of the French cannon on either flank, though the hut is within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy's range; but we can tell that our batteries in front are thundering away continuously in irregular bursts, and are firing some twenty-five or thirty shots per minute. Early in the morning they were firing from seventy to eighty shots per minute, but, as it is no longer necessary to press our gunners, they have reduced the rate of fire.

From the time our batteries opened till three o'clock the wind blew from S. and W., and was right in the back of our artillerymen, so that the smoke from their guns was carried away towards the enemy, and the smoke from the Russian embrasures was driven back upon the men behind them; but the wind has now veered round more to the westward, and at times takes a little northing, so that the smoke is swept away pretty equally from both lines of batteries towards Inkermann. The enemy were taken completely by surprise when we opened fire. They replied, indeed, pretty briskly at once to the French fire on our left, and the Flagstaff Battery and works were manned immediately. The Garden Battery and Redan Battery came into play soon after we opened fire, but some time elapsed before the Round Tower works or the Mamelon answered, and for half an hour their guns were weakly handled. The Inkermann and Careening Bay batteries were almost silent for three quarters of an hour before they answered the French batteries on our right. The knolls and ridges in front of the camp, which have hitherto been crowded whenever there was a sharp fire with spectators, are now utterly deserted—not a human creature is out, except the shivering camp sentinels and the men who are engaged in the batteries.

In the course of Saturday, General Canrobert and General Bosquet visited Lord Raglan at his quarters, and had a lengthened interview of two or three hours with his Lordship. At the conclusion of the conference Lord Raglan, attended by Sir George Brown, rode out by the camps of the 3rd, 4th, 2nd, and Light Divisions, and was warmly cheered by the men, many of whom had turned out of their tents to view the races of the 3rd Division, which were marked, unfortunately, by severe accidents to Captain Morris, R.E., and Captain Shiffner. His Lordship's appearance is now well known to the troops, and he is always received with enthusiasm in the camps.

On Saturday great exertions were made to complete platforms,

mount guns, and get up ammunition, and it was evident that Lord Raglan was anxious to see to the final arrangements for an attack, supposing it to take place on Monday, for he inquired during his inspection into many matters connected with the disposition of the troops and the armament of the batteries. A sharp fusillade took place in the night between the French outposts and the Russians. The neighbourhood of Balaklava was narrowly watched, and the picquets were strengthened on the plain at night, as information had been received that an attack was likely; but the night passed quietly away.

On Easter Sunday the French had grand mass in each of their camps, with all the pomp of military bands, and Divine service was performed, as usual, in each of the English divisions. Our sailors brought up two large guns to the front with great alacrity, but I believe it was not found possible to assign a position for them. Late in the day, hearing that there was nothing likely to take place on Monday, I left the front, and returned to Balaklava; but in the course of the evening I received an intimation at my quarters that fire would open at daybreak the following morning. It was then black as Erebus, and raining and blowing with violence; but there was no choice for it but to take to the saddle again, and try to make one's way to the front. No one who has not tried it can fancy what work it is to find one's way through a widely-spread camp over a difficult country in a pitch-dark night. Each tent and each camp is so much alike that it is impossible to discriminate between it and its fellow; and all the landmarks, so familiar in the daytime, are lost in one dead level of blackness. So it was that my two companions and myself, after stumbling into holes and out of them—after forcing our horses into Turkish lines and French lines, found ourselves, after three hours' ride, very far indeed from our destination in the front, and were glad to avail ourselves of the hospitality of some friends at the head quarters' camp to stop till dawn, wet and tired as we were. The rain fell incessantly and heavily, and the wind blew with violence all night. At four o'clock on Monday morning a small party, disguised in waterproofs and long boots, left the camp for the front, as it was quite certain that orders had been sent to the batteries to open fire at daybreak. The horses could scarcely get through the sticky black mud into which the hard dry soil had been turned by one night's rain, and, although it was early dawn, it was not possible to see a man twenty yards off. A Scotch mist, mingled with rain, settled down on the whole camp. As we approached the front, there was a profound silence in the camp. Suddenly three guns were heard on the left towards the French lines, and the whole line of our batteries opened at once. The volume of sound was not near so great or so deafening as that of the 17th of October, and the state of the weather rendered it quite out of the question to form a notion of the gradual effect of our fire, so that the most interesting portion of the day's proceedings was lost. Just as the cannonade opened the sailors came streaming over the hills from the batteries, where they had been relieved, and a few men turned out of the huts in the 3rd Division to the front, evidently very much astonished at the sudden opening of the fire. On Cathcart's Hill only one or two officers

were visible, and Sir John Campbell and an aid-de-camp on foot in front of the General's tent watching the fire. The rain then descended in torrents, and, as there was nothing to be seen, heard, or learnt, every one withdrew to shelter after a long and hopeless struggle with the weather. Colonel Dacres was the only officer I saw out in front of Cathcart's Hill when I went up, with the exception of Sir John Campbell. General Jones visited the batteries during the fire, and Lord Raglan, I presume, stationed himself at his favourite place, which it would be hazardous to mention, lest the siege might last longer than we hope, whence he can get a fair view of almost the whole of the batteries in fine weather. The storm was so heavy that scarcely a soul stirred out all day. It was dark almost as night. About 5 o'clock the sun slowly descended into a rift in the dark grey pall which covered the sky, and cast a pale yellow slice of light, barred here and there by columns of rain and masses of curling vapour, across the line of batteries. The outlines of the town, faintly rendered through the mists of smoke and rain, seemed quivering inside the circling lines of fire around and from them, but they were the same familiar outlines so well known to us for the last seven months—the same green cupola and roofs, and long streets and ruined suburbs, the same dockyard buildings, and dark trenches and batteries. The little details of ruin and destruction which must have taken place after to-day's fire could not be ascertained. The eye of painter never rested on a more extraordinary effect, and his art alone could have rendered justice to the scene which shone out on us for a moment, as the sickly sun, flattened out, as it were, between bars of cloud and rain, seemed to have forced its way through the leaden sky to cast one straightened look on the conflict which raged below. The plateau beneath our standing-place was lighted up by incessant flashes of light, and long trails of white smoke streamed across it, spirting up in thick masses, tinged with fire, for a moment, till they were whirled way in broader volumes by the wind. In the deep glow of the parting gleam of sunset the only image suggested to me calculated to convey the actual effect of the fire of the batteries to our friends at home was a vision of the Potteries' district as it is seen at night, all fervid with fire and pillars of smoke, out of the windows of an express train. This glimpse of the batteries, brief though it was, proved extremely satisfactory. On the extreme left the French batteries were firing with energy on the long line of batteries in front of the loopholed wall, and on the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries, which were replying very faintly and feebly by one or two scattered guns. Our left attack (Greenhill or Chapman's Batteries), working with vigour and precision, was principally directing its fire against the Redan, which only answered by five or six guns, which did not appear to be remarkably well served or aimed. Our right attack (Gordon's Batteries), aided by the advanced battery and by the French redoubts, had silenced the Mamelon and fired some three or four shots for every one from the Round Tower, and the Russian batteries to the right of the Mamelon were voiceless. So much could be seen, when rain and mist set in once more, and shut out all from view, save one faint blear of yellowish haze to the west.

Half-past 11 *o'Clock*, P.M.

The rain has ceased and the night is fine. A tremendous cannonade has raged along our lines since 6 o'clock, to which the enemy reply feebly. Great quantities of shells have been thrown into the place within the last four hours. Some trifling affairs of advanced posts have taken place in the ravines, but as yet there is no appearance of a strong sortie.

Tuesday, April 10.

It was nearly noon before the Russians recovered their surprise and manned the whole of their guns, and we gained a decided advantage by the secrecy with which the day of opening fire was kept, and by the excellence of our arrangements. In the extreme right Inkermann Battery, manned by our artillerymen, the guns, in consequence of a message from our allies that they were suffering from our silence, were opened before all was quite in readiness, and the result was that the enemy inflicted some damage on us in consequence of their being able to concentrate their fire before it was taken off by the other batteries.

The casualties in the first day's cannonade on our side were not numerous. In the Naval Brigade one most excellent and zealous young officer, Lieutenant Twyford, of the "London," lost his life. He was killed on the spot, and a piece of stone knocked up by the same shot struck Lord John Hay on the face, cut his mouth, and knocked two of his teeth down his throat, besides wounding him in the shoulder.

The cannonade on both sides commenced at dawn to-day, and it was apparent that the Russians had quite recovered from the surprise of the preceding day, for they opened with tremendous salvoes from their batteries. Our gunners "gave them as good as they got," and soon silenced several of their most troublesome guns. The practice from the left of the left attack and from the right of the right attack, which was more under observation than other parts of our works, was admirable, and at every shot the earth was knocked up out of the enemy's parapets and embrasures. Our shell practice is not so good as it might be, all on account of bad fusees. If the fusee burns properly, the direction and flight of the shells are unerring, but a large proportion burst in the air. Some of our fusees were made in 1802 and subsequently. I have heard of some belonging to the last century, but they are not the least reliable, and some of very recent manufacture have turned out the worst of all. At twelve o'clock at noon the fire slackened. The French had silenced eight or nine of the guns of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff), and had inflicted great damage on the outworks and on the buildings inside the batteries in the western tower. They had also almost shut up the Inkermann Batteries. On our side we had silenced half the guns in the Redan and Round Tower, and had in conjunction with the French left the Mamelon only one out of seven guns to reply to us, but the Garden Battery, the Road Battery, and the Barrack Battery were comparatively uninjured, and kept up a brisk fire against us all day.

Our guns were restricted to eight shots an hour each. The sea-service mortars fired only once in every thirty minutes. The Russians, with great *sangfroid*, repaired the batteries outside under

fire, and appear to have acquired confidence and courage, but their fire was by no means so brisk as it was when the siege commenced last year. On our side six guns were disabled, including one large mortar. From two till four o'clock the firing was very heavy on both sides. It then slackened for half an hour, and at thirty minutes past four it recommenced, and there was one continuous roar of cannon and mortars till darkness set in. Then the French began to throw in shells by five and six at a time, and discharged quantities of rockets into the town, and our mortars kept up a steady fire at the Redan and Mamelon till daybreak. His Excellency Omar Pasha visited Lord Raglan to-day, and a council of war took place at our head-quarters, at which the French generals assisted. The day was dark, and drizzling mists fell at intervals; in the early morning it rained heavily.

Wednesday, April 11.

The expectation which the outsiders entertained that "the fleet would go in" this morning, has not been realized. At daybreak I was up at Cathcart's Hill to witness the opening of our fire, and with some hope that I might see, too, the first broadsides of our wooden walls. It was a thick morning, and the view was obscured by vapours and drizzling rain, but the dark hulls and rigging of the steamers and line-of-battle ships were visible through the mist; and, though clouds of steam were flying from the funnel-pipes, it was quite evident that the fleet were only off the port, and had no intention of taking part in the bombardment. Only one officer, Captain Norcott, of the Rifle Brigade, was up at that part of the front which is close to the lines of his regiment, and a few stragglers had crept out of the adjoining tents to look at the town and its long lines of battery. Through the grey light the flashes of the guns lighted up the embrasures, and the shot cleft the air with a dull, hoarse roar, and struck with a heavy throb into the earthworks. Our shells were bursting right into and over the Mamelon, which the French were also plying from their Inkermann batteries. The Round Tower now and then fired one of the three or four heavy guns which are placed in the west angle works, but the Redan and Garden batteries were worked with vigour. On the left the whole of the outlines of the town and of the French batteries were obscured by the smoke from the guns, which hung in heavy white wreaths on the ground. The fire was very heavy, and the riflemen in front of the batteries kept up a sharp fusillade on the embrasures, which was sometimes audible in the lulls of the cannonade. It was tolerably evident that the Russians had more than recovered from their surprise, and that they had laboured to recover the ground they had lost with all their might. Their batteries were fully manned; and their fire, if not so precise as our own, was very quick. They occasionally resorted to their old practice of firing off six or seven guns in a salvo—a method also adopted by the French occasionally. As the rain set in again soon after six o'clock nothing more was to be seen, and we returned to our tents. The cannonade continued all day uninterruptedly, but irregularly, and as soon as the rain ceased and the batteries were visible, I returned to Cathcart's Hill. I could not see that any marked change had been made in the profile of the enemy's works.

Several of the embrasures in the Redan had been destroyed, and the Round Tower works were a good deal "knocked about;" but there was no great reduction in the weight of the enemy's fire. The allied fleet was quietly stationed to the south of the Quarantine forts. Their presence there had, however, the effect of drawing off a number of the Russian gunners, for the sea batteries on the north and south sides were all manned, and we could see the artillerymen and sailors inside the parapets standing by their guns. Large reserves of infantry were drawn up near the north forts, and the corps over Inkermann were under arms. The Russians were seen carrying their wounded across to the north side in boats, and it is probable they also get the relief for the batteries in the same way, and that they keep the bulk of their magazines in the forts at the other side of the roads. General Bizot received a very severe and dangerous wound to-day. He was struck by a rifle ball under the ear, and it tore right across his face and lodged close to his eye in the temple at the opposite side. Some hopes are entertained that his life will be saved. No. 2 battery, left attack, suffered severely to-day from the heavy fire directed against it. The Royal Artillery has also to lament the death of Lieutenant Luce, who was an officer of much promise. A strange and almost unexampled accident occurred in one of our batteries. A 13-inch mortar, with a moderate charge and not over-heated, burst on being fired, and flew into two pieces, splitting up longitudinally. One of the huge masses was thrown thirty yards to the right, and another a great distance to the left, and yet, wonderful to relate, though the fragments flew along the traverses and parapet, not one person was killed or wounded. We were less fortunate in the case of the Lancaster gun, which was struck by a shot and knocked to pieces, killing and wounding severely six men. Several engineer officers to whom I have spoken, while expressing regret at the accident, have declared their satisfaction at getting rid of the gun, in which they could place no confidence, on account of its wild and uncertain firing. Omar Pasha visited Lord Raglan again to-day, and there was another council of war or conference, at which General Canrobert and General Bosquet were present.

Lord Raglan visits the front every day, and spends some time examining the effects of the fire; and Sir John M'Neil, Colonel Tulloh, General Pennefather, and Sir George Brown, are frequently visible among the spectators on the advanced mounds commanding a view of the siege operations. Every one who can, gets away, however, for a few hours, and gazes on this extraordinary spectacle from the ridges over Sebastopol. Up to to-day, the Naval Brigade has lost forty men, killed and wounded. The firing this afternoon was extremely heavy and irregular on the part of the Russians. In the early part of the day, an electric telegraph was sent up to head-quarters to say that a body of Russians were marching from the heights of Mackenzie's farm towards Tchorgoun, but no one seems to know what has become of them. We hear that the small-pox in the fleet is very much better. The French poured incessant volleys of shells into the western part of the town after dark, and we aided them with bombs from the mortars into the enemy's batteries.

April 12.

At dawn this morning, the allied batteries and the Russians recommenced their terrible combat as usual, and it was evident that the enemy had exerted themselves greatly to repair damages during the night, and that they had replaced four or five damaged guns, mended broken embrasures and injured parapets, and were, in fact, nearly as ready to meet our fire as they had been at any time for the last six months. On our side, four of the guns for the advanced parallel, which for the previous two nights we had failed to get into position, were at last brought down after dark, and it is expected that material results will be produced by their fire when they are in position. Broken platforms were removed and damaged guns replaced by others. The morning was hazy, and the rain fell at times, but towards the afternoon the weather cleared up again, and the heights were crowded with spectators, many of whom were Turkish officers recently arrived from Eupatoria. An English lady on horseback, who rode up to Cathcart's Hill, attracted nearly as much attention from these gentlemen as the cannonade. Our batteries throughout the day fired steadily, and if their cannonade was less imposing in appearance than when they sent forth salvoes and irregular bursts of fire and smoke, it was probably more effective. Orders were sent to all the batteries to restrict the firing to 120 rounds per gun each day. The vivacity of the sailors' batteries has been diminished by that order, but their practice is splendid, and the enemy have directed their heaviest fire on them in reply. The 13-inch mortar battery fires parsimoniously one round per mortar every thirty minutes, but it requires a long time to cool the great mass of iron heated by the explosion of 12lb. or 16lb. of powder. The English battery on the right at Inkermann has been very well served, and has caused great damage to the enemy, and the Round Tower has been almost shut up; nor did the Mamelon fire a shot for the four hours I was watching it. The portion of the town opposite the French is a heap of ruins. The incessant shelling at night has done much mischief to the private houses. Our allies fire to-day with great energy. Their Inkermann and Tchernaya batteries are admirably served, and they have not only kept down the firing of the Mamelon, aided by Gordon's Battery, but they have also answered the batteries on the north side of the harbour, the Inkermann Cave Batteries, and have silenced for the present the Lighthouse Battery No. 2. Our fire from Gordon's Battery and its advanced works has swept away the Rifle-pits, has damaged some six or seven guns in the Round Tower, and has kept under the fire from one face of the Redan, while the fire from Chapman's Battery has been very successful against the Redan, the Barrack Battery, the Road Battery, and the Garden Battery. The French on the left have done great mischief to the Garden Battery also, and their fire has crushed the guns of the Flagstaff Battery (*Batterie du Mât*) completely, but they suffer considerably from the Quarantine Fort and its outworks, and from the Dockyard Harbour Battery. We have quite destroyed the small but heavily-armed and destructive battery called that of "Careening Bay," recently constructed by the Russians; but of course we have sustained considerable losses in a contest of artillery waged with a skilful and determined enemy.

The cannonade has never ceased all day, but it is not so heavy on the whole as it has been for the three previous days. At fifty minutes past four the batteries relaxed firing, but they renewed it at six, and the fire was very severe till nightfall, when the bombardment commenced and lasted till daybreak. Up to this date we have barely lost 100 men in killed and wounded, and we can see that the Russians suffer frightfully, judging by the wounded they send across to the north side.

Friday Morning, April 18.

At four o'clock, a.m., the Russians opened a powerful and destructive fire on our six-gun advanced battery, which was in a very imperfect state, and by concentrating the fire of twenty guns on it, dismounted some of the pieces and injured the works severely, so as to render the battery useless for the day. Our working party only succeeded in getting one gun into the new battery this morning, owing to causes I have already mentioned, although they worked till it was nearly dawn. Our mules were lost, fifty of them at least, by the Land Transport Corps, returning from the trenches last night, as the officers could not find their way, and the animals got loose. On every side I hear loud complaints against the ramrods of the Enfield rifles, or rather against the mode in which they are fixed in the weapon. The least rain or damp so swells the wooden stock into which the steel ramrod runs, that it is impossible to draw the latter, and it has been also said that the locks are very apt to become wood-bound, in which state, of course, they will not act.

Friday Noon.

The Sailors' Brigade have again suffered very severely. Although they only work thirty-five guns in the various batteries, they have lost more men than all our siege train-working and covering parties put together, and up to half-past three o'clock they had had seventy-three men killed and wounded, two officers killed, one wounded, and two or three contused. The sailors in No. 2 Battery, in Chapman's attack, silenced three of the best guns in the Redan yesterday, but the Russians replaced them during the day, and actually opened fire at five p.m. from the very embrasures which had been knocked to pieces. The reports of injury done to our batteries have been greatly exaggerated. In addition to the 13-inch mortar, which was burst, and the Lancaster destroyed by a shot, there have been only four guns disabled by the enemy's fire, and one of our 9-pounders, directed against the Rifle-pits, has been "dinted" by a shot. One of our 24-pounders was burst by a shot which entered right at the muzzle as the gun was being discharged. Another gun was struck by a shot in the muzzle, split up to the trunnions, the ball then sprung up into the air, and, falling at the breech, knocked off the button. There are only three guns firing from the Round Tower this morning, but the enemy has mounted a heavy gun in the Mamelon, at which we are at present directing our fire. The Redan is very much damaged on the right face and front already, and three of the embrasures, at least, are knocked to pieces. It is impossible to deny to the Russian engineers great credit for the coolness with which they set about repairing damages under fire; but words cannot do more than justice to the exertions

of our own men, and to the Engineer officers and Sappers engaged in this most perilous duty. When an embrasure is struck and injured, it is the business of the Sappers to get up into the vacant space and repair the damage, removing the gabions, &c., under fire, and without the least cover from shot, shell, or riflemen. Our Engineer officers have frequently set the example to their men in exposing themselves when not called upon to do so, and I believe that, as yet, there has not been a single instance in which a gun has been silent owing to damage done to an embrasure. Poor Jack pays the penalty of his excessive courage in the loss which he sustains. The sailors will not keep under cover. When they fire a gun they crowd about the embrasures and get upon the parapets to watch the effect of the shot, and the result is that they are exposed to many more casualties than the artillerymen, who are kept under cover by their officers. Yesterday, under the very heat of the fire, a Russian walked through one of the embrasures of the Round Tower, coolly descended the parapet, took a view of the profile of the work, and sauntered back again—a piece of bravado which very nearly cost him his life, as a round shot struck within a yard of him, and a shell burst near the embrasure as he re-entered it.

Two divisions of Turkish Infantry have just marched from Kamiesch, past the head-quarters' camp, towards Balaklava. They mustered about 15,000 men, and finer young fellows than some of the soldiers of the crack regiments I never saw. Very few of the privates wore decorations or medals, but many of the officers had them, and had evidently seen service against the Muscovite. They had had a long march, and their sandal shoon afforded sorry protection against the stony ground; and yet it was astonishing that so few men fell out of the ranks or straggled behind. One regiment had a good brass band, which almost alarmed the bystanders by striking up a quick step (waltz) as they marched past, and playing it in very excellent style, but the majority of the regiments were preceded by musicians with drums, fifes, and semicircular thin brass tubes, with wide mouths, such as those which may have tumbled the walls of Jericho, or are seen on the sculptured monuments of primæval kings. The colonel and his two majors rode at the head of each regiment, richly dressed, on small but spirited horses, covered with rich saddle-cloths, and followed by pipe-bearers and servants. The mules, with the tents, marched on the right—the artillery marched on the left. The two batteries I saw consisted each of four 24lb. brass howitzers, and two 9lb. brass field-pieces, and the carriages and horses were in a very serviceable state. Each gun was drawn by six horses. The ammunition boxes were rather coarse and heavy. The baggage animals of the division marched in the rear, and the regiments marched in columns of companies three deep, each company on an average with a front of twenty rank and file. One of the regiments had Minié rifles of English make, the majority, however, were only armed with flint firelocks, but they were very clean and bright. They all displayed rich standards, blazing with cloth of gold, and many-coloured flags with the crescent and star embroidered on them. All the men carried their blankets, squares of carpet for prayer and sitting upon, and cooking utensils, and their packs were of various sizes

and substances. As they marched along in the sunlight over the undulating ground, they presented a very picturesque and warlike spectacle, the stern reality of which was enhanced by the thunder of the guns at Sebastopol, and the smoke-wreaths from shells bursting high in the air. On ascending the range of hills towards Balaklava, they must have been seen by the Russian army over the Tchernaya, and by the Cossacks on Canrobert's Hill.

CHAPTER LXX.

Chances of an assault—Desperate conflict between the French and Russians—Particulars of the sortie—Gallantry of the French—Service of the fleet—Explosion of French mines—The fire of the batteries diminishes—Anticipations of an assault.

CAMP OF FOURTH DIVISION, *Friday, April* 13.

UP to the present moment our batteries have succeeded in establishing a superiority of fire over the Russians, but it is not very decided, and the silence of the enemy's guns may arise, in some measure, from want of ammunition, or from confidence in the strength of their earthworks. It would seem, indeed, as if our fire was almost thrown away on the enormous mounds of earth cast up at the Redan and before the Round Tower and Western Batteries. I am forcibly reminded to-day of the old simile of the butt at Woolwich, which I was compelled to resort to six months ago to illustrate the effects of our artillery on the earthworks of Sebastopol. The whole of the parapets of the Redan and Round Tower are jagged and pitted with holes several feet deep, where the shot have sunk, the sharp angles of the embrasures are knocked away, and the *abattis* in front is considerably damaged here and there, but the real strength of the place is unimpaired; and, as long as the Russians can find new guns, fresh supplies of ammunition, and men to fight the batteries, we are not one inch nearer to the town than we were in last October, so long as we rely alone on the fire of our artillery to make us masters of it. There are great differences of opinion among those officers to whom I have spoken respecting the chances of an assault, but there can be little doubt but that an attack on the Round Tower, the Mamelon, and the two earthworks on the south side of Inkermann, which are called by the French the batteries 1 Avril and 2 Avril, would be attended with success, if made with sufficient force, although the loss of life would be very considerable until guns could be got up to reply to the fire of the north forts, the shipping, and the bastion face of the Redan. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself the smallest military knowledge, or to pretend to criticize the operations of our generals, but I use the words of many officers when I say that these places are not invulnerable, and that the possession of them would most materially conduce to a successful termination of all our labours. It may be that our generals see some surer and less bloody path into Sebastopol. They may well hesitate to sacrifice the gallant fellows who must fall in such an arduous and terrible undertaking

as the storming of these positions; but if Great Britain has set her heart on the reduction of the stronghold which has already cost her so much precious blood and treasure, she must be content to pay the price to the last farthing.

Hitherto our army has scarcely been in a position to undertake any offensive operation against the enemy outside, but the efficient reinforcement it has received of 20,000 of Omar Pasha's best troops should render our chiefs able to direct a *reconnaissance* against Baidar, unless an assault is imminent. On Tuesday the enemy received a large convoy of stores. To-day they have received fresh supplies, apparently of ammunition, but there is no appearance of any increase to the army encamped between the Belbek and the Tchernaya.

The arrival of the Turks puts an end to all fear for Balaklava, and the lines may now be held against as many Russians as can be deployed to attack them without the smallest fear of the result.

10 P.M.

The batteries have been nearly silent since dusk. The fire has now recommenced. There is a smart affair going on between the Rifles and advanced parties in the trenches on our left.

Ten Minutes to 11, P.M.

I had scarcely written the above lines, after having looked out of the hut to listen to the reports, when the roll of volleys of musketry on the left roused me out once more; and I have just now come back from Cathcart's Hill with the painful impression that our noble allies have sustained a serious check. Five minutes' run brought me to Cathcart's Hill, where numerous groups of officers and men had already assembled. It is a starlight night, but dark, that is, the stars do not light up the deep blue sky sufficiently to enable one to see the guns before us very distinctly, or to trace the outlines of the country. But on our left, it seemed, when the hill was reached, as though all the constellations in heaven had settled on the earth, and were twinkling in flashes and flickering threads of fire in front of the Russian lines. The effect of the desperate work which has been going on between the French and the Russians can be compared to nothing that I can think of save a broad street, as seen from a distance, brightly illuminated for some festive occasion, with the wind playing fiercely and irregularly along the fretted gas-pipes. It was quite unknown to any of the spectators whether this conflict was the result of a sortie by the enemy or of an assault by the French on the Flagstaff Battery and its outworks, and at this moment I am quite unable to determine the question. That the contest has been fierce and bloody there cannot be the smallest doubt, and as I write the fire has commenced again.

Saturday, April 14, *Half-past* 12, A.M.

Since 11.10 the fight has been raging, and I have returned once more to my den in despair as to its cause. I am now inclined to think it was a sortie in the trench, which was unsuc-

cessful, was renewed, and was finally repulsed victoriously, and with great loss to the enemy. There is now a profound silence—not a gun can be heard, and the horrid din of shot and shell screaming and whistling through the air, the bursts of cannon and bombs, the cheers, and rolling volleys, have all died away, and the deadly lights have died out and left all the black waste in darkness. While the fight lasted the quantities of shell thrown by both sides were prodigious. They might be seen six and eight at a time seaming the sky with their fiery curves, and then bursting with a bright red flash which lit up for an instant the smoke, and flashed through it like a beam from the setting sun through a murky cloud. The French threw "bouquets," two, three, and four shells from one mortar in flights at a time, and must have caused fearful havoc in the enemy's lines. At every crashing volley our men used to grow quite excited, and many a "Bono Franceese" ran through the crowd, but the few Frenchmen who were there talked in subdued and eager tones with a deeper interest in the fate of their gallant comrades than we could feel. Towards the close of the struggle the Russians fired angry volleys from their cannon, and threw a multitude of shells into the French lines, which were paid back with interest. Our men seemed to think it was a French attack, and one fellow exclaimed, "Oh! when are *we* to get a chance?" Another exclaimed, "When we do, Jack, I hope to the Lord they'll let us go at it by daylight. I like to see my inimy!" The progress of the battle was watched with the most intense anxiety, and many were the speculations and arguments respecting the lines of fire—as to whether they were from friend or foe, and as to which was which, and who were gaining and who were losing. At last with the silence we all dispersed, and the camp is once more profoundly quiet, for the reports from the rifle-pits are deadened by the wind.

Saturday Night.

The severe and protracted conflict on the left which kept us up on Cathcart's Hill beyond the small hours originated in a very resolute and angry sortie of the Russians from the Flagstaff batteries on the left of the French. At first, the weight of the torrent of armed men which swept out of the enemy's lines bore back the French in the advanced works, where the covering parties are necessarily thin, and many lost their lives by the bayonet; but our gallant allies contested the ground desperately, and, having received the aid of an inconsiderable reserve, charged the Russians and drove them right into their own lines, to which they fled with such precipitation that the French entered across the parapet along with them and reached their advanced guns, which they could have spiked had the men been provided with the means of doing so. The enemy poured such volleys of musketry, grape, canister, and round shot on our allies that they were obliged to retire to their own works; and, indeed, no steps had been taken to enable them to secure their hold of the place. As they were retiring under a heavy fire the enemy made another sortie in

greater strength and with more determination and fury than before. A sanguinary fight took place between the works, in which the bayonet, the musket-stock, and the bullet were used in a pell-mell struggle, but the French asserted their supremacy once more, and in spite of the fierce charges of the Russians, in defiance of the stubborn resistance evoked by the cries and example of the enemy's officers and by repeated cheers, forced them battling back across their trenches once more, and took possession of a little advanced work, which they held all night, in defiance of the enemy's efforts to dislodge them by a vigorous cannonade, to which the allies replied by incessant shells. In order to distract the attention of the enemy and prevent too many of them crowding over to the left of the town General Bosquet sent down word to the men in the trenches on our right to keep up a constant fusillade on the Russian works. The loss of our allies was, I regret to say, considerable in this brilliant affair. The report is, that they had six officers and 300 men *hors de combat*, but I believe there were six officers killed and nine officers wounded. The energy and spirit with which the French fought are beyond all praise. This morning our advanced batteries were armed with fourteen guns by a working party under Colonel Smith, 68th Regiment. They opened with very great effect at daybreak, and directed so severe a fire against the Russian batteries throughout the day that they were obliged to concentrate the fire of a considerable number of guns upon the two batteries in order to protect themselves from their destructive effect. We nevertheless maintained our fire, although the position of our batteries exposed them to considerable damage. The men go to the trenches in high spirits now, as Mr. Tower and Mr. Egerton, the administrators of the Crimean Army Fund, have obtained permission from the authorities to give each man a pint of beer before he starts. I saw a party of 900 men of the Fourth Division marching down on Saturday night to the batteries, and I really believe they could not have looked more cheery and pleasant had they been bound to Greenwich Fair. They were comfortably covered with waterproof cloaks and leggings, and there was a tremendous fire of fragrant tobacco kept up as they marched off jauntily and lightly to the smoke, blood, and dirt of the trenches. By a careful and prudent arrangement the men are kept under cover, but the utmost precaution cannot now prevent casualties. The French have kept up a tremendous fire all day. Our batteries are firing with regularity and admirable precision. The Round Tower and Mamelon fire languidly; the latter, indeed, is all but silent, but the large guns from the re-entering angle of the west face of the former are very well served and their shot are well aimed. There is a battery opposite the French left, among the houses of the town, which annoys our allies considerably. However, they are making arrangements which will very speedily silence it, or, at all events, reply to its fire directly. We have been too often deceived when we said, "Oh, we are making a battery to silence so and so," to repeat the phrase with

with confidence any longer. It sometimes happens that the guns to be silenced get the superiority. The remarkably fine quality of the metal of the Russian guns—in other words, their excellent iron—gives them great advantages by enabling them to fire rapidly and continuously. Besides, many of their troops are under cover in caves, pits, and galleries at the back of the batteries and of the elevated ground on which they are built. Notwithstanding all this, the resolution, strength, indomitable perseverance, and devotion of the allies give them the superiority in every kind of contest with the enemy.

April 15.

His Excellency Omar Pasha, attended by his suite, rode round the rear of our batteries to-day, and Lord Raglan visited the Turkish encampment on the hills to the west of the Col de Balaklava. It appears that our fleet is not quite idle. Every night one English and, possibly, one French man-of-war runs in and discharges a broadside into the south side of the town. The "Wrangler" was the first, and she is supposed to have done some mischief with her heavy guns. The "Valorous" went in so close that the enemy caught sight of her, and as she discharged her broadside they sent the very first shot slap through her paddle-box, and obliged her to haul off as well as she could. The batteries continue their fire all day as usual. The effect of this continual pounding is tiresome to a degree beyond all expression. The most enthusiastic amateur is weary of a field-day after four hours' firing of the Royal Horse Artillery and a few volleys of small-arms. What would he be if his tympanum were exposed to the ceaseless beat of the bursts of tremendous ordnance and the dull echoes of the bombardment among the hills, mingled with the treble of rifles, which pop, pop, pop for ever, morning, noon, and night, and now have done so for a long week? There is no quiet in tent or hut. Every fresh roar of the guns, every sudden explosion, sends us running to the hill-top to see what is the matter, or keeps one in an uneasy, anxious state, in which writing is all but impossible.

It was stated that the French would explode their mines (*fougades*, I believe) this evening. At half-past eight o'clock three pillars of red flame hurtled through the air with an appalling crash from under the batteries of the Flagstaff Bastion, blowing up the parapets and platforms of the outer work, and laying it in ruins. The fourth and principal mine was not exploded, as it was found to be close to the gallery of a Russian mine, and so far the explosion failed, and the French were unable to make such a lodgment as was anticipated; but they rushed in and established themselves in the course of the night in a portion of the outer work, and to the best of my belief they are there at present. The Russians, believing the explosion was the signal for a general assault, ran to their guns, and for an hour their batteries vomited forth prodigious volumes of fire and smoke against our lines from one extremity to the other. The force and fury of their cannonade was astounding, but notwithstanding the length and strength of

the fire, it caused but little damage to the works or to their defenders. General Bizot, who had been wounded by a rifle ball in the face, died in the course of the night.

April 16.

There was a council at Lord Raglan's to-day, at which Omar Pasha and the French generals assisted. General Bizot's honoured remains were interred to-day, and Lord Raglan and the principal officers of his staff assisted at the sad ceremony. The cannonade on both sides was very heavy throughout the day, and as it was calm and fine, the French rocket battery opened in the evening, and fired into the dockyard buildings with effect. A small fire was observed to break out soon afterwards, and flames were observed issuing from the sides of one of the ships late in the evening, but it is supposed this was finally extinguished by the evening. A portion of the 10th Hussars landed this morning, and marched over to their camping-ground near Karanyi, between the village and the 4th Dragoons. The men and horses were in excellent condition, and the latter are small, sinewy animals, just the thing for the country and climate. Captain Ducane has returned to Varna, having accomplished the landing of the electric telegraph cable with singular success. The railway accumulates more shot and shell at the terminus than our men can carry away. Our fire has been diminished to eighty rounds per gun a-day.

Tuesday Morning, April 17.

There is a considerable diminution in the fire of the batteries on both sides this morning. The haze, which lasted all night, has been dissipated by the sun, and has enabled us to see that things in and about Sebastopol are very much as usual. The suburb opposite the French is reduced to heaps of rubbish, up to the lines of stately houses and ranges of buildings which constitute the Belgravia of Sebastopol.

Tuesday Noon.

The batteries have commenced firing with greater energy.

A Polish deserter has come in, who reports that we missed a golden opportunity last Monday. It appears that the Russians were apprised of the landing and march of the Turks, and received information which led them to believe we were about to attack Liprandi's army. Every available man was sent out of Sebastopol on Sunday last, and when we opened fire on Monday morning they had only 8000 men in the place. This accounts for their silence and for their surprise. For two days they were working might and main to get their men back from Liprandi's army to the town again, and they have now 28,000 men inside. The deserter says "the place is a perfect hell."

Tuesday Night.

The fire in the town last night is supposed to have been caused by the ships' broadsides of shells. The French did their best to keep it alive by constant discharges of shell from their Picquet-house Battery. The firing was very heavy, almost as vigorous, indeed, as that on the second evening of the bombardment, when

twenty-three shells were counted twinkling up among the stars as they swept down from the French batteries upon the Russian works. Last night a working party threw up about fifty yards of trench, with good cover in advance of all our works. Captain King, R.E., and six or eight men, were wounded by the enemy, and two men were killed. The French have made still greater progress, for, notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy, they established themselves in the crater formed by the explosion of their mines the other night, and are now in possession of a *locus standi* within ten yards of the inner trench of the Flagstaff Fort. They accomplished that object with the loss of several men. The Russians exploded a mine which ran close to the gallery of a French mine, but the result is not known. The French, however, cleared a considerable mass of rubbish and gabions away by firing a mine under the outer parapet and ditch of the Flagstaff Battery. During the fire upon our batteries we have had twenty-five guns more or less damaged. We have masked our 95 cwt. gun for prudential reasons. One 10-inch gun has been smashed to pieces, and the platform of another has been destroyed; but we have silenced a far greater number of the enemy's guns, and our damages will be made good in a very short time.

A certain number of killed and wounded are struck off the strength of our army every day, and the Russians still hold their own, though their losses must be very great and the cannonade must cause considerable injury to the town. It is said there is to be an assault "to-morrow;" but at present it would be a hazardous thing to attempt, for the Russians last night showed us that they had plenty of guns and of men to man them all along their lines, and that as yet they have ample supplies of ammunition and round shot. Their shells seemed to be used more parsimoniously than they were when our fire first re-opened. It is little short of marvellous how they have kept up their supplies so long; the stores of Sebastopol cannot be like the widow's cruse, and one would think they had been pretty well cleared out by this time. Where the Russians get their shot and shell from it is not easy to determine, and still less can it be ascertained how they carry such prodigious loads of *matériel* into the city. The French, developing that high degree of military science for which they are celebrated, use all the means of attack known in modern sieges with considerable success, and advance their works daily towards the enemy, whom they bombard and cannonade and discharge rockets at incessantly.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Diminution of the fire—*Reconnaissance* by the Turkish troops, assisted by French and English—Picturesque march—Ghastly memorials of the action at Balaklava—Halt at Kamara—Precipitate flight of the Cossacks—Brilliant feat of arms performed by the 77th Regiment—Suspension of the bombardment.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, *April* 18.

OUR fire is very much diminished to-day. The Russian fire is also slackened just in proportion as they find our guns do not play on them. The French batteries have also relaxed a little in their energies. Even were there no considerations connected with the state of the siege and of our supplies of ammunition involved in this diminution of the weight of our bombardment and cannonade, it must be remembered that, unless with constant reliefs, four-hour spells at working heavy guns in the heat, dust, and blood of the trenches will wear out the strongest men. At present the men are employed in repairing damages, in replacing injured guns and platforms, &c. There was exceedingly heavy firing last night and this morning.

April 19.

A *reconnaissance* was made by a strong division of Turkish troops under the command of his Excellency Omar Pasha, assisted by French and English cavalry and artillery, this morning. The particulars of the affair you will learn from another hand; but as there was an English force present, I may be allowed to give my own version of what took place under my eyes. Late last night, or rather early this morning, orders were sent to the head-quarters of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade and to the C troop of the Royal Horse Artillery to be in readiness to turn out at daybreak, and the 10th Hussars (Brigadier-General Parlby, of the Light Cavalry, in temporary command of the Cavalry Division, during General Scarlett's absence) received similar instructions. The Chasseurs d'Afrique and a French rocket troop, for mountain service, accompanied the *reconnaissance*, and rendered excellent service during the day. As the morning was fine and clear, the sight presented by the troops as seen advancing towards Kamara across the plain from the heights was very beautiful. So little was known about the *reconnaissance*, that many officers at head-quarters were not aware of it till they learnt that Lord Raglan, attended by a few members of the staff, and followed by only six orderlies, had started to overtake the troops. A great number of amateurs, forming clouds of very irregular cavalry, followed and preceded the expedition. His Excellency the Pasha, who was attended by his staff, by Behrem Pasha (Colonel Cannon), and several Turkish officers of rank, had the control of the force.

The Turks marched in dense columns, bristling with steel, and the sunlight flashing on the polished barrels of their firelocks and on their bayonets, relieved the sombre hue of the mass, for their dark blue uniforms, but little relieved by facings or gay shoulder-straps and cuffs, look quite black when the men are together.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique, clad in light powder-blue jackets, with white cartouch belts, and in bright red pantaloons, mounted on white Arabs, caught the eye like a bed of flowers scattered over the plain. Nor did the rich verdure indeed require any such borrowed beauty, for the soil produces an abundance of wild flowering shrubs and beautiful plants. Dahlias, anemones, sweet-brier, whitethorn, wild parsley, mint, thyme, sage, asparagus, and a hundred other different citizens of the vegetable kingdom spring up all over the plain, and as the Turkish infantry moved along, their feet crushed the sweet flowers, and the air was filled with delicate odours, which overcame the sweltering atmosphere around the columns. Rectangular patches of long, rank, rich grass, waving high above the more natural green meadow, marked the mounds where the slain of the 25th of October are reposing for ever, and the snorting horse refuses to eat the unwholesome shoots. As the force moved on, evidences of that fatal and glorious day became thick and painful. The skeleton of an English dragoon, said to be one of the Royals, lay still extended on the plain, with tattered bits of red cloth hanging to the bones of his arms. All the buttons had been cut off the jacket. The man must have fallen early in the day, when the heavy cavalry were close up to Canrobert's Hill and came under the fire of the Russian artillery. There was also a Russian skeleton close at hand in ghastly companionship. The small bullet-skull, round as a cannon-ball, had been picked bare all save the scalp, which was still covered with grisly red locks. Further on, amid fragments of shells and round shot, the body of another Russian seemed starting out of the grave, which scarcely covered his lower extremities. The half-decayed skeletons of artillery and cavalry horses covered with rotting trappings, harness, and saddles, lay as they fell in the agonies of death, or had crumbled away into a *débris* of bone and skin, and leather straps, cloth, and buckles. From the numerous graves, the uncovered bones of the tenants had started up through the soil, as if to appeal against the haste with which they had been buried. With the clash of drums and the shrill strains of the fife, with the champing of bits and ringing of steel, man and horse swept over the remnants of their fellows in all the pride of life. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle was furnished by the relics of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade passing over the scene of their grand encounter with the Muscovite cavalry. Scots Greys and Enniskillens, Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards and 5th Dragoon Guards, all had been there; and the survivors might well feel proud when they thought of that day. The 10th Hussars were conspicuous for the soldierly and efficient look of the men, and the fine condition of their light sinewy and showy horses. As the force descended into the plain they extended their right flank, and marched towards Kamara, spreading across the ground in front of Canrobert's Hill from No. 2 Turkish Redoubt up to the slope which leads to the ruined village. A party of Turkish infantry followed the cavalry in skirmishing order, and on approaching the village the column immediately in their rear halted and Bono Johnny proceeded with great activity to cover

the high wooded hill which overhangs the village to the right. This they did without resistance, as the few Cossacks in the village had abandoned it after firing a few straggling shots at the advanced skirmishers. One fellow had been so completely taken by surprise that he left his lance leaning against a wall. An officer of the 71st espied it just as the Cossack was making a bolt back for it. They both rode their best, but the Briton was first, and carried off the lance in triumph, while the Cossack retreated with effective pantomime representing rage and despair. I am told that the Turks discovered a wretched man armed with a bow and arrows, who said he was a Tchergess, lurking among the ruins of the village, and that he had a near escape of his life, as the Osmanli would not believe he was indeed a soldier. In addition to his bow and arrows, he carried a quaint old pistol, and his coat-breast was wadded with cartridges. I looked into the church, the floor of which had formerly been covered an inch in depth with copper money, thrown there by the inhabitants when the expedition first came to Balaklava. The simple faith of the poor people in the protection of their church had not been violated by us, but the Cossacks appeared to have had no such scruples, for not a copeck was to be seen, and the church was bare and desolate, and stripped of every adornment, even to the woodwork. The rest of the place is a heap of ruins, but the Cossacks have burrowed here and there into the stores, and have made sleeping places and stables in the walls of the houses. As soon as the Turks on the right had gained the summit of the hill above Kamara, three of the columns advanced and took possession of the ruins, and then drew up on the slope in front of the church. A few men were sent further on towards Baidar, but could see no enemy, and they contented themselves with burning a building which the Cossacks had left standing, the smoke from which led some of us to believe that a little skirmish was going on among the hills. Meantime the great bulk of the force, leaving three columns halted at Kamara, marched on past Canrobert's Hill, the sides of which are covered with the wigwams of the Russians—some recent, others those which were partially burnt when Liprandi retired last year. They passed by the old Turkish redoubts Nos. 1 and 2, towards a very steep and rocky conical hill covered with loose stones, near the top of which the Russians threw up a wall of rubbish about 2½ feet high. A group of Cossacks and some Russian officers had assembled on the top of this hill to examine our strength and watch our movements. As the Turkish skirmishers advanced, the French rocket troop accompanied them. The Turks ascended the hill with ardour and with great agility, firing their pieces as they advanced, to which the Cossacks replied by a petty fusillade. Suddenly an arch of thick white smoke rises from the ground with a fierce, hissing, rushing noise, and throws itself like a great snake towards the crest of the hill; as it flies onward the smoke disappears, and the fiery trail is lost, but in a second, a puff of smoke bursts out with a slight explosion on the hill top, and the Cossacks and Russians disappear with precipitation. In fact the French had begun their rocket

practice with great accuracy and success. Nothing can be better for such work as this than these light rocket troops. The apparatus is simple and portable—a few mules, with panniers on each side, carry the whole of the tubes, cases, sticks, fusees, &c., and the effect of rockets, though uncertain, is very great, especially against irregular and ill-disciplined cavalry. The skirmishers now crowned this hill also, and the generals and officers of the staff, and numerous idlers and amateurs, followed them. The Russians rode rapidly down the hillside, and crossed the Tchernaya by the bridge and at one or two fords near Tchorgoun. Omar Pasha, Lord Raglan, and the French generals then spent some time in surveying the country, while the troops were halted in the rear, the artillery and cavalry first, supported by four battalions of Egyptians. At two o'clock the *reconnaissance* was over, and the troops slowly retired to the camp, the skirmishers of the French cavalry being followed by the Cossacks at a prudent distance, and exchanging long shots with them from time to time. Altogether, the *reconnaissance* was a most welcome and delightful interlude in the dull, monotonous "performances" of the siege. Every one felt as if he had beaten the Cossacks and got out of prison at last, and I never saw more cheering, joyous faces at a cover side than were to be seen at Canrobert's Hill. It was a fillip to our spirits to get a gallop across the greensward once more, and to escape from the hateful feeling of constraint and confinement which bores us to death in the camp.

April 20.

Last night a very gallant and brilliant little feat of arms, attended, I regret to say, by severe loss, was performed by the 77th Regiment in front of our right attack. There is nothing more remarkable in the active operations of this siege than the importance of the part played by the sharpshooters placed in those rifle pits which have been dug by the enemy, and which were constructed with great skill and daring, and have been defended with vigour and resolution. The pits now constructed are complete little batteries for riflemen, and the fire from one well established within 600 or 700 yards of a battery of ordnance, is sufficient to silence the guns and keep the gunners from going near the embrasures. In front of the Redan, opposite our right attack, the Russians established some capacious pits, from which they annoyed us considerably, particularly from the two nearest to us on the left-hand side. Round shot and shell had several times forced the Russians to bolt across the open ground to their batteries, but at night they repaired damages and were back again as busy as ever in the morning. Our advanced battery would have been greatly harassed by this fire when it opened, and it was resolved to take the two pits, to hold that which was found most tenable, and to destroy the other. That service was effected last night. About eight o'clock the party of the 77th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, supported by a wing of the 33rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, moved down the traverses towards the rifle pits. The night was dark and windy, but the Russian sentries perceived the approach of our men, and a brisk fire was

at once opened on them by the enemy, to which the troops scarcely replied, for, firing a terrible volley, they rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, and, after a short but desperate struggle, drove them out of the two pits and up the slope behind them. Once in the pits, the engineers, officers, and sappers and miners set to work to strengthen the defences, and threw up a gabionnade in front, and with great coolness and courage proceeded to connect the trench of the nearest of the rifle pits with our advanced sap. The enemy opened an exceedingly heavy fire of round, grape, and shell upon them, and the Russian sharpshooters from the parapets of the batteries, and from the broken ground behind the abattis, kept up a very severe fusillade; but the working party continued at their work in defiance of the storm of shot which tore over them; and our men remained in possession of the larger of the pits under the trying circumstances I have mentioned without any decided attempt being made to turn them out. The General of the day of the right attack telegraphed to head-quarters that our troops had gained the pits, and he received directions in reply from Major-General Jones to keep them at all hazards. At two o'clock in the morning a strong column of Russians, certainly double the strength of our men, advanced against the pits, and the combat was renewed. The English troops fought with "the immovable solidity" for which, in the opinion of our allies they are so celebrated. The enemy charged them with the bayonet, but they were met by courage more cool and by arms more nervous than their own, and by the bayonet they were thrust back again and again, and at its point they were driven up to their batteries once more. It was while setting an example of conspicuous bravery to his men that Colonel Egerton fell mortally wounded. The rifle pit is now in our hands, and a smart fire is kept up from it. Its fire is most serviceable, not only against the embrasures of the Redan, but in reducing and disturbing the fire of the Russian rifle pits on its flank.

Up to Friday night the Sailor's Brigade had lost 135 killed and wounded; the Royal Artillery and Royal Sappers and Miners had had five killed and twenty-three wounded; the Infantry had had about sixty casualties.

The French are said to lose nearly 100 men every night; in fact, their engineer officers are reported to say they have now got too close to the town defences.

April 21.

The advanced rifle pit was taken this morning by the English troops in the right attack after a feeble resistance from the Russian infantry, but we were exposed to loss from the fire of the guns in the Redan, and the 41st Regiment had fifteen men killed and wounded in the fire which the Russians opened upon us yesterday evening. The pit was levelled, filled in with earth, and the men then retired. The French, in extending their lodgment last night, had to overcome a very vigorous opposition, and suffered considerably from the fire of the enemy's batteries inside the town, but they persisted, and have now fairly established themselves on the flanks of the Flagstaff.

There was a skirmish between the Cossacks and the Turks in the plain this morning.

April 24.

The troops were under arms ere daybreak, and marched down into the plain. General Venoy's brigade of General Bosquet's division had their breakfasts at half-past three o'clock a.m., but were not called upon to march. The English cavalry and the artillery, and six battalions of Turkish infantry and two battalions of French infantry advanced about a mile across the low ground outside the lines towards Kamara and Tchorgoun, halted, and then came back again.

The weather is beautifully fine; but I regret to state that typhoid fevers have become prevalent. On the whole, however, the health of the troops is in a satisfactory state.

Every exertion is being made to bring up guns to the trenches. Within the last few days eight heavy 8-inch guns and 32-pounders have been conveyed to the front from the wharfs. Balaklava is now becoming clean, but rather high in odour. The tank and the washing-houses made, by Colonel Harding's directions, at the extremity of the harbour, have been found extremely useful.

Lord Raglan has visited the trenches and batteries frequently of late, and General Jones never misses an opportunity of doing so. The Russians are busily engaged in strengthening their works on the north side, and in making new ones all along the plateau on the north-east and east of Sebastopol.

Our firing has now been reduced till further orders to thirty rounds per gun, and the bombardment is nearly suspended, partly from want of fusees and partly from considerations of a military character which have weight in the councils of our generals. The French still continue to cannonade with energy, and to push on their saps on the extreme right and left of our position with vigour and considerable success; and it has been satisfactorily ascertained that the Russians have a very insignificant force at Tchorgoun, though their position is extremely strong, and is immediately connected with that held by the army on the heights between the Belbek and the Tchernaya.

The French sap has suffered severely, but our gallant allies have pushed it on under every difficulty, and our own works on the right have also been considerably advanced.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Another sharp conflict between the French and Russians—Grand Military spectacle—General Canrobert's address to the French officers—Silence of the English batteries—Descriptions of night attacks, or sorties, generally imaginary.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *April* 25.

LAST night a considerable number of Russian workmen came out of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff Battery) soon after dark, and began excavating rifle pits close to the French saps. Our allies

perceived these operations, and at once advanced on the Russians and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, stronger than before, returned once again to their labour, and, covered by their guns, succeeded in making some progress in excavating the work, but they were driven away after another struggle of some duration by our gallant allies. The conflict lasted from eight o'clock till three o'clock in the morning, and the expenditure of ammunition must have been prodigious on both sides. In the morning it was discovered that the enemy were in possession of several pits, which they had succeeded in throwing up in spite of the strenuous attempts made to dislodge them. The French loss is estimated at 200 *hors de combat*. The Russians must have lost three times that number, judging from the heavy rolling fire of musketry incessantly directed upon them. At dawn the conflict ceased, and the cannonade was only continued by the French.

There was a review of the Second Division to-day by General Pennefather, on the vacant ground in rear of the camp. The men turned out in excellent order, and the strength of the Division was materially increased by the addition of the 2nd Battalion of the Royals, a remarkably fine body of men. The review was followed by a field day, or general drill, which lasted two or three hours.

April 26.

The monotony of the camp was relieved to-day by one of the grandest military spectacles it has ever been the lot of most of us to witness. The whole of General Bosquet's army of observation, consisting of forty-five battalions of infantry, of two regiments of heavy dragoons, and of two regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, together with a numerous and well-appointed field artillery, numbering sixty pieces, were reviewed by General Canrobert, who was accompanied by a large and very brilliant staff, by several English Generals, and by an immense "field" of our officers. The inspection took place on the ridge which forms the natural defence of the plateau on which the allies are encamped, and the troops took ground from the point of it opposite the first Russian battery over Inkermann to the heights above the scene of the battle of Balaklava on 25th of October. At half-past two the black columns of the French infantry formed in front of the whole fields of canvas, or streaked the plain of the plateau with flashing lines of light, as they marched from their various camps, with the rays of the bright sun reflected from their arms, and the clash of their bands filling the air with the essence of opera. For the space of four or five miles they could be seen converging and drawing up regiment after regiment on the extended ridge till they formed a solid wall, living, yet motionless, crowning its summit. The ground was too limited to contain such a body of men even in the dense manner in which the men were formed, and there was soon a double wall created by the arrival of fresh regiments. The greater part of the little army must have been visible to the Russians on the heights over the Tchernaya, and to the Cossacks on the redoubts and on Canrobert's Hill in the valley. The spectacle

of the review was magnificent in the extreme. At three o'clock, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and by General Rose, Colonel Foley, and Major Claremont, arrived on the ground, and was received by General Bosquet and his staff. The troops received the General with presented arms. The bands struck up *Partant pour la Syrie*. The vivandieres standing by the musicians smiled their best. The golden eagles, with their gorgeous standards, were lowered, and General Canrobert, his hat trimmed with ostrich plumes, his breast covered with orders, mounted on a spirited charger, with a thick stick under his arm, followed by a brilliant staff, and his "esquire" displaying a tricolor guidon in the air, and by his escort and a suite of Generals, passed along the lines of men, now galloping to the left and now to the right between the intervals, to inspect the various regiments. General Estcourt, General England, General Pennefather, a great number of staff officers, as well as a ruck of English officers on foot, and on horse, and on pony, in all the varied uniforms and mufti of the army, were present.

As soon as General Canrobert had reviewed a couple of divisions, there was then "an officers' call" of some sixteen battalions. The officers formed a square, and General Canrobert riding into the centre addressed them with much elocutionary emphasis; but, as he turned round from time to time, I could not catch more than broken sentences of what he said.

These addresses were listened to with profound silence. The General and staff having reviewed all the troops, took up ground near the centre of the position, and regiment after regiment marched past. A sullen gun from the enemy, directed towards the nearest column from the battery over the Tchernaya, just ere the French moved, denoted the vigilance of the Russians, but the shot fell short against the side of the plateau. The troops—a great tide of men—the coming of each gaudy wave heralded as it rolled in sight over the brow of the hill, crested with sparkling bayonets, by the crash of martial music—rolled on for nearly two hours, and seemed as though it would engulf the camp in its vast swell. Chasseurs à pied, infantry of the line, Zouaves, Voltigeurs, and Arabs passed on column after column till the forty-five battalions of gallant Frenchmen had marched before the eyes of him who might well be proud of commanding them. The Chasseurs Indigènes, their swarthy faces contrasting with their white turbans, clad in light blue, with bright yellow facings and slashing, and clean gaiters and greaves, showed like a bed of summer flowers, and the Zouaves rushed by with the buoyant, elastic, springing tread which reminded one of their tiger-rush towards Inkermann; nor was the soldier-like, orderly, and serviceable look of the line regiments less worthy of commendation. Then came the roll of the artillery, and in clouds of dust, rolling, and bumping, and jolting, a storm of guns and carriages swept over the broken ground for a quarter of an hour, till the sixty guns and their carriages had gone by. The General then rode along the lines of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and of the two regiments of dragoons, which afterwards went past at a quick trot. It was said

that there were 2000 horsemen in the four regiments. They certainly seemed fit for any duty that horse and man could be called upon to execute. The horses, though light, are in very good condition, particularly those of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The inspection terminated shortly after six o'clock. Each regiment, as it defiled past the General, followed the example of the Colonel, and cried "*Vive l'Empereur.*"

April 27.

General Canrobert reviewed the Imperial Guard and the troops on the right to-day, and the spectators pass the highest eulogiums on the appearance of the men; but I was only able to witness the review from a considerable distance, and cannot say more than that the *coup d'œil* was very beautiful.

Our batteries are nearly silent—a few guns and mortars reply to an occasional shot from the Redan and Round Tower at long intervals, and there seems to be a ship behind the Round Tower, which harasses our right attack by an odd shell now and then. What a contrast to the French on our left, and even on our right! They have never ceased to fire, and the Russians return shot for shot from the mass of ruins and rubbish in which the batteries are enveloped. The day before yesterday the enemy opened a new battery, which is up among the houses of the town, on a ridge near the Governor's house, and directed a very heavy fire on the French, with a diversion now and then on the left of our left attack. In the right attack yesterday we had two gunners killed, and the platforms of two guns broken; and although these batteries have all been severely handled, they have reduced the fire of the Mamelon and Round Tower with great success. Still we must give to the French every praise for the perseverance of their attack, deprived as they have been of their fair share of support from our fire for some days back. They have certainly atoned for their failure on the 17th of October, which was caused by the melancholy accidents to their magazines.

Up to this day (27th) there is no material change in the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol or in the attitude of the enemy within and outside the city. The particulars of the affair on Tuesday night between the French and Russians are but imperfectly known amongst us. Nothing indeed is more difficult to ascertain than the particulars of these nocturnal encounters. After a cannonade and furious firing which would keep a stranger in a state of intense excitement all night, it is common to hear some such dialogue as this the following morning:—"I say, Smith, did you hear the row last night?" "No, what was it?" "Oh, blazing away like fury. You don't mean to say you didn't hear it." "Not a sound; came up from the trenches last night, and slept like a top." "Hallo, Jones, (to a distinguished cocked hat on horseback, riding past), tell us what all the shindy was about last night." "Shindy, was there? By Jove, yes; I think I did hear some firing—the French and the Russians, as usual, I suppose." "No, it sounded to me as if it was in front of our right attack." Another thinks it was on the left, another somewhere else, and so the matter ends, and rests for ever in darkness unless

the *Invalide Russe*, the *Moniteur*, or the *Gazette* throw their prismatic rays upon it. I need not say that all minute descriptions of charges at night or of the general operations are not trustworthy, and must be the mere work of the imagination. Each man fancies that the little party he is with bears the whole brunt of the work, and does all the duty of repulsing the enemy; and any one who takes his narrative from such sources will be sure to fall into errors innumerable. To "describe a night attack" or any operation—a sortie or an advance—is a solecism. From the batteries or from the hills behind them one can see the flashes flickering through the darkness, and can hear the shouts of the men, but that is all—were he a combatant he would see and hear even less than the spectator. Distrust, then, all "full and true particulars" of nocturnal engagements, and be contented with learning "results." Nothing affords finer scope to the exercise of fancy than one of these fights in the dark—it is easy to imagine all sorts of incident, to narrate the mode of advance, of attack, of resistance, of retreat, or of capture, but the recital will be found very inconsistent with the facts. The generals whose tents are near the front have adopted the device of placing lines of stones radiating from a common centre towards the principal points of the attack, so as to get an idea of the direction in which the fire is going on at night. Even that fails to afford them any very definite information as to the course of the fight. In a day or two after the affair has been finished, one may hear what really has taken place by taking infinite pains and comparing all kinds of stories. It is, in fact, a process of elimination to discover the facts.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Effect produced on earthworks by artillery—More blundering—Shells without fuses, and fuses without shells—May-day in the Crimea—Approach to the Mamelon—Brilliant exploit by French infantry—Preparations for the expedition to Kertch—Another rush at the French works—The enemy repulsed.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *April* 30.

OUR new battery, which is only 700 yards from the enemy's guns, is nearly completed, and as its armament is very heavy, great results are expected from its fire. Of course the effect of the enemy's fire against it will be increased, and we must expect greater casualties as the advances are pushed on. To my mind, however, the superiority in guns and gunners must be very decided both in number and position ere we can hope to silence artillery in earthworks by artillery similarly situate. To a certain extent, the damage done to our batteries by the Russians is a test of the effects we have produced on their batteries. If it were an accurate test we might reasonably conclude that our fire had done but little harm, and had not caused any very great loss of life; but as our fire converges on batteries behind which are houses, walls, and heaps of stones, where a certain portion of the garrison, of the reliefs and working parties, must be placed, in addition to the

positive loss of life in the Russian batteries, we must cumulate frequent casualties from the shot and shell flying beyond and behind them, and from fragments of stones struck by the shot. That consideration is, however, of very little consequence so long as the enemy can feed their garrison from the army without the city, and adds only to the useless but inevitable slaughter of a siege. In effect, we do those enormous earthworks, of twenty and thirty feet in thickness, very little injury of an irreparable nature, by any amount of shot we may direct against them, and the enemy appears able to remount guns and place new pieces in position as fast as we can dismount or destroy them. I cannot, therefore, think (judging by what I have seen) that we shall ever be able to silence a larger proportion of the Russian ordnance than we did between the 17th and 20th of last October, and it is not, I suppose, contemplated by any person that we can ever make a breach in any part of their entrenchments or batteries. Our object, then, must be to reduce the fire of those batteries which command the points selected for assault. In order to estimate our chance of doing this, we have only to look at what has been done already. We have at first always succeeded in reducing the Russian fire, but as we go on and wear out our guns and exhaust our ammunition to such an extent that we must reduce our number of rounds and charges of powder, our superiority is gradually diminished, and continues decreasing till it reaches zero, and the enemy begin to recover themselves and their position. The observation of this siege ought to produce an immense effect on fortifications, for it has been demonstrated, one would think, that earthworks properly constructed are far better perhaps than any masonry. The solid mass of stone of which the Malakoff Tower consisted was smashed, rent up, and split from top to bottom at our very first day's fire. It is now a heap of ruins. The earthwork beneath is as firm as it was the very first day we fired at it. The maximum penetration of a 13-inch shell into a compact earthwork is about three feet; of a 24-pounder, at 700 yards, the shot penetrates about six feet; of a 56-pounder, at the same distance, about eight feet. The penetration of a 68-pounder is somewhat more. But granting that every shot we fire has such an effect, and attains the maximum of penetration, what result can we hope to achieve against earthworks thirty feet thick, capable of being banked up from behind, and defended by an enemy with endless supplies of labourers, of earth and sand, of gabions and timber?

Meantime, the siege ought to be going on, and as far as *our* cannon and mortars are concerned, it is suspended. What is the principal reason? Simply because Woolwich is not next door to us, and shell and fusees are not forthcoming. Why some attempt has not been made to bridge over the seas between us and our arsenals it is not for me to say. The fact is, however, plain. There are no fusees for such shells as we have, and we have plenty of fusees for shells which we have not. There are lots of 13-inch shells and no fusees for them, and there are lots of 10-inch fusees and no shells for them. Where are the shells that belonged to

the fusees, and where are the fusees that belonged to the shells. Has the Purveyor got hold of them, or the Auditor-General, or the Chairman of the Bank of England? Who sent them out, or who kept them back? Who are the traitors, or the knaves, or the fools? And if they are all wise men who manage these things, how is it that we undertake to reduce, by means of a bombardment, the strongest place that was ever attacked, and have no means of carrying on that bombardment after a few days' firing? Perhaps it is quite right that this should be the case, but neither artillerymen, engineers, nor soldiers think so out here. It may be only just to remark, that it is only in shells of a particular kind, and in fusees of a certain description, that we are short, but that very kind of shell, and that very sort of fusee, are both most useful in the siege. We have railways and steamers, a secure haven, a transport corps, admirable carts, horses, mules, ponies, buffaloes, camels, oxen, drivers of all kinds of beasts of burden, collected from all parts of the habitable globe within three thousand miles of us, and yet the supply of *matériel* has run out, and our military Oliver Twists are asking for more, to the great astonishment, no doubt, of our Overseers at home.

The supply of ammunition which our authorities relied upon from the railway has been far exceeded, and it has not only carried up more than the estimated quantity of shot and shell, &c., but a very great amount of stores and cargo of all kind, in addition, moreover, to throwing obligations broadcast all over the army, from the generosity, kindness, and zeal of Mr. Beatty, to promote the comfort of every officer who had any little impediments to be sent to the front. Up to the week ending the 28th of April, the average amount of tonnage sent up from Balaklava to the terminus was 240 tons per diem; and on that day 180 tons of ammunition alone were forwarded by rail towards the batteries, and deposited at the terminus.

The warm clothing (furs, &c.) is being collected and packed up, to be sent to Constantinople to be cleaned, &c., and made fit for re-issue. A large number of sheepskin coats have been destroyed, which, it is believed, had competent persons been consulted, might have been saved.

May 1.

May-day in the Crimea! Worthy of the sweetest and brightest May Queen in merry England! A blue sky, dotted with milk-white clouds, a warm but not too hot a sun, and a gentle breeze fanning the fluttering canvas of the wide-spread streets of tents, here pitched on swelling mounds covered with fresh grass, there sunk in valleys of black mould, trodden up by innumerable feet and hoofs, and scattered broad-cast over the vast plateau of the Chersonese. It is enough to make one credulous of peace, and to listen to the pleasant whispers of home, notwithstanding the rude interruption of the cannon before Sebastopol. This bright sun, however, developes fever and malaria. The reeking earth, saturated with dew and rain, pours forth poisonous vapours, and the sad rows of mounds covered with long lank grass which rise in all directions above the soil impregnate the air with disease. As the

atmosphere is purged of clouds and vapour, the reports of the cannon and of the rifles become more distinct. The white houses, green roofs, and the domes and cupolas of Sebastopol stand out with tantalizing distinctness against the sky, and the ruined suburbs and masses of rubbish inside the Russian batteries seem almost incorporated with the French entrenchments. The French on the left are indeed too near the enemy's lines; they are exposed to constant annoyance and loss by frequent volleys of hand grenades and cohorns, and their works are interrupted by little sorties of a few yards—out and back again. On the extreme right, however, the English works towards the Round Tower are in advance of the French works towards the Mamelon. On *our* proper left we can make no considerable approaches in advance of our actual works up to the Redan, in consequence of the deep ravine before our batteries. The ravine winding from the right between the two attacks sweeps down below the Green-hill, with a precipitous ascent on the Russian side towards the Redan, and a gentle rise up to the Green-hill. The French approach towards the Round Tower is obstructed by the Mamelon, which is due south of it, and we cannot approach much nearer towards the Round Tower, working from our right, till the Mamelon is taken. The distance from the Mamelon to the Redan is about 550 yards. From the Round Tower to the sea (of the harbour) behind it the distance is about 1700 yards. The French are now within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon, and our advanced parallel, which is connected with theirs, inclines forward of their line towards the Round Tower. Although the Mamelon is pierced for eleven guns, there are not apparently more than five guns mounted, but all the embrasures are screened. The Russians have been checked in their attempts to advance upon our right towards Inkermann, and as I have said the French on the left towards the sea have pushed their lines inside the old Russian outworks; but the centre, protected by the Garden Battery, Road Battery, Barrack Battery, and Redan, still offers considerable difficulty to an approach, and presents a very strong position.

An expedition from the British and French fleets, consisting of the smaller heavy-armed steamers and gun-boats, is to sail this evening for Kertch, to test the strength of the fortifications there and at Yenikale. If the flotilla reduces the forts which guard the entrance to the Sea of Azov, and leaves the navigation open to us, it will effect an enormous service—always supposing the Russians are not allowed to build them up again, and that we will really take some efficient steps to cut off the source of supplies from which the Russians are mainly furnished with their provisions, if not with their *matériel* of war.

Lord Stratford has gone to Eupatoria in the "Royal Albert," and is expected back on Monday.

May 2.

There was a very brilliant exploit performed by seven battalions of French infantry, in which the 46th Regiment were particularly distinguished, last night and this morning. They advanced before midnight and seized on the Russian ambuscades under a heavy

fire. The Russians came out to meet them in force—a tremendous conflict ensued, in which the French used the bayonet in repeated charges, and at last they forced the Russians back into the works, followed them, stormed the outworks of the Batterie Centrale, and took off eight cohorns, which they brought to General Pelissier. In this gallant affair, which lasted till two o'clock this morning, the French had sixty-three killed and two hundred and ten wounded, and nine officers put *hors de combat*.

The obstinacy of the combat was sufficiently evident from the spectacle presented by the ground between the French lines and the Batterie du Centre. The space of rubbish, broken earth, ruins of batteries, and the *débris* of outworks, was covered with gabions, fragments of arms, and dead bodies, and the Russians were busily engaged in burying those who had fallen inside their lines.

The firing on the left was incessant and exceedingly heavy, and the Russian artillery did their best to avenge the losses of their comrades, but probably not with much effect, although the air was obscured by the clouds of dust arising from the shower of cannon balls, which tore along the surface, marking their course as they ricochetted among the batteries by pillars of earth dashed up by the concussion. The French replied with vigour, and from dawn till eve the contest was continued between the artillery and the riflemen in front of the Flagstaff Battery. Our batteries all day maintained a most profound silence.

Early this morning a little flotilla of some twenty-five or thirty French vessels, most of them brigs and schooners, sailed from Kamiesch, and stood over to the south-west with a gentle breeze. They were visible all day, and could be readily seen from Sebastopol. At sunset some were hull down. Several French men-of-war accompanied them. It is supposed that these vessels contained a portion of the troops and stores of the secret expedition. At half-past two, a body of Russian troops, in three divisions, each about 2500 strong, were seen marching into Sebastopol from the camp over the Tchernaya. A very large convoy of carts and pack animals also entered the town in the course of the day, and an equally numerous string of carts and horses left for the interior. The troops marched along by the road at the head of the harbour, on the north side, and were lost to sight at three o'clock, behind the rise of the cliffs on the south of the road. The day was so clear, that one could almost see their faces through the glass. Their officers were well mounted, and the men marched solidly and well. Numbers of dogs preceded and played about the line of march, and as they passed by the numerous new batteries, at which the Russians are working night and day, the labourers ceased from their labours for the time, saluted the officers as they passed, and stood gazing on the sight just as our own artisans would stare at a body of troops in some quiet English town. A smaller body of troops subsequently passed out from the town, and marched up towards the camp at the Belbek, taking a road more to the north than that by which their comrades entered.

About four o'clock, it was observed by us on the right that the enemy's battalions were forming in columns in the rear of the Bastion du Mât, and in a few moments afterwards about 2000 men, who were most likely volunteers, made a desperate rush out of the works close to the Batterie Centrale, and with a loud cheer flung themselves on the French advance. For a moment their numbers and impetuosity enabled them to drive the French out of the imperfect works and ambuscades as far as the parallel, but not without a desperate resistance. The musketry was so heavy that the smoke soon obscured the scene of the conflict from sight, but the French could be seen advancing rapidly along the traverses and covered ways to the front, their bayonets flashing through the murky air in the sun, and in a few moments the Russians were driven back by the cold steel, and forced to fly hastily behind their entrenchments, which instantly opened a heavy cannonade and volleys of grape to check the pursuit of the French. Our allies fought splendidly, and chastised the audacity of the enemy with much severity; but our loss is, I am glad to say, very trifling. Several Russian officers and men were taken prisoners, and the enemy with great difficulty succeeded in carrying off most of their dead and wounded, but left several of both on the ground. While this affair was going on, our races were going on in a hollow behind Cathcart's-hill.

The preparations for the secret expedition absorb the gossip of the camp completely. Sir George Brown, who is to command the British troops, has been waiting all this afternoon in expectation of orders to embark. Two batteries of artillery (one Major Barker's) have been ordered on board ship at Balaklava. The men take their tents, and Sappers and Miners and transport animals will also be sent with the expedition.

Intelligence has reached us of Captain Christie's death at Kamiesch. It is intended by the masters of transports, who hold his memory in high respect, to lower their flags all day.

May 3.

There is sad news to-day for us, and more glory for our allies. Lieutenant Carter, R.E., was killed by a round shot in front of the left attack this morning. The same shot struck Lieutenant Curtis, 46th Regiment, and killed him. The French attacked the Batterie du Centre again, stormed one face of it, and captured, it is said, "eight mortars."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Expedition to Kertch—The fleet ordered to return—Inaction of the troops—Sickness in the camp—Pestilential effluvia—The Zouaves get up a theatre in their camp—Babel of tongues—A night attack on the English right—Retreat of the Russians—Tremendous cannonade—More night alarms.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *May* 8.

THE details of the Kertch Expedition have lost their interest, inasmuch as it effected nothing. The most extraordinary rumours

are afloat respecting the reasons of its return *re infectâ*; but it is sufficient to say that the fleet, consisting of about forty sail, with nearly 12,000 men on board, arrived at the rendezvous, lat. 44·54, long. 36·28, on Saturday morning and on the previous night, and that they were summoned to return to the place whence they came by an express steamer which left Kamiesch on Friday night or Saturday morning with orders (it is said) from General Canrobert. These orders were, it is reported, sent by the French General in consequence of a communication from Paris, which rendered it incumbent on him to concentrate the forces under his command in the Chersonese. It is not to be wondered at that this abrupt termination of an expedition which, from its secret character, was doubtless intended to effect important services, excited feelings of annoyance and regret among those who expected to win honour and glory and position. Admiral Bruat could not venture to take on himself the responsibility of disregarding orders so imperative and so clear, and Admiral Lyons was not in a position to imitate the glorious disobedience of Nelson.

Those on board the ships which were the furthest at sea could easily make out the land. A high peak rising out of the sea to the north was visible to the whole squadron; two or three smaller elevations at no great distance could also be seen distinctly; and there is no doubt but that the low land itself could have been discerned from the tops of the men-of-war at the rendezvous.

Kertch is said to have been the place where Cæsar penned his pithy despatch—"*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*" We may certainly say we came, and saw, but we cannot complete the sentence.

The men disembarked this morning.

Sir Edmund Lyons is said to be unwell, and his illness is attributed to chagrin at the result of the expedition, or rather at the want of it.

There is very little in the progress and aspect of affairs to exhilarate the spirits of the army with hopes of immediate action. The Sardinians have sent on their advanced guard, but as yet it does not seem as if it was very well known what is to be done with these excellent and soldierlike-looking troops. In addition to the fever which prevails, some fatal cases of cholera have appeared in camp, especially among the hard drinkers and the young soldiers recently joined, and diarrhœa and dysentery are beginning to show themselves once more. It cannot be from any want of proper food that these diseases arise. They must rather be the results of certain conditions which will always affect multitudes of men crowded together for months in a narrow space of ground, and sleeping in close tents as close as they can lie. The army is not *only* supplied with necessaries, but with luxuries. They have "bread" three times a-week; it is brown, but not sour, and when eaten before it becomes stale it is palatable enough. There are no less than seventeen articles included in their ration returns, and among the "luxuries" which have been issued to the men are maccaroni, cheese, hams, vermicelli, sausages, peas, vegetables of various sorts, wine, Daffy's elixir, game pies, Welbeck ale, tobacco, &c.

In a few days they will receive rations of light porter—two quarts to every three men—instead of their rum, till all in store is finished. Notwithstanding these supplies, disease, as I have said, still clings to us; but the cholera is not by any means prevalent, and the isolated cases which have exhibited themselves, though of a virulent nature, do not present the intense form of the Asiatic cholera. The Sanitary Commissioners have examined the hospitals in front, but, so far as I can hear, they had nothing important to suggest of a practical nature. The soil is saturated with decaying animal matter. I have slept lately in a sunken hut in which a corpse lies buried, with only a few inches of earth between its head and my own. Within a yard and a half of the door of my present abode are the shallow graves of three soldiers, a little earth heaped up loosely over them, mixed with scanty lime, which does not even destroy the rank vegetation that springs out of them. Nearer still is a large mound, supposed to contain the remains of a camel—rather a large supply of noxious gases; and further away, at the distance of about 180 yards, are the graves of the division, where hundreds of bodies lie lightly covered as close as they can pack. In front of the hut are two mounds, about ten feet distant, containing the buried offal of the butchers; and on the left are the remains of more camels, and of God knows what beside, which emits pestilential odours when the sun shines. This is a nice spot to live in, you will say, and yet I believe it is quite as favourably situated as the tents and huts of many hundreds out here. What is done to prevent the results which, according to all experience, must follow from such a state of things? Simply this—a very small quantity of lime is shaken *over* the earth which lies upon these remains, and it is a chance whether it is of the least use or not. The offal is now buried with lime, and I believe that lime is also used frequently in closing in the remains of our poor fellow-countrymen; but we require a more vigorous disinfectant, and, if it be a good disinfectant at all, which some people doubt, it should be made in larger quantities and more abundantly used. The Turks resolutely refuse to allow lime to be placed over the graves of their people at Balaklava, and the consequences are already beginning to develope themselves.

Among one of the most useful improvements in Balaklava must be reckoned the filling in of the end of the harbour. It had become a horrid swamp, hideous and nauseous to every sense—where water and land had contended for the mastery, and at last effected a compromise in the form of the most abominable mud, blended with floating offal from the ships, the *débris* of drowned animals from the sea, and starved animals from the land, decayed vegetables, and slimy nastinesses unutterable. Thanks to Admiral Boxer, or Colonel Harding, this devil's quagmire has now been covered over with gravel and with stones, and stakes have been driven into the sea so as to form a quay all along the top of the harbour. The seamen under his orders have blasted away the solid rock which rose almost precipitously from a depth of ten or twelve feet from the bottom up to the height of several hundred

feet above the sea, and have constructed a broad road winding along under these rocks from the top of the creek half-way down the harbour towards the sea. A branch rail runs along the centre of this road from the depôt at the end to join the main line at the head of the harbour, and very fine jetties have been also constructed, under the same authority, alongside which large vessels may lie with safety, and where horses, guns, &c., can be discharged even from such ships as the "Himalaya" with the greatest ease and rapidity. In fact, if we were going to establish ourselves here permanently we could not do much more to secure our facilities of communication, and I only hope that some fine day or other we shall find these things useful in hastening our return home.

The siege works are in an excellent state, and nothing can exceed the solidity of our lines; but the cover in the advanced parallels is not as perfect as could be desired, owing to the difficulty of the ground. Races are, I am glad to say, rather at a discount. They were becoming *de trop*, even though they tended to stabilitate the *entente cordiale* between us and any "sporting characters" among the French officers. Cricket has made some faint attempts to establish itself, but the soil of the Crimea is not kindly, and there is quite hard bowling enough from the Russian batteries to satisfy the most enthusiastic bat in the army. The Zouaves have got up a theatre in their camp, and perform an original *pièce de circonstance*, the proceeds being devoted to the aid of the French prisoners in Sebastopol, who are said to be badly off. The principal fun of the piece is derived from the introduction of an English soldier, who is a great admirer of his French comrades, and who converses with the characters of the play through the medium of two phrases, "Bono Franzis," and "Donnez moi die Cognac, John-nee." Our lively neighbours have got fast hold of the belief that "the Lord Mayor of London" is coming out to command the English, as a counterpoise to the Emperor's assumption of the command of the French.

Labour is now abundant. It is afforded to us by all the ragamuffins of Europe and Asia, and ragamuffin labour is generally dear. What can the Eupatorians think of 3*s*. a-day—the sum which is given to a hard-working non-commissioned officer, and which is equal to the revenues of one of their own head men? The Babel of strange tongues around us is amazing, and one's faith in Bunsen and Max Muller is severely shaken by the aspect of the horrid faces which must pass muster for honest Saxon jowls, just as their language is of the same stock as the innumerable dialects which are jabbered around us.

It is a pity that the authorities do not extend the system that answers so well in Balaklava in the stowing of goods to the depôt just beyond Kadikoi. The place is well adapted for storing goods, and the depôt, being just commenced, could easily, with a little care, and under proper superintendence, be converted into a store for the supply of the whole army; but it does not require an experienced eye to perceive that the neglect and inexperience and the waste arising from them are only removed a step from Bala-

klava. The corn, hay, and charcoal, are strewed over a large space of ground, and a day's rain will destroy much that has at a great expense been sent out.

Miss Nightingale has visited several of the hospitals since her arrival, and has, I believe, found matters much better than she expected. M. Soyer has also arrived, and it is to be hoped he can suggest some good and simple mode of cooking and messing instead of our present very imperfect, irregular, wasteful, and unwholesome system.

May 10.

About one o'clock this morning the camp in front was roused up by an extremely heavy fire of musketry and repeated cheering along our right attack. The elevated ground and ridges in front of the Third and Fourth Divisions were soon crowded with groups of men from the tents in the rear. It was a very dark night, for the moon had not yet risen, and the sky was overcast with clouds, but the incipient flashing of small arms, which lighted up the front of the trenches, the yell of the Russians (which our soldiers have christened "the Inkermann screech"), the cheers of our men, and the volume of the fire indicated, the position, and showed that a contest of no ordinary severity was taking place. For a mile and a half the darkness was broken by outbursts of ruddy flame and bright glittering sparks, which advanced, receded, died out altogether, broke out fiercely in patches in innumerable twinkles, flickered in long lines like the electric flash along a chain, and formed for an instant craters of fire. By the time I had reached the front—about five minutes after the firing began—the fight was raging all along the right of our position. I cannot now ascertain the particulars of the affair, and can only describe what I saw. The wind was favourable for hearing, and the cheers of the men, their shouts, the voices of the officers, the Russian bugles and our own, were distinctly audible. The bugles of the Light Division and of the Second Division were sounding the "turn out" on our right as we reached the high ground, and soon afterwards the alarm sounded through the French camp close to them. Hundreds of the soldiers had got up, and were drawn up, watching with the most intense interest the fight before them, as far as they could see it. The tents of the Fourth Division were lighted up, and the old Inkermann men were all anxious and ready for the word to march, should their services be required. The musketry, having rolled incessantly for a quarter of an hour, began to cease at intervals along the line. Here and there it stopped for a moment altogether; again it burst forth. Then came a British cheer which thrilled through every heart. "Our fellows have driven them back; bravo!" Then a Russian yell, a fresh burst of musketry, more cheering, a rolling volley subsiding into spattering flashes and broken fire, a ringing hurrah from the front; and then the Russian bugles sounding "the retreat," and our own bugles the "cease firing," and the attack, after half-an-hour's duration, was over. The enemy were beaten, and were retiring to their earthworks; and now the batteries opened to cover their

retreat. The Redan, Round Tower, Garden Batteries, and Road Battery, aided probably by the ships, lighted up the air from the muzzles of their guns. The batteries at Careening-bay and at the north side of the harbour contributed their fire, and the sky was seamed by the red track of innumerable shells. You could see clearly at times the ground close around you from the flashes of the cannon. The instant they began to fire, our ever active allies the French, on our right, opened from their batteries over Inkermann and from the redoubts to draw off the Russian guns from our men; and our own batteries also replied, and sent shot and shell in the direction of the retreating enemy. The effect of this combined fire was very formidable to look at, but was probably not nearly so destructive as that of the musketry. From half-past one till three o'clock the cannonade continued, but the spectators had retired before two o'clock, and tried to sleep as well as they might in the midst of the thunders of the infernal turmoil. Soon after three o'clock a.m. it began to blow and rain with great violence, and on getting up this morning I really imagined that one of our terrible winter days had interpolated itself into our Crimean May.

The rain has ceased, and the soil is beginning to dry up already, but it still blows strongly. It is stated that the fight last night or this morning was less serious than we imagined. The Russians came on us on the left of the right attack, close to the Woronzoff-road, but the troops were ready for them, and drove them back in spite of their very heavy musketry. A part of the Light Division took them in flank, and, although the enemy kept up a heavy fire from a distance, they did us but little injury. It does not appear to have been a sortie, or even a premeditated attack; but, whatever it was, the Russians were completely foiled. They had pushed out a strong column of troops, and proceeded, it is supposed, to execute some works in the rear of the advanced parties which were sent on towards our lines to shield the works from observation. Our sentries were on the alert and gave the alarm, and as the enemy drew near they gave the alarm, and the men were in readiness for them. The Russians crept upon their bellies, delivered a volley at the parapet, which did no harm, and then rushed on, but they were received by a very heavy and well-directed discharge of Miniés, which killed and wounded a considerable number of them. They then lay down again, loaded, and fired from the ground, but their officers in vain endeavoured to lead them up to our lines, from which our troops kept up an incessant fire. A portion of the Light Division, moving towards the left, charged another party of Russians coming up close to the Woronzoff-road, and utterly routed them. The enemy, who lost at every volley, notwithstanding their caution, after uttering repeated cheers and yells, principally raised, one may imagine, by the officers, retreated down the hill, and it could be seen that they bore great numbers of dead and wounded along with them. It is supposed the Russians had 150 *hors de combat*. The tremendous cannonade they opened was unat-

tended with much effect, considering its weight and intensity and was only so much waste of ammunition, but our fire on their retreating columns must have added considerably to their casualties.

The total loss in the Light Division last night, I am glad to say, turns out to be only fourteen *hors de combat.*

May 11.

Last night, about ten o'clock, there was another alarm along our lines. It was exceedingly dark, and the wind was high. The sentries in front challenged and gave the alert, and the men who were in the advanced parallels began to fire with steadiness and rapidity at a body of Russians who were trying to get up to them in the darkness. The enemy replied, and for a time there was a desultory firing, the flashes from which were visible, but it was impossible to hear, owing to the violence of the wind. The fight took place in front of our right attack, and was over in about half-an-hour or less.

May 12.

Last night, in the midst of an awful storm of rain and wind—so thick that no one could see a yard beyond him—a body of Russians came up on our left attack, but the sentries gave the alarm just in time; and Colonel Macbeth, of the 68th Regiment, got his men into order and received the first fire of the enemy as they came up to the trench with perfect steadiness. Some of the Russians leapt up on the parapet and jumped into the battery, where they at once met their fate. There was a desperate struggle between the Russians and the men of the 68th outside the lines, in which the bayonet was freely used on both sides; but the enemy were repulsed by our fellows, who took some wounded prisoners. The enemy lost heavily, and they were seen dragging off their dead during the night.

It is now blowing hard, and it has rained all night. The camp is a mass of mud, and has resumed its old wintry aspect.

CHAPTER LXXV.

The Sardinian Chasseurs—Melodramatic head-dress—Russian "dodges"—Appearance of cholera—Miss Nightingale's illness—Hot weather—Serious apprehensions of want of water—Pretty effect of the Sardinian encampment—Pictorial artists at the camp—Pursuit of a centipede—Dog-hunts—The newest "shave."

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Tuesday, May* 15.

THE active operations of the siege are suspended for a time; our batteries are complete, our works finished, but the armament of them is not yet accomplished. Even the French are tired of a useless cannonade, and there has not been much firing for the last two nights. The Sardinians are accumulating at Balaklava daily. Two or three steamers arrive every four-and-twenty hours laden with those excellent and soldierlike troops. They land all ready

The possession of the Tchernaya will soon become of consequence to us, were it only for the want of water. I am credibly informed that the rain which fell within the last week is of most unusual occurrence at this time of year, and that such a supply of water is an exceptional circumstance, which makes the heart of all the Southern Crimea glad in time of peace, and fills the farmers with joyful gratitude to Heaven. Henceforth, till the month of July, we can expect no rain. There will not be a drop of water from the sky to fill our wells and watercourses for months to come. The consumption of water by an army of 180,000 men, and by tens of thousands of camp followers, by myriads of cattle, and by beasts of burden, may be readily conceived to be very great, and to increase as the heat does, just in proportion as the means of meeting it are diminished by the same cause. Some feeble attempts have been made to construct dams and form reservoirs at the camps, and some efforts have also been made to bore Artesian wells; but I am not aware that any great success has attended the latter enterprise, and I am certain that the former has been very imperfectly carried out. Major Branding, of the I troop, constructed some good troughs near Karanyi. Colonel Harding, with ampler means, has made a very creditable reservoir at the entrance to Balaklava; and there have been isolated instances here and there of similar foresight, but to the best of my knowledge nothing has been done to provide water for "*the army*"—that thirsty monster, with 200,000 or 250,000 mouths and stomachs, who will soon lie sweltering and gasping beneath a broiling sun, worn out by exertion, and maddened by want of this vital necessary.

The efforts to bore Artesian wells have not been successful, and I have been informed by Mr. Upton that he penetrated several hundred feet through the solid rock beneath the soil of his farm, and failed to find any trace of water. The number of wells on the plateau itself indicates sufficiently the extremity to which the very few inhabitants must be reduced now and then in hot dry seasons. Around the farmhouse in which Lord Raglan dwells there are, I believe, no less than six deep wells, and it is only wonderful that they have stood so long, although re-supplied recently by the drainage consequent upon the saturation of the whole plateau by heavy rains. There has been some weak bald chat about "the fleet supplying the army with water." The bulk of our army is ten or twelve miles from the anchorage of the fleet, and water is one of the most difficult articles to carry known to us. Where are our tanks, our water-bags, our transport to supply us from Kamiesch? Above all, where is our transport? Even supposing we had possession of the Tchernaya, it would be far to carry the water up steep hills 200 or 300 feet above its bed to the plateau at the east of which it flows, and the source would remain in possession of the enemy. This is a vital question, if the army is to remain here. Much of the water used for culinary purposes is foul, muddy, and ill-smelling. Some of it is tainted with the outpourings of the washtub, and in every runnel dozens of men may be seen these hot days washing themselves and their clothes

in the water which may be the base of the camp soup at some greater distance.

The Sardinians are encamped on the slopes of the pleasant hills all round Karanyi. Many of them have only the *tente d'abri* of the French, a little larger, perhaps, and not quite so light. The tents of the Sardinian Lancers are upheld by their lances, which are stuck into the earth, one at each end of the tent; and their encampment, with its waving pennons, has a very pretty effect.

The Sardinian horses are rather leggy, but they are in excellent condition. They are certainly not such formidable neighbours as the horses of the 10th Hussars, which have most erratic habits, break their picket-ropes, tear off through the camps at night, and are small terrors to the quiet sleepers in the vicinity, whose tents are rudely agitated in the darkness by these playful steeds. It was only yesterday that an officer of Artillery and an officer of the 8th Hussars, in company with myself, were riding peaceably along through one of the vales near Karanyi, when suddenly we heard cries of "Look out! look out!" and lo! there came a furious steed, his mane and tail erect, down upon us. He had stepped forth out of a pulk of Hussar horses, which were feeding on the meadow grass, to offer us battle, and rushed at full gallop towards our ponies. "Out swords!" was the word, as the interesting quadruped ran round us, now menacing us with his heels, now with his teeth, but he was repelled by two bright swords and one strong whip, and at last, to our great relief, he caught a glimpse of Colonel Mayo, who was cantering by in utter ignorance of his danger, till he was warned by the shouts of the soldiers. The Colonel defended himself and horse with great resolution and courage, and, drawing his sword, gave point or cut right and left, as the exigencies of the case required, till the men came up and beat off the interesting creature. These are agreeable episodes, but it is rather too exciting this hot weather to have superadded to the chances of war and disease the contingency of being demolished by the teeth or heels of an insane Arab.

Balaklava presents an aspect of extraordinary activity, and the amount of stores of all kinds put on shore is beyond conception. When an army has to be fed from beyond seas, one sees what an all-consuming creature it is, and some notion can be formed of its powers of destruction in passing through a cultivated country. Piles of shot, cannon, shell, and cases of shrapnel, canister, &c., mounds of charcoal bags and wood, and heaps of puncheons full of edibles, rise up on every side along the water's edge. The harbour is, however, now scarcely recognisable, so great is the order prevailing among the shipping as compared with past times, and so vast the improvements in the wharfs and quays along its shores. But even still there are cases of needless procrastination and useless expense in discharging vessels which come to one's knowledge almost every week. For instance, a steamer of some five hundred tons, called the "Alster," has been lying in Balaklava for the last five or six weeks with a cargo of charcoal, and has not yet been discharged. The rate paid for this vessel by Government

is about 2*l.* 15*s.* or 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* per ton per month, so that if the cost of these five weeks be added to the price of the charcoal, it will be found to be rather expensive fuel. Indeed, John Bull is sowing his money broadcast all over the Chersonese. There cannot be a better instance of the profuseness of our expenditure than that which is furnished by the sailing men-of-war maintained here in commission for the sake of the sailors of the Naval Brigade belonging to them. These ships cost the country thousands of pounds, and are comparatively useless, notwithstanding their excellent qualities as men-of-war. It has been calculated that every seaman of the Naval Brigade belonging to the sailing men-of-war who is on shore here costs the country 25*l.* per diem; but that is an effort of arithmetical ingenuity into the results of which I cannot take upon myself to investigate, and the accuracy of which I do not by any means corroborate.

The events of this war, or rather the scenery of the camp and of the country round about us, will be amply illustrated by numerous artists, and the daguerreotype has been used by skilful hands to perpetuate the incidents of camp existence, and the groupings and still-life of the tents. But there are little *événements* every day and every hour occurring here and there which never can be depicted. One of the commonest and most exciting, while it lasts, is the pursuit of a centipede. A small party are sitting in a hut enjoying a frugal and cheerful meal. Suddenly there is an outcry; a man starts up with a face of horror, and with outstretched finger points to a dark insect, all legs and nippers, about six inches long, which is moving rapidly with a tortuous motion along the wall. At the shout of "By Jove, there is a centipede!" every one leaps up shouting "Where? where?" The boldest seize carving-knives or table-forks, the more adroit two sticks wherewith to catch the artful and venemous enemy, and in a moment the centipede, menaced on all sides, glides rapidly into some chink, where he is pursued by fire and match, or is cut into numberless pieces, and ground up beneath vindictive boot heels. Dog hunts are indescribably comic for a minute or two, principally on account of the proceedings of the unfortunate animal selected for the sport. He is generally a large shaggy creature, like a wolf, who has a sort of defiance of horses, and a rule over his fellows which induces him to remain quietly gazing at the approach of the hunters, while his less dignified comrades are seeking shelter by flight, and running with drooping tails and heads hung sideways towards the ravines. The horsemen draw nearer; the dog rises and growls into a gruff bark in order to warn them off. On come the horses, spreading right and left; the dog becomes uneasy and surveys his position, rapidly losing confidence in his mastery over it and in its safety. A horrid whoop is uttered by the hunters, and the wretched animal is suddenly smitten with the terrible conviction that he is an object of special attention to the centaurs, and that he is "in for a run." Uttering loud barks and yelps, he takes to his paws and rushes away for the ravine, and there we leave him. In fact, until the novelty wears off, the

amateur has plenty to amuse and edify him. Camp life develops a man's good or evil qualities like long voyages on board ship, and "oddities" come out amazingly under its influence. There is a greater excitement here during the run of a good story or of a clever "shave" than there is in London about a new opera, and the men of Athens were not more inquisitive after news than are our British officers with regard to "shaves" and latest *bon-mots*. In fact, camp life alternates between the most excessive laziness and the most violent exertion, and it is not to be wondered at if a gentleman who has passed the night with his eyes wide open, staring into darkness, and not venturing on a wink for fear of a sortie, should indulge in reverie and siesta for the twenty-four hours afterwards. The army is now well supplied generally with food, but the Turkish bread is very bad.

May 19.

The heat continues excessive. At the present moment (eleven o'clock, a.m.) the thermometer is ninety-five degrees. It is certain that General Canrobert is superseded, and that General Pelissier will take the command of the French forces. Thus we shall have lost the services of four of the original leaders of our allies—viz., Marshal St. Arnaud, General Canrobert, Prince Napoleon, and General Forey.

THE KERTCH EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The expedition to the Sea of Azoff—Embarkation and departure of the troops—The Straits of Kertch—Disembarkation of the allied forces at Ambalaki—Daring exploit of a gunboat—The Russians abandon the town, blow up their works, and burn their ships and stores—Plunder of Ambalaki—Captive poultry—Military masqueraders—Capture of Yenikale—Incendiary fires—A number of vessels taken.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *May* 21.

IT has been resolved to send another secret expedition to the eastward of the Crimea, and preparations are being made at present for its departure, which will probably take place on Wednesday next. Sir George Brown is to command the British troops.

General Canrobert does not return to France, as was imagined, but retains the command of a division of the French army. I saw him yesterday riding about with only two orderlies after him—all his apanage of staff officers, Spahis, and guidons, gone to follow his successor. There are reports of considerable changes about to be made in the command of our divisions.

The cholera has not made any considerable progress. The cases generally occur in the trenches, the heat and nastiness of which are inconceivable. The smell of the precincts of the batteries is overpowering and horrible. Nearly all day long there is a plea-

sant breeze playing over the surface of the plateau, which tempers the ardour of the rays of the sun in the camps, but in the ravines and in the trenches and batteries it is rarely felt, and the result is that the heat is stifling. The scarcity of water becomes more formidable every day. I understand that the Sanitary Commissioners have enunciated an opinion, formed on scientific geological grounds, that there is no reason to apprehend any want of water; but it is nevertheless true, that the watering of the cavalry horses, as I am informed, is now accomplished with difficulty, and that two days ago the watering was not finished till evening, so scanty was the supply.

There is now no deficiency in any article, as far as I can learn, and no army was ever so amply and luxuriously provided. The amount of shot, shell, powder, and destructive missiles of all kinds stored at our military depôts or actually in the batteries, is very great, and it is amply sufficient to enable us to bombard Sebastopol for a fortnight from guns of great calibre, and placed very much closer to the enemy, than we have yet been able to open upon them.

An order has just been sent up to the 71st Regiment to get ready to strike tents and march to Balaklava at daybreak, which will be rather hard on some of the men at least, for they will not be up from their turn in the trenches till eight or half-past eight o'clock this evening.

May 22.

The English contingent of the expeditionary force will number about 5000 men. The French force will consist of 10,000 men and sixteen guns. A Turkish corps, 3000 strong, will also embark with the expedition. The embarkation of horses and artillery is at present going on in Balaklava harbour.

OFF KERTCH, *May* 25.

It will not be in my power to do more than announce the complete success of the expedition up to the present date, and the reduction of the forts and flight of the garrison, without loss on our side. For some time back it was believed that General Canrobert had incurred the serious displeasure of his imperial master for the check given to the first expedition, which was laid at his door, and it was understood that General Pelissier would inaugurate his command by some very decisive *coup*. On Monday the principal officers received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark on Tuesday, and it was no longer doubtful that an expedition was preparing against Kertch, and against the Russians in the Sea of Azoff. The command of the British contingent was conferred, as before, on Sir George Brown.

On Tuesday evening (the 22nd) the "Gladiator," "Stromboli," "Sidon," "Valorous," "Oberon," and "Ardent," came round and anchored off the harbour of Balaklava, and the "Warcloud," sailing transport, with a party of the 8th Royal Irish, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel de Salis, and several others, hauled outside, where they remained till Wednesday morning. Several of the men-of-war went away to the eastward in the course

of the night. The "Bahiana" (Captain Greene) went out at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, and was followed by the "Hope" (Captain Bowen). The "Trent" (Captain Ponsonby), the "Whitley Park," the "London," the "Mariner," and the "William Jackson," sailing transports, also formed a portion of the vessels. Commander Hoseason was in charge, and Lieutenant Geary second in command of the transports of the expedition. The "Caradoc" (Commander Derriman) left later in the day.

There was not much to note on the voyage, and whatever did occur must be reserved for the present, as I have neither time nor favourable opportunity for describing it. The day was most favourable, the sea as smooth as a mirror. We approached Cape Takli, which marks the western extremity of the land at the straits, at half-past ten o'clock, and a thick black smoke was visible, floating in the horizon towards the northward, sufficiently indicating the position of the fleet. As the vessel proceeded on her course, passing through the straits, which are about seven and a half or eight miles broad at the entrance, a group of people could be made out in the balcony of the lighthouse at Cape Takli, and a few wandering Cossacks were galloping through the meadows, half concealed by the rich rank grass.

On approaching Kara-Bournou, it was evident that our vessels were engaged with the forts and earthworks at Pavlovskaya, which guard the entrance to Kertch and Yenikale. Frequent puffs of white smoke, followed by faint echoes and booming reports, which rolled heavily along the shore, told us that the contest was tolerably smart, but it certainly did not last very long; for at forty minutes past one, a huge pillar of white smoke rushed up towards the skies, opened out like a gigantic balloon, and then a roar like the first burst of a thunder-storm, told us that a magazine had blown up. The action grew slacker, the firing less frequent. At a quarter past two another loud explosion took place, and a prodigious quantity of earth was thrown up into the air along with the smoke. A third magazine was blown up at twenty-five minutes past two. A tremendous explosion, which seemed to shake the sea and air, took place about three o'clock; and at half-past three, three several columns of smoke blending into one, and as many explosions, the echoes of which roared and thundered away together, announced that the Russians were beaten from their guns, and that they were destroying their magazines. They could be seen retreating, some over the hills behind Kertch, others towards Yenikale. The allied troops commenced disembarking at once, and the boats of the fleet were ordered out, and landed them on the beach between the Salt Lake, north of Cape Kamiesch Bournou, and the cliff of Ambalaki, a hamlet on the hill-side in the little bay between Kamiesch and Pavlovskaya Battery. The heavy steamers lay outside. The transports were anchored off the Salt Lake to the south, and the gunboats and lighter steamers lay off the smoking ruins of the Russian earthworks.

Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Stewart were on board the "Vesu-

vius," and Sir George Brown, after seeing the troops landed, went on board and held a conference with them.

As we anchored, a most exciting scene was taking place towards the northward. One of the enemy's steamers had run out of the Bay of Kertch, which was concealed from our view by the headland on which Pavlovskaya and the battery of Cape Bournou are situated, and was running as hard as she could for the Straits of Yenikale. She was a low schooner-rigged craft, like a man-of-war, and for a long time it was uncertain whether she was a government vessel or not. A gunboat dashed after her across the shallows, and, just as she passed the cape, two Russian merchantmen slipped out and made towards Yenikale also. At the same moment a fine roomy schooner came bowling down with a fair breeze from Yenikale, evidently intending to aid her consort, and despising, very likely, the little antagonist which pursued her. The gunboat flew on and passed the first merchantman, at which she fired a shot, by way of making her bring-to. The forts at Kertch instantly opened, and shot after shot splashed up the water near the gunboat, which still kept intrepidly on her way. As the man-of-war schooner bowled down towards the Russian steamer, the latter gained courage, slackened her speed, and lay-to, as if to engage her enemy. A sheet of flame and smoke rushed from the gunboat's sides, and her shot flying over the Russian, tossed up a pillar of water far beyond her. Alarmed at this taste of her opponent's quality, and this sudden intimation of her tremendous armament, the Russian at once took to flight, and the schooner wore and bore away for Yenikale again, with the gunboat after both of them. Off the narrow straits between Yenikale and the sandbank, which runs across from the opposite land, a great number of gunboats and small craft were visible, and as the English gunboat ran up towards them, a Russian battery opened on her from the spit on which the town is situate. One of her consorts, however, which had followed her early in the chase, was now close at hand, and the gunboats dashed at their enemies, which tacked, wore, and ran in all directions, while the gunboats chased them as a couple of hawks would harry a flock of larks. The action with the forts became very sharp, and the Russian forts on the sandbank began to take part in the unequal contest. Sir Edmund Lyons, however, soon sent off the light steamers and disposable gunboats to reinforce the two hardy little fellows, and the French steamers also rushed up to the rescue. The batteries on the sandbank were not silenced without some trouble; but at last they blew up their magazines, and the fort at Yenikale followed their example. The gunboats kept up a running fight along the coast till it was dark. At about half-past six o'clock the batteries in the Bay of Kertch ceased firing, the Russians blew up their works, and abandoned the town. Dark pillars of smoke, tinged at the base with flame, began to shoot up all over the hill-sides. Some of them rose from the government houses and stores of Ambalaki, where we landed; others from isolated houses further inland; others from stores, which the retreating Russians must have de-

stroyed in their flight. Constant explosions shook the air, and single guns sounded here and there continuously throughout the night. Here a ship lay blazing on a sandbank on the left; a farm-house in flames lighted up the sky on the right, and obscured the pale moon with volumes of inky smoke. All the troops whose services were required were landed at Ambalaki before dusk, and bivouacked on the ridge about it. Each of our men landed with two days' provisions, but without rum; some of them carried their tents. A small body of Russian cavalry, with two guns, made a *reconnaissance* of them, from a considerable distance, before night-fall, but did not attempt to interfere with their proceedings, and the men set to work to enjoy themselves in Ambalaki and its neighbourhood as well as they could.

As there was nothing to be done at sea, the ships being brought to anchor far south of the scene of action with the gunboats, which still continued, it was resolved to land at the nearest spot, which was about one mile and a half or two miles from Pavlovskaya Battery. A row of half a mile brought us from our anchorage, where the ship lay, in three fathoms, to a beautiful shelving beach, which was exposed, however, only for a few yards, as the rich sward grew close to the brink of the tideless sea. The water at the shore, unaffected by the current, was clear, and it was evident that it abounded in fish. The land rose abruptly, at the distance of two hundred yards from the beach, to a ridge parallel to the line of the sea about a hundred feet in height, and the interval between the shore and the ridge was dotted with houses, in patches here and there, through which the French were already running riot, breaking in doors, pursuing hens, smashing windows—in fact, "plundering," in which they were assisted by all of our men who could get away. Towards the Salt Lake some large houses were already in flames, and storehouses were blazing fiercely in the last throes of fire. On the ridge above us the figures of the French and English soldiers, moving about against the horizon, stood sharply out, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The Highlanders, in little parties, sought about for water, or took a stray peep after a "bit keepsake" in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were always before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative licence allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and in—whitewashed neatly, and provided with small well-glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy sour smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable; it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of fish oil which were found in every cabin. Each dwelling had out-houses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The ploughs were admirably described by Virgil, and a reference to *Adams's Antiquities* will save me a world of trouble in satisfying the curiosity of the farming interest at home. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks, captives to the bow and spear of the Gaul, were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from

their homes by Zouaves and Chasseurs. Every house we entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on panelling or paper which adorn every cottage, with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Drolcs dressed themselves in faded pieces of calico dresses or aged finery lying hid in old drawers, and danced about the gardens. One house, which had been occupied as a guardhouse, and was marked on a board over the door "No. 7 Kardone," was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their great coats and uniform jackets still lay on the floors, and bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots. A French soldier, who, in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, "*Ah, Messieurs, Messieurs! ces brigands, ils ont volé tout!*" No doubt he had settled honourably with the proprietor of a large bundle of living poultry which hung panting over his shoulders, and which were offered to us on very reasonable terms. Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. I never in my life saw such quantities of weeds or productions of such inexorable ferocity towards pantaloons, or such eccentric flowers of huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore. The inhabitants were evidently graziers rather than agriculturists. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we were informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. None were taken that I saw, though the quantity which fed in the fields around must have been very great. Poultry and ducks were, however, captured in abundance, and a party of Chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looking boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon despatched and cut him up into junks with their swords. There were some thirty or forty houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The smell was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 71st said "A Glasgae beggar wad na tak a gift o'."

Sir Edmund Lyons weighed at twelve o'clock in the "Banshee," and is standing towards Kertch. The greater number of the men-of-war steamers are following him. The large vessels and line-of-battle ships remain anchored off Ambalaki.

YENIKALE, *May 26.*

At five o'clock last night Sir Edmund Lyons returned in the "Banshee," from a short cruise in the Sea of Azoff, towards Arabat. Sir Edmund Lyons returned to the fleet in the evening, and Sir George Brown went on shore, where he has taken up his

quarters in a very humble house in Yenikale. It was expected that the Russians might return and attack us in force, and I fear that a portion of the army after its excesses would have been but little fit to repel them. Yenikale was set on fire in two places yesterday, and it required all the exertions of the authorities to prevent the flames spreading and devastating the whole place. The houses are smashed open, the furniture broken to pieces, and "looting" and plundering are the order or the disorder of the day. Two of the 42nd Highlanders, who were in a crowd which was assembled round a house yesterday, were shot in a very extraordinary manner. A French soldier struck at the closed door, to break it with the butt of his musket. The concussion discharged the piece, and the ball killed one of the men on the spot, and wounded the other severely. The quantity of bedding, clothes, looking-glasses, coarse furniture, household chattels, and useful implements of all kinds carried off by the sailors to the ships off Yenikale was enormous, and the work of transfer from the houses to the vessels still continues briskly. The English have placed sentries over such buildings as they can protect, and the French also have established order to a certain extent among their men; but our soldiers are much more amenable to discipline on such occasions than troops accustomed to African warfare, and familiar with the traditions of conquest. The French have also an old grudge against the Russians, and perhaps feel a more bitter personal animosity against them than we do. Sir George Brown gave orders last night that any person found in the town after dark should be put in the guardhouse, and that any one in the guardhouse in the morning should be flogged. There was, however, an alarm of fire renewed this morning, and some difficulty was experienced in suppressing the flames. A great number of vessels fell into our hands here, and all the government stores and many guns, some of which were found loaded and shotted. The corn which the enemy failed to burn was sprinkled by them with lime and water, to render it unfit for use, and it is feared that the poorer part of the population of Kertch, which is sufficiently numerous, will be reduced to great straits for want of food, as the public granaries are laid waste and ruined. A small force of men has been left to guard it, or rather to protect the inhabitants from marauders of the army. The Austrian Consul, whose flag is flying on the principal quay, has exerted himself to procure protection for life and property. The guns in Pavlovskaya, at Ak-Bournou, and in battery at Kertch have not been destroyed—they are spiked, and that is all.

May 27, 1 *o'clock* P.M.

The fire in the morning was caused by the destruction of the Russian boat-house and ferry-station opposite Yenikale, which was protected by a battery of eight guns. The "Snake" or "Viper" destroyed the battery, and cut off a portion of the garrison, but she could not stay to take them prisoners, as her presence was required in the Sea of Azoff. Nearly all our light steamers, our gunboats, and two French steamers, are now cruising along the Russian coast, and it is probable we shall soon hear of the demo-

lition of the fortress of Arabat. It would seem that Russia, aware of her real weakness in these seas, or ignorant of the truth, allowed the most extraordinary statements to go forth respecting the completeness and magnitude of her preparations for defence. It was imagined that the channel was blocked up at Kertch, or below it, and for some time back it was sedulously stated that the passage had been obstructed by sunken ships, heaps of stones, piles of timber, and artificial banks; but our vessels got up easily in two and a half fathoms of water, at the very lowest, along a channel laid down and buoyed by the "Spitfire."

There is a pretty strong current running at the rate of about three miles an hour over the flats off the town of Yenikale, and the water is almost as turbid as that of the Thames, and of a more yellow hue, as it rushes from the Sea of Azoff. Two gunboats, carrying twelve small pieces each, are moored off the forts of Yenikale, and there is a floating battery close to them armed with two very heavy guns, the floor being flush with the water, and the guns being quite uncovered. Two barks, armed on the main-deck with guns, and used as transports, are resting on the sand, where they were sunk by our ships as they attempted to escape to the Sea of Azoff. It is suspected that there were few regular troops in proportion to the numbers in and about Kertch and Yenikale, and that there was a large proportion of invalids, local militia men, and pensioners among the soldiers who made such a feeble and inglorious defence. The appearance of our armada as it approached must have been most formidable. Their loss could not have been great. One man was found dead in the battery at Yenikale, lying, as he fell, with the match in his hand, close to the gun he was about to fire, and two more Russians were found dead on the beach, but they looked as if they had been killed by the explosion of the magazine. The guns in Yenikale are new and fine. Some of them are mounted on a curious kind of swivel—the platforms are on the American principle. One brass piece, which is lying near the guard-house, is said to have been taken from the Turks at Sinope. The hospital, which is in excellent order, contains sick and wounded soldiers, the former suffering from rheumatism, the latter sent here from Sebastopol. The enemy fired the magazine close at hand without the smallest care for these unfortunate fellows, and every pane of glass in the windows was shattered to pieces by the explosion. The total number of guns taken at Yenikale is about twenty-five, of which ten were in battery inside the old Genoese ramparts, four in a detached battery, and eleven lying partially dismounted about the works.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Success of the expedition—Numerical strength of the expeditionary force—The scene of our successes—Description of the Straits of Kertch—The Coast of Taman—Cape Takil—Ambalaki—Kertch—Yenikale.

YENIKALE, *May* 26.

THE success of the expedition by land and sea is complete, rapid, and glorious. The forts which defended the narrow and difficult Straits of Kertch have been forced after a feeble resistance, the magazines of the enemy have been exploded by their own hands, all their guns have fallen into our possession, together with a prodigious quantity of corn, grain, munitions of war, naval stores, and military equipments. The Sea of Azoff is open to us, and our flying squadron of steam gunboats is searching it from end to end, burning and destroying the ships and trading vessels of the Russians, crushing their forts, and carrying terror and dismay along the seaboard of their inland lake. The force which has effected these great objects, and which is ready for further service, consists of 7500 French troops, under General d'Autemarre; of 5000 Turks, under Redschid Pasha; of 3805 English, under Sir George Brown—namely, 864 Marines, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway; 168 Artillery, Captains Barker, Graydon, &c.; the 42nd Highlanders, Colonel Cameron, 550 strong; the 79th Regiment of Highlanders, 430 strong, Colonel Douglas; the 93rd Highlanders, 640 strong, Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie; the 71st Highland Light Infantry, 721 strong, Lieutenant-Colonel Denny; 50 Sappers and Miners, and 50 8th Hussars, under Colonel de Salis. The staff numbers forty persons, and the Transport Corps 310 officers and men. The flying squadron in the Sea of Azoff is under the command of Captain Lyons, son of the Admiral, who is on board the "Miranda," and consists of the following vessels:—"Vesuvius," Captain Osborne; "Stromboli," Captain Cole; "Medina," Commander Beresford; "Ardent," Lieutenant-Commander Horton; "Arrow," Lieutenant Jolliffe; "Beagle," Lieutenant Hewett; "Lynx," Lieutenant Aynsley: "Snake," Lieutenant M'Killop; "Swallow," Commander Crauford; "Viper," Lieutenant Armytage; "Wrangler," Lieutenant Risk; "Curlew," Commander Lambert. The great mass of the fleet remains at anchor off Ambalaki; but a squadron, in which I believe are the "Highflyer" and "Tribune," along with some French ships, has gone to reconnoitre Anapa and the coast of Circassia.

There are not many people who ever heard of Kertch or Yenikale since their schoolboy days until this war recently directed all eyes to the map of the Crimea, but these towns represent, on a small scale, those favoured positions which nature seems to have intended for the seat of commerce and power, and in some measure resemble Constantinople, which is placed, like them, on a narrow channel between two seas, whose trade it profits by and commands.

On approaching Cape Takil Bournou, which is the south-western corner, so to speak, of the entrance to the Straits of Kertch, the traveller sees on his left a wide expanse of undulating meadow land, marked all along the prominent ridges with artificial tumuli, and dotted at wide intervals with Tartar cottages and herds. The lighthouse at the cape is a civilized European-looking edifice of white stone, on a high land, some height above the water; and as we passed it we could see the men in charge of it mounted in the balcony, and surveying the proceedings of the fleet through telescopes.

On the right of the Straits, or, in other words, at the south-eastern extremity, the coast of Taman—famed for its horses, its horsemen, and its buckwheat—offers a varied outline of steep cliffs, or of sheets of verdure descending to the water's edge, and the white houses and steeples of Fanagorgia can be seen in the distance. The military road to Anapa winds along a narrow isthmus further south on the right, below the narrow Strait of Bourgas, leading to one of the estuaries which indent the land in all directions in this region of salt lakes, isthmuses, and sand-banks. From Cape Takil to the land on the opposite side of the Straits the distance is about seven miles and a half. The country on both sides, though bright and green, has a desolate aspect, in consequence of the absence of trees and of enclosures, but the numberless windmills on both sides of the Strait prove the fertility of the soil and the comfortable state of the population.

From Cape Takil to Ambalaki, where the expeditionary forces landed, the distance is about twelve miles. It is a poor place, built on a small cliff over the sea, which at the south side sweeps down to the beach by the margin of a salt-water lake. As there was no force to oppose the landing, the men were easily disembarked on a sandy beach, out of range of the batteries, and close to the salt-water lake. This movement threatened to take the Russians who were in the batteries in the rear, and to cut off their communication with Kertch, which lies in a bay, concealed from the view of Ambalaki by the Cape of Ak-Bournou. The Russians therefore lost all heart, and retired from the batteries, leaving the guns spiked, and blowing up the magazines.

When the allies landed, the enemy had fled to Kertch, carrying with them dismay and terror, and the troops there, afraid of being attacked in the rear and front, by land and sea, made a hasty retreat towards the interior. In the port of Kertch there were seven small steamers, used for Government purposes, several of which were armed. Of these, four escaped into the Sea of Azoff, where they will soon be brought under the notice of the squadron; three were cut off by the gunboats, and were run aground and burnt by the enemy in the Bay of Kertch. Pavlovskaia was a strong earthwork, with stone magazines and houses for the little garrison, and it could have given us much trouble had it been manned by resolute men. Inside it, in the hollow of a bay formed by the promontory on which Pavlovskaia stands, and situate about

five miles from Ambalaki, stands the town of Kertch. As seen from the sea it is a picturesque and almost a stately town, and the position and air of the place, and of the country behind it, resemble Naples on a small scale. The bay is semi-circular, and the principal buildings are situate on the waterside, which is bounded by a noble quay faced with hewn stone. The houses are pure white, or gaily tinted with various colours over the stonework; many of them attain the dimensions and almost deserve the name of palaces. The Tartar houses are mean wigwams, but they are all whitewashed, and their position in the suburbs and on the hill-sides does not render them very conspicuous. To the left or west of the town, facing it from the sea, are extensive magazines, stores, and Government factories, sawmills, manufactories of Minié balls, bakeries, &c. To the right, with a large front of public and private buildings intervening along the waterside, are the dockyard, the battery, and military and naval establishments. Three or four spires rise above the mass of houses in the background, and one stately mansion of stone, with a pillared portico, particularly attracts the eye. At the distance of two miles from the town, on the east, or right-hand side, there are more Government magazines and a large quarantine station. Some scattered hamlets and two villages lie between Kertch and Yenikale.

From Kertch to Yenikale the distance is five miles and a half. Yenikale derives its importance from its position on a promontory close to the entrance of the Sea of Azoff, at the northern extremity of the Straits of Kertch. Another of the singular banks to be found in this part of the world, shooting from the north-eastern extremity of the Taman Peninsula, runs through the sea in a southerly and westerly direction for seven miles and a half towards Yenikale, and contracts the strait to the breadth of a mile and three-quarters just before it opens into the Sea of Azoff. On this bank, which is full of salt-water marshes, and is two or three miles broad in some places, the Russians had a strong battery commanding the ferry station, armed with long and heavy 36-pounders, and a number of Government buildings of a mean description, and there were great numbers of fishing huts and curing sheds also upon it. The principal battery at Yenikale crossed fire with the fort on the sandbank, which is called Sayernaia, and one would have thought that a stout resistance would have been offered to our gunboats; but the batteries on land were abandoned and the magazines blown up by the enemy; the battery on the sandbank followed the example next morning, and Yenikale was surrendered to us without a blow. The town consists of two parts —one a suburb of houses close to the water's edge, and commanded by a ridge of high land rising gradually from the sea. The church, which is a handsome building in the Byzantine style, stands on the hill-side, in the midst of this suburb. The other part consists of the fort, which is formed by a quadrangular rampart, armed at the angles with bastions and small turrets. Each side of the square is about a quarter of a mile long. The side parallel to the

sea-wall is on the top of the ridge, into which the ground rises gradually from the sea, and the sea-wall itself has at its base a broad quay by the water's edge. The ridge once gained, the country lies before one in a spacious plateau, with conical mounds and tumuli, forming natural advanced posts for vedettes in the distance. On the land side the ramparts are provided with embrasures, and are crenellated for musketry; the walls, though very old, are of great solidity, and are tolerably well preserved. Inside the enclosure are the hospital, the Government-house, the barrack, the batteries, and the stores and magazines. One of the magazines which was blown up completely destroyed about two hundred feet of the curtain of the work on the land side. There are marks of ancient entrenchments outside the walls, and the moats, ditches, covered ways, &c., are still well defined.

Our troops suffered greatly from the heat on the march to Yenikale, which is more than twelve miles from their bivouac, but their conduct was exemplary; nor had they anything to do with the incendiary fires which took place in Yenikale, and which were extinguished three or four times in one night with great difficulty. The weather is extremely fine, but the mid-day sun is rather too powerful for English constitutions. Fresh meat is not deficient. Immense quantities of caviare, of dried sturgeon, and of a coarse-scaled fish like a bream, have been found in every village and in Yenikale, and are relished by our soldiers, but they have very imperfect means of gratifying the thirst which follows, as the water is brackish, and the stores of country wine (some of it excellent, in spite of the adulteration of oil or essence of roses) have been nearly all discovered and drunk up. The water of the straits is only brackish, and our horses, as well as the native cattle, drink it readily, but its taste is very mawkish and disagreeable. The channel is not more than thirteen feet deep opposite Yenikale, and the passage from Kertch was very intricate till our men-of-war marked it out with buoys and flags.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Excesses in the town of Kertch—Turkish stragglers and Tartars commit horrible outrages—Wanton destruction of the contents of the Museum—Houses ransacked and plundered—Immense naval and military stores captured—The old Balaklava system—"Looting"—Tartar and Russian population—Interior of a wrecked mansion—The hospital and its inmates—Destruction of the Russian vessels—Bombardment of Arabat.

KERTCH, *May 28.*

BEFORE I proceed to narrate the events which have occurred since my last letter was despatched, I must be permitted to express the sentiments of abhorrence which every civilized being must experience on surveying the scene of destruction and barbarous violence presented by this unfortunate town, and to protest against any imputation on account of the sacking of Kertch being

attached to Englishmen or to any British subject, with the exception of the Lieutenant-General, whose apathy or neglect permitted the perpetration of disgraceful excesses. When the Russian army, numbering some 2500 men, abandoned Kertch on the afternoon of our landing at Ambalaki, a large caravan of the inhabitants, with such property as they could collect in their trepidation, moved out after the soldiery, and proceeded to Mekschelki, in the Bay of Kasantip, leaving behind them their houses full of furniture, and such cumbrous articles as they were unable to move. The Tartars, the Jews, and a few of the poorer Russians remained behind, but the nobles and Government *employés*, with few exceptions, fled precipitately. When the allies entered Kertch the following morning, the population made their submission, and offered bread and salt to the conquerors, in accordance with the Russian custom, and they were assured that they would be protected, and that their lives and property should be spared. The troops marched on to Yenikale, leaving behind them a few sailors and soldiers to guard Kertch, and to destroy the Government manufactories and a private establishment for making Minie balls and cartridges. In the afternoon of the day on which we occupied Yenikale, the crews of some merchant ships from Ambalaki landed, and began to break into three or four houses which had been closed and fastened up, and to pillage the contents. As they could not remove the heavy furniture, they smashed it to atoms. Towards evening Turkish stragglers from the camp, and others who had fallen out of the line of march, flocked into the town, and perpetrated the most atrocious crimes. To pillage and wanton devastation they added violation and murder. The Tartars who were in the town hailed the arrival of the Osmanli with delight, and received them as liberators, and as brethren to whom they were bound by the ties of religion, of language, and of hatred to the Russians. They led the few Turks from house to house, pointed out, as victims to their cupidity and lust, those who had made themselves obnoxious to their ignorance or fanaticism, and gratified their ancient grudges to the Russian tradespeople and merchants. The French patrols endeavoured to preserve order, and succeeded to some extent, but not till they had killed and wounded several Turks and Tartars. One miscreant was shot as he came down the street in triumph waving a sword wet with the blood of a poor child whom he had hacked to pieces. Others were slain in the very act of committing horrible outrages. Some were borne off wounded to the prison or the hospital, and at last respect for life was established by its destruction. There was not, to be sure, a general massacre. Even savages would have refrained from slaughtering the inhabitants of a town which had submitted, and thrown itself upon their mercy. It was with difficulty, however, that the French controlled the excesses of the Turks, and of some of their own countrymen. Some English merchant sailors next day aided in the work of pillage and destruction. On a remarkable conical hill at the back of the town are two buildings,

one of which is said to mark the resting-place of Mithridates—the other, of modern date, but incorporating some of the pillars of an ancient temple, which were found on the site, is built after the model of the Parthenon. It has been used, if not originally intended, as a museum, and was full of cinerary urns and of antique relics collected amid the ruins of the ancient Bosphor, of statuary, and of the contents of tumuli which were opened in the neighbourhood. A series of terraces and steps of fine dark granite leads from the market-place to the hill on which the temple stands. Let us ascend them, passing through the groups of Tartars and Russians, who rise as we approach, and bow obsequiously with uncovered heads. On coming close to the building, it is observed that the doors have been forced open, and that some of the ancient Greek marbles and tablets which stood against the walls outside have been overturned. On the white panel of the door some indignant Frenchman or Russian has written in pencil the following admonition, which was only too much needed, whoever were the perpetrators of the ruin within:—

"En entrant dans cette temple, où reposent les (souvenirs?) d'un siècle passé, j'ai reconnu les traces d'une invasion des Vandales. Helas! Français ou Anglais, faites la guerre à la (posterité?), mais ne la faites pas à l'histoire. Si vous avez la prétention d'être nations civilisées, ne faites pas la guerre des barbares!"

It is impossible to convey an idea of the scene within this place. The museum, or whatever it was, consisted of a single large room, with glass cases along the walls and niches for statuary, and rows of stands parallel to them, which once held the smaller antiquities. At the end opposite the door, a large ledge, about thirty feet from the ground, ran from side to side, and supported a great number of cinerary urns, most probably dug out of the tumuli which abound in the neighbourhood. It was reached by a winding staircase through one of the pillars at the end of the room. One might well wonder how the fury of a few men could effect such a prodigious amount of ruin in so short a time. The floor of the museum is covered for several inches in depth with the *débris* of broken glass, of vases, urns, statuary, the precious dust of their contents, and charred bits of wood and bone, mingled with the fresh splinters of the shelves, desks, and cases in which they had been preserved. Not a single bit of anything that could be broken or burnt any smaller had been exempt from reduction by hammer or fire. The cases and shelves had been torn from the walls; the glass was smashed to atoms, the statues pounded to pieces: it was not possible to do more than guess at what they had once contained. On ascending to the ledge on which the cinerary urns had been placed, the ruin was nearly as complete. A large dog lay crouching in fear among the remnants of the vases, and howled dismally at the footsteps of a stranger. The burnt bones which the vases contained were scattered about, mixed with dust and ashes, on the floor, and there was scarcely an urn or earthen vessel of any kind unbroken. Here and there a slice of marble, on which were traced one or two Greek letters, could be discovered, and the slabs

and pieces of statuary outside the building were generally too large and too massive to admit of their being readily broken; but, on the whole, the work of destruction was complete, and its only parallel could be found within some of the finest houses in the town, such as that of the Governor, where the ruin was equally indiscriminate and universal. One sentry placed at the door would have prevented all this discreditable outrage, which will, no doubt, be attributed by the enemy to our Generals and our troops. For all I know, the Tartars may have joined in the destruction of the museum, or the Turks may have been its sole authors; but the blame will, no doubt, be attached to the civilized states whose officers and soldiers took the most active part in the operations against the enemy. The Governor's house, a large and fine building in the French style, on the Quay, has suffered severely, and not a single article of furniture remains intact. The floors of the saloons are covered with fine fragments of costly mirrors. The locks, of solid brass, the hinges, and the window fastenings of the same material, are broken off or destroyed—not a single window is left entire in the whole mansion. Legs of sofas, chairs, tables, bits of bureaux, of library shelves, cushions of ottomans and fauteuils ripped up, and the gilt leather and damask coverings torn into shreds, lie in litter, mixed with the flocks and feathers of beds and pillows, over the house; and state papers, documents connected with the government of the province, passports, &c., are scattered about for an inch deep in some parts of the building. Empty bottles in all the rooms show that the rioters discovered the wine cellar early enough; and the discovery, no doubt, contributed to their fury and destructiveness. The kitchens, full of household utensils, the pantries, servants' rooms, and offices had shared the same fate as the rest of the establishment; picture frames, from which the canvas or paper had been removed, also were found in all directions, and afforded additional proofs of the comfort and luxury of the proprietors, if any were needed, after an inspection of the handsome fittings and conveniences of the mansion. The windows were all doubled, one inside the other—an evidence of the severity of the winter,—and a well-furnished ice-cellar bore testimony to the heat of the summer. The panes were of large size and of great thickness, and were creditable to the Russian manufacturers, if they were made in the empire. Much of the furniture was, however, varnished and polished up to cover its original coarseness and imperfect workmanship. The greatest expense was lavished on the first floor, which was evidently the *beau quartier* of the house. The floor below seemed to be used as offices, and that above was divided into small bedrooms, &c. Above all were large lofts, between the ceiling and roof, inhabited once by numerous pigeons and rabbits, which had all been killed or driven away. Some of the papers I picked up were rather curious. One was a "Lottery-ticket for the benefit of the wounded soldiers in the Crimea;" and it appeared by another paper, that a performance had been recently given at the Kertch theatre for the same object. Another was an order for the chief priest, directing him

to swear to allegiance to the new Emperor certain government officials; another was a letter to Prince Galitzin from Prince Gagarin, informing him that he had obtained leave of absence for him from the Emperor, but that he was to meet his Majesty at Moscow; another was a kind of *procès-verbal* relating to an indemnity of a few roubles granted to the "Imperial serf Schekvarin." Wherever the plunderers went, they tore up and threw all documents and papers about; and the archives of Kertch will be in a very unsatisfactory condition to the Russian authorities for some time to come. The amount of curious documents and papers in the house of the Chief of the Staff was astonishing, and the order and method with which they had been arranged, and the neatness with which they were kept, showed the exactness and carefulness of the Russian government. The registry of vessels entering or passing by Kertch was exceedingly minute and copious, and the notes against some of the names was a proof of the surveillance exercised, in peace as in war, by Russia on all her neighbours. What a pity that these documents should be destroyed! Many a strange dark secret may lie buried with them for ever!

The dockyard magazines at Kertch contained quantities of military and naval stores—boiler plates, lathes, engineers' tools, paint, canvas, hemp and chain cables, bales of great-coats, uniform jackets, trowsers and caps, knapsacks, belts, bayonets, swords, scabbards, anchors, copper nails and bolts, implements of foundry, brass, rudder-pintles, lead, &c. The French have been busy for the last few days in taking the clothing, &c., out of the storehouses and destroying it. The valuable stores have been divided between the allies, according to their good fortune and energy in appropriation. Numbers of old boats, of large rudders, covered with copper and hung on brass, of small guns, of shot, shell, grape, and canister, were lying in the dockyard. An infernal machine of curious construction attracted a great deal of attention. Like most devices of the kind, it had failed to be of the slightest service. Outside the walls of the dockyard, which is now filled with oxen and horses, is another long range of public buildings and storehouses, which have been nearly all gutted and destroyed. Soldiers' caps, belts, coats, trowsers, cartouch-boxes, knapsacks, and canteens, are strewn all over the quay in front of them. In a word, Kertch has ceased to be a military or a naval station, and the possession which Russia so eagerly coveted a few years ago is now of no more use to her than the snows of the Tchatir Dagh.

It will be remembered that our troops marched through Kertch on Friday, the 25th of May, and occupied Yenikale early on the same day. The same attempts to destroy the property of the people of Yenikale which were so successful at Kertch were made by the troops, but they were repressed by the Generals, and Sir George Brown took some steps to prevent the dilapidation of houses by the French, under the pretence that they required fuel. Nevertheless, nearly every house in the town was broken into and plundered, and the furniture was smashed to pieces. Several buildings were set on fire, and were with difficulty extinguished, and at

one time the greater part of the houses were threatened with destruction, as the wind blew the flames in the direction of the principal street.

It is very unpleasant to have to darken the picture of our successes with a dash of the same gloomy old colour which rose out of the Balaklava mud, but justice must be done, and truth must be told. A Deputy-Commissary-General and an efficient staff were sent at the usual short notice, and with the ordinary scant directions given to the department, after the expedition. They arrived at Ambalaki before the troops landed, and the officer in charge was directed by the authorities to wait there till he received further instructions. On Friday morning the light vessels of the fleet went up to Yenikale, and ere noon our columns were approaching the place, but no orders were sent to the commissariat officer to proceed. At last his patience was exhausted, and Mr. Drake, with commendable energy, resolved to take on himself the responsibility of ordering the ship up to Yenikale, and he arrived there in time to send rum ashore to the fatigued and worn-out men that very evening. Suppose he had obeyed his orders, and waited at Ambalaki till next day or the day after, leaving the men not only without rum, but without meat and biscuit, could he be blamed? And yet, if the ship had run aground in the difficult channel to Yenikale, wherein she was frequently with only two or three inches of water between her keel and the bottom, no doubt the responsibility would have fallen on the shoulders of Mr. Drake, while no credit will be given to him for his decision and resolution. The march from Ambalaki to Yenikale was most distressing. The heat of the day was overpowering, and water was scanty and bad. Of 864 Marines who landed from the fleet, four-fifths fell out on the march, the men of that gallant corps not being accustomed to such exertions, and I am informed that not more than 100 of them arrived with the regimental staff at Yenikale. The Highlanders fell out in great numbers also, and the tailing off was extraordinary. When the men did arrive, it was found that the tents had not arrived, and the soldiers were exposed to the blaze of the sun, aggravated by scarcity of water and by salt meat. The officers' baggage was left behind at Ambalaki, and many of them had to lie in their clothes on the ground in a season when night dews are heavy and dangerous. The men had their blankets; the officers had nothing.

On Friday night the work of destroying Russian stores began, and the French hurled over several guns into the sea, tore up the platforms, and exploded the shells found in the magazines. The corn which the enemy intended to destroy by pouring lime-water over it is still fit for use. Parties of boats have been sent in all directions to secure and burn prizes, and to fire the Russian storehouses and huts on the sandbanks, and by day the sky is streaked with lines of smoke, and by night the air is illuminated by the blaze of forts, houses, magazines, and vessels aground on all the flats for miles around us.

As there was nothing doing at Yenikale, I availed myself of the

opportunity of the "Hope" being sent down to Kertch to pay it a visit to-day. It is only a run of some three or four miles by sea, but the channel is very difficult. As we approached the town, which I have endeavoured to describe above, long columns of gray smoke were visible rising from the corn stores, and working parties could be made out on shore engaged in removing various articles which could be turned to the account of the allies.

The Austrian flag floated before one house, probably that of the Imperial Consul; but the more significant standards of France and England were waving at either end of the quay, and fluttered from numerous boats glancing over the water. The quays were guarded by a few sailors with drawn cutlasses stationed here and there, and with difficulty holding their own against refractory merchantmen. In every direction, wherever the eye turned, up or down the streets, men could be seen hurrying away with bundles under their arms, with furniture on their backs, or staggering under the influence of drink and bedding down to the line of boats which were lying at the sea-wall, laden to the thwarts with plunder. This kind of work is called by sailors "looting," from our Indian reminiscences. The fate of nearly every house of good condition was soon apparent. The windows were broken, the doors smashed open, and men went in and out like bees in a hive. All the smaller and more valuable articles had been removed, either by the Turks or by the Tartars, but big armchairs, pictures of the saints with metallic glories round their heads, large feather beds, card-tables, and books in unknown tongues and type, seemed to possess a strange infatuation for Jack, and to move him as irresistibly as horseflesh. There were plenty of Tartars in the streets, dressed in black sheepskin cap or white turban, with handsome jackets and wide breeches of dark silk or fine stuff, and gaudy sashes round their waists. These fellows are of the true Calmuck type—with bullet-head, forehead villanously low, dark piggish, roguish, twinkling eyes, obtuse, obstinate noses, straight lips, and globular chin. Unlike most people, they improve in looks as they grow old, for their beards, which only attain amplitude in age, then give a grisly dignity and patriarchal air to their faces. Groups of men, in long lank frock-coats, long waistcoats, trousers tucked into their boots or falling down over slipshod feet, sat on the door-steps, in aspect and attire the very image of a congregation of seedy Puseyites, if such a thing could be imagined. Most of these men wore caps instead of hats, their clothing was of sober snuffy hues, to match their faces, which were sombre and dirty and sallow. Their looks were dejected and miserable, and as an Englishman or a Frenchman came *near*, they made haste to rise and to salute his mightiness with uncovered head and obsequious noddings and gesticulations. These were the remnants of the Russian population, but there were among them Jews, who might have stepped on any stage amid rounds of applause, in garb and face and aspect so truly Shylock-like were they, cringing, wily, and spiteful, as though they had just been kicked across the Rialto; and there was also a sprinkling of

Armenians and Greeks; they were all lean and unhappy alike, and very sorry specimens of Muscovite *bourgeoisie*. Tartar women, scantily covered, were washing clothes in the sea, like tamed Hecates—withered, angular, squalid, and ugly in face and form. The Russian fair, not much more tastily clad, might be seen flitting about with an air of awkward coquetry, mingled with apprehension and dislike of the intruders, their heads covered with shawls, and their bodies with bright Manchester patterns. The boys, like boys all over the world, were merry and mischievous. They hung out of the rigging of the vessels near, pelted the street dogs, "chivied" the cats and pigeons, and rioted in the gutted houses and amid the open storehouses in the highest possible spirits, or fed ravenously on dried fish and "goodies" of various kinds, which they picked up in old drawers and boxes in the houses torn open by the "looters." The houses were well supplied with poultry, nor were pigs, rabbits, cats, dogs, and other domestic animals deficient. Each mansion was complete in itself; they were like those in the older streets of Boulogne, and the interiors were furnished somewhat in the same fashion—plenty of mirrors, and hard, inflexible, highly-varnished, unsubstantial furniture, no carpets, lots of windows (doubled, by the bye, to keep out the cold) and doors, and long corridors; the windows and doors were, however, handsomely mounted with brass work, and locks, bolts, and hinges, of great solidity, of the same metal, were exclusively used in the better rooms. The Russian stove, as a matter of course, was found in each apartment. Spacious vaults underneath the houses were often used as storehouses for corn, and the piles of empty and broken bottles marked the locality of the wine-cellar. Ice-houses were attached to many residences, and their contents were very welcome to the ships.

The market-place is a large piece of ground of an oval shape, surrounded by a piazza and shops and magazines of an inferior class. Most of them were shut, and fastened up, but butchers displayed some good English-looking beef, and the sounds of English revelry were very distinct from the interior of a wine-shop at the end of an arcade, where some sailors were drinking Russian champagne, at 3*s*. a bottle, and smoking cheap and nasty cigars of native manufacture. Amid the distracting alphabetical mysteries of Cyrillus, which are stuck up on most of these doors, where all one's knowledge of other languages leads him hopelessly astray, and where P is R an H is N, there is sometimes an intelligible announcement that Mdlle. So-and-So is a *modiste* from Paris, or that M. Brugger is a bootmaker "of the first force" from Vienna. The greater number of the houses in the streets are entered through a large courtyard, surrounded by the offices and out-buildings, to which admittance is gained by a *porte-cochère*. There are, or were, baths, libraries, schools, literary associations, and academies in Kertch of pretensions beyond its size.

All the military and civil archives of Kertch since 1824 were discovered in a boat towed by the steamer which the "Snake" had chased, huddled up with the valuables of the Governor of Kertch.

In general our army has found but little plunder—they have been reined tightly in; while the French and the merchant sailors have had the benefit of the pillage; but the 79th Regiment have, it is said, been a little fortunate in finding at the advanced post to which they were sent, near the Quarantine Station, a considerable amount of plate in one of the houses.

The hospital is a large, well-built, clean, and excellently ventilated building. It is situate at the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by iron railings, inside which there is a plantation, which furnishes a pleasant shade from the noontide sun to the convalescents. As we entered, some women, who were standing at the gate, retreated, and an old man, with a good clear eye, and an honest soldierly air, came forward to meet us with the word "Hospital," which he had learned as a kind of safeguard and protection against intrusion. He led the way into a dark corridor on the ground floor, on the walls of which the regulations of the establishment (in Russian) were suspended. The wards opened on each side of this corridor. The old man invited us to enter the first: it was spacious and airy, but the hospital smell of wounded men was there. Five wounded Russians and one drunken Englishman were the occupants of the chamber. Two of the Russians had been blown up when the magazines exploded. Their hands and heads were covered with linen bandages, through which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth. What could be seen of these poor wretches gave a horrible impression of their injuries and of the pain which they were enduring, but they gave no outward indication of their sufferings. Their scorched eyes rolled heavily upon the visitors with a kind of listless curiosity. The other men had been shot in various parts of the body, and in one or two I recognised the old Inkermann type of face and expression. The beds and bedclothes were clean and good, and at the head of each bed black tablets of wood were fixed to receive the record of the patient's name, his disease, &c.

On reaching to the street we found the people returning to the town—that is, the Tartars were flocking back from the villages where they had been hiding, and women and children, with bundles of property, much of which they had probably stolen from the Russian houses.

As every wrecked house bears a strong family likeness to its fellow, we did not visit any more of them, but wandered through the streets, which were almost deserted by the inhabitants during the heat of the day. Towards evening a number of wounded Russians—forty-seven, I believe—were brought down from Yenikale, whither they had been taken by the gunboats from various places along the coast, and were landed on the quay. They were subsequently sent to the hospital. The Tartar arabas and droschkies were pressed into the service. As each wounded man passed, the women crowded round to look at him out of the houses; but there was more of curiosity than compassion in their looks, and they took care to inform us they were Jews, and had no sympathy with the Muscovite. Once they stared with wonder at the taste

and inborn politeness of a French soldier, who joined the group as a Russian was borne by on a litter. The man's eyes were open, and as he went past he caught sight of the Frenchman and smiled feebly, why or wherefore it is impossible for me to say, but the Frenchman at once removed his cap, made a bow to the "brave," and stood with uncovered head till the latter had been carried some yards beyond him. In the evening all the inhabitants remaining in the town flock out of their houses and converse at the corners of the streets, or at favourite gossip-posts. They are an unhealthy and by no means well-favoured race, be they Tartars, Greeks, Jews, or Muscovites. It must be remembered, however, that all the people of rank have fled. Some of the tradespeople, with greater confidence in our integrity than could have been expected, kept their shops open. In a well-fitted *apteka* or apothecary's shop, we got a seidlitzy imitation of sodawater, prepared from a box, marked in English "Improved Sodaic Powders, for Making Sodawater;" and some of our party fitted themselves at a bootmaker's with very excellent Wellingtons, for which they paid at their discretion, and according to a conqueror's tariff, 15*s*. a pair; the proprietor seemed rather apprehensive that he was not going to receive anything at all. Indeed, it would have been well if the inhabitants had remained to guard their houses, instead of flying from them and leaving them shut up and locked, the very thing to provoke the plunderer.

MONDAY EVENING, FIVE, P.M.

We have just heard that a vessel came down from the fleet of gunboats in the Sea of Azoff to the entrance of the Straits, and telegraphed to the "Sphynx" at Yenikale, which repeated to the Admiral as follows:—

"The Russian war-steamers have been destroyed by the enemy (*i.e.* the Russians).

"Arabat is now under bombardment. A large magazine has been exploded.

"Upwards of 100 vessels, laden with grain, &c., have been sunk, burnt, or destroyed by the allies."

The intrenchments of Yenikale have been all laid out, and the men work at them daily till the heat of the sun becomes too great. The Tartars are freely exhibiting their ill-will to their masters, and in some instances the Russians have had to throw themselves on our mercy and protection against the savage acts of the Krims. There are at present in the Lighthouse of Yenikale the wives and families of a Lieutenant of Russian Marine and of two Sub-Lieutenants, and, although permission has been given them to retire into the interior, they are afraid of doing so on account of the Tartars. They had a narrow escape of a visit from some ruffianly Turks, but an English staff officer happened to be near the place at the time, and sent off a dragoon to the town, and the Osmanli were deprived of their expected revenge. The troops are now all encamped comfortably under canvas, but I regret to say that cholera has appeared among them.

May 29.

Another day spent at Kertch only tends to confirm the impression that it will be a mere shell before we have done with it. To-day the allies blew up and destroyed the iron foundry of the Russian Government, which was a large establishment outside the town, and the blackened walls are all that remain of the larger storehouses and grain magazines. More prizes have come down to Yenikale.

May 30.

There was no news from the flying squadron in the Sea of Azoff to-day, although it was expected anxiously that the fall of Arabat would be communicated before nightfall. No one has a doubt as to the fate of the fortress, but it is unpleasant to be in a state of suspense even with regard to the extent of our victories. The enemy has made no sign, nor can any information be gathered with respect to his force or movements, but it is evident that the country around us is tolerably free from them, as the supplies of cattle and provisions are abundant, and the Tartars drive in oxen and sheep from the neighbouring villages daily. To-day the allies were busied in disposing of the enemy's shot and shell, by carrying them out to sea, and tilting them over in a sufficient depth of water. They are also occupied in repairing the old lines of defence on the land side of the fortress, in reconstructing the ruined parapets and intrenchments of the place, in deepening the fosses and digging out the ditches, and in clearing away the wreck caused by the explosion of the magazines when the Russians blew them up. The place will thus be rendered extremely strong. The allies have captured no less than 107 guns at Ambalaki, Kertch, and Yenikale, and in the forts on the sand-banks. A considerable number of these guns have been already sent on board ship. By a singular chance, several guns which had been taken from the Turks at Sinope, on the 30th of November, were found at Kertch and Yenikale, and these guns have been given up to the Turks as the fruits of victory and recapture. The sea-face of the walled town will be destroyed, and the stores of the enemy will be rendered unserviceable. It will take them years ere they can restore the defences of the Straits of Kertch. It rained to-day, and there was a little wind from the south, which sent the waters up the straits into the Sea of Azoff.

May 31.

Paid another visit to Kertch. Preparations are being made for the expedition to start as soon as the works at Yenikale are completed.

June 1.

This morning at 3 o'clock the launches and armed boats of the fleet were sent up to the Sea of Azoff. The force is a strong one, for the boats are all furnished with 24lb. howitzers. The fortifications of Yenikale progress rapidly.

June 3.

It has been telegraphed from the Black Sea that Soudjak and the adjacent forts have been all evacuated, and the magazines blown

up by the Russians. The "Spitfire" has returned from Anapa, and reports that half the garrison of Soudjak marched to Anapa, and the rest, accompanied by the inhabitants of the settlements around the forts, crossed the Kuban in a large caravan, and proceeded to the north-east.

June 4.

The news from Captain Lyons' squadron in the Sea of Azoff is of the most cheering character. Our success has indeed been signal. Within four days after the squadron passed the Straits of Kertch they had destroyed 245 Russian vessels employed in carrying provisions to the Russian army in the Crimea, many of them of large size, and fully equipped and laden. Some of these ships were built in Finland for this specific purpose. Immense magazines of corn, flour, and breadstuffs were destroyed at Berdiansk and Chenitschesk (Genitchi?), comprising altogether more than 7,000,000 (seven million) rations. Arabat was bombarded, and the powder magazine blown up, but, as there were no troops on board the vessels, and as the Russians were in force, it seemed more desirable to Captain Lyons to urge on the pursuit of the enemy's vessels than to stay before a place which must very soon fall into our hands. At Berdiansk the enemy were forced to run on shore and burn four war steamers, under the command of Rear-Admiral Wolff, carrying six 68 pounders and 32 pounders each. At Kertch the enemy destroyed upwards of 4,000,000lbs. of corn and 500,000lbs. of flour.

June 5.

We are making every preparation for the expedition to Anapa, which will be ready to sail on Friday.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Russian mode of defence—Destruction of Anapa—The mission of the expedition accomplished—Orders for re-embarkation—Singular sand banks in the Sea of Azoff—Battery on the point of Tchechka—Head-quarters of misery and ague—The English vessels leave Yenikale—Continued pillage of Kertch—Prince Woronzoff's palace spared—The French fleet return to Kamiesch.

OFF YENIKALE, *June* 11.

HAD I been aware that this expedition would have been so barren in everything but considerable strategical and great political results, I certainly would have hesitated before I abandoned the camp before Sebastopol. The mode of defence adopted by the Russians has left one nothing to write about. Corn ricks blazing, batteries and forts blown up, and stores and magazines gutted and burnt, offer but little variety of detail. We have inflicted great ruin on the enemy, but they have emulated our best efforts in destroying their own settlements. Our haste to attack has not exceeded their precipitation to retreat.

The intelligence of the destruction of Anapa has had rather a perplexing effect on the authorities, who do not seem well prepared for the enemy anticipating their intentions, and for such eccentric operations of war as those of the Russians, who delight to do the work of hostile fleets and armies, and to burn and blow up their own forts and settlements. However, the embarkation of the troops goes on as usual. The Turks have been reinforced by 2000 men, who were landed yesterday. The French force is all embarked, except about 2500 men. The news of the destruction of Anapa was brought by Mr. Hughes, who sailed over in an open boat from the coast near Anapa to the Admiral, who lay off Ambalaki.

Two o'clock, P.M.

The whole expedition will return to Balaklava forthwith, with the exception of the 71st Regiment, which has been ordered to disembark again from the "Valorous" and "Sidon."

KERTCH, *June* 13.

The mission of the fleet and army having been accomplished, the force is on its way homewards. Sir George Brown and his staff are embarked. The Admirals are at Ambalaki. The troops are on board, with the exception of those who are ordered to remain in garrison at Yenikale and Pavlovskaya, and we leave the roadsteads this afternoon for Balaklava and Kamiesch. The streaks of smoke which rise from Kertch, from the Quarantine station, and from the very face of the waters, where the worthless prizes lie burning on the sandbanks, speak for our success. It has been decided to occupy Pavlovskaya, because it is in a fine position to command the entrance to Kertch and Yenikale, at a place where the channel is narrowed by one of the sandbanks from Taman to the breadth of a mile and a half. The lines which have been thrown up around Yenikale are extremely strong; they are of the most massive and durable character, and reflect great credit on the engineers who designed and superintended their construction. They enclose the ramparts of the old town, and present on every side towards the land a broad ditch, a steep parapet, defended by redoubts, and broken into batteries, which are aided by the fire of the pieces on the walls. In fact, the place is lost to Russia so long as we like to keep it.

The point or bank of Tchechka, opposite Yenikale, is one of the many extraordinary spits of land which abound in this part of the world, and which are, as far as I know, without example in any other country. Of all these, the Spit of Arabat, which is a bank but a few feet above the water, and is in some places only a furlong in breadth, is the most remarkable. It is nearly 70 miles in length, and its average width is less than half-a-mile from sea to sea. The bank of Tchechka (or Szavernaia Rosa), which runs for nearly eight miles in a south-westerly direction from Cape Kammenoi past Yenikale, closes up the Bay of Kertch on the west, and the Gulf of Taman on the east, is a type of these formations, and is sufficiently interesting to deserve a visit. It only differs

from Arabat in size, and in the absence of the fresh water wells, which are to be found at long intervals on the great road from Arabat to Genitchi. It is so low, that it is barely six feet above the level of the sea into which it runs. A bank of sand on both sides of the spit, piled up three or four feet in height, marks the boundary of the beach. The latter, which is a bank of shingle, shells, and fine sand, is only a few yards broad, and is terminated by the sand and rank grass and rushes of the spit, which rise up a foot or two above the beach. In the interior or on the body of the bank there are numerous lagunes—narrow strips of water much more salt than that of the adjacent sea. Some of these are only a few yards in length and a few feet in breadth, others extend for a quarter of a mile, and are about 100 yards broad. They are all bounded alike by thick high grass and rushes. The bottom, which is found at the depth of a few feet—often at two or three inches—consists of hard sand covered with slimy green vegetable matter. The water abounds in small flounders and dabs, and in shrimps, which leap about in wild commotion at an approaching footstep. Every lagune is covered with mallards and ducks, in pairs, and the fringes of the spit are the resort of pelicans and cormorants innumerable. The silence, the dreary solitude of the scene, is beyond description. Even the birds, mute as they are at this season, appear to be preternaturally quiet and voiceless. Multitudes of odd, crustaceous-looking polypous plants spring up through the reeds; and bright-coloured flycatchers, with orange breasts and black wings, poise over their nests below them. The first day I went over we landed on the beach close to the battery which the Russians placed on the spit at the Ferry station. It consisted of a quadrangular work of sandbags, constructed in a very durable manner, and evidently not long made. In the centre of the square there was a whitewashed house, which served as a barrack for the garrison. The walls only were left, and the smoke rose from the ashes of the roof and rafters inside the shell. Our men had fired it when they landed. A pool of brackish water was enclosed by the battery, which must have been the head-quarters of ague and misery. The sailors said the house swarmed with vermin, and had a horrible odour. Nothing was found in it but the universal black bread and some salt fish. The garrison, some 30 or 40 men probably, had employed themselves in a rude kind of agriculture, and farming or pasturage. Patches of ground were cleared here and there, and gave feeble indications that young potatoes were struggling for life beneath. Large ricks of reeds and coarse grass had been gathered round the battery, but were now reduced to ashes. At the distance of 100 yards from the battery there was another whitewashed house, or the shell of it, with similar signs of rural life about it, and an unhappy-looking cat trod gingerly among the hot embers, and mewed piteously in the course of her fruitless search for her old corner. The traces of herds of cattle, which were probably driven down from the mainland to feed on the grass round the salt marshes, were abundant. There is a track beaten into the sem-

blance of a road over the sand from the battery to Taman, and it was covered with proofs of the precipitate flight of the garrison. Pieces of uniform, bags containing pieces of the universal black bread, strings of onions, old rags, empty sacks and bottles, were found along the track, and some of our party came upon a large chest, which was full of government papers, stamps, custom-house and quarantine dockets, stamped paper for Imperial petitions and postage, books of tariff and customs in Russian, French, German, and English, and tables of port dues, which we took away to any amount. But the sun was intensely hot, and trudging through the heavy sand very painful. It seems impossible for men to have lived in this pestiferous place for any length of time, as it is a hotbed of fever and malaria, if medical science has the smallest verity in its indications. The heat of the sun, the vapours from the salt lakes, the mosquitoes, the vermin, and the odour, must have formed a terrible combination of misery in close barracks in the dog-days, and have rendered going out, staying in, lying down, and standing up, equally desperate and uncomfortable. The enemy relied considerably on the shallow water to save him from attack, but he was also prepared with heavy metal for gun-boats, such as they were in the old war, and he was no doubt astonished when the large shot from the Lancaster guns began to fall upon their works from the small hulls of our despatch gun-boats. The enemy fired badly, fought badly and retreated. One part of his defences completely failed him; the knowledge that he was surprised, and that the submarine batteries on which he relied were not in readiness, had a depressing effect on his courage. Rarely, if ever, were the agencies of electricity more extensively adapted to the purposes of war than at Yenikale. One of the gun-boats which lay off the fort—a mere hulk, without masts or cordage, of 150 tons burden, with embrasures through her sides on the deck for nine small guns—was found to be filled below with the most complete series of galvanic apparatus, attached to vessels full of powder, which would explode on contact with the keel of a vessel. The submarine machines with their strange cups and exploding apparatus have been recognised, I understand, by Mr. Deane, the diver, as portions of the instruments he employs in submarine operations. They were all regularly numbered, and, as there is a break in the series, there is reason for believing that some of them are actually sunk, but the wires connecting them with the battery on board the ship were cut the night we forced the Straits, and the vessel itself foundered subsequently. There were many miles of wire, and the number of cells indicated a very powerful battery.

To-day, the 13th, the only English vessels left at Yenikale are the "Sphynx" and the "Wrangler." The pillage of Kertch still goes on; the inhabitants have fled. Even the Tartars are in terror. For two or three days the beach was crowded by women and children, who sat out under the rays of the scorching sun to find safety in numbers. They were starving, and miserably clad, and in charity were taken on board the "Ripon," which will sail

this evening, to land them at some Russian port. They are about two hundred in number. Mothers have lost their children, and children are without their mothers. In the confusion which prevailed they were separated, and the "Caton" carried some off to the Sea of Azoff, and the "Ripon" will take others off to Odessa or Yalta. Our attempts to prevent outrage and destruction are of the feeblest and most contemptible character. If a sailor is found carrying any articles—books, or pictures, or furniture—they are taken from him at the beach and cast into the sea. The result is that the men, when they get loose in the town, where there is no control over them, break to pieces everything that they can lay their hands on. We do not interfere with French or Turks, and our measures against our own men are harsh, ridiculous, and impotent. The Austrian Consul was found to have a large store of corn, which he concealed in magazines painted and decorated to pass as part of his dwelling-house. It was all destroyed. Amid the necessary destruction, private plunderers found facility for their work. The scene presented by the town can only be likened to Palmyra or some other type of desolation. Along the quay there is a long line of walls, which once were the fronts of store-houses, magazines, mansions, and palaces. They are now empty shells, hollow and roofless, with fire burning luridly within them by night, and streaks and clouds of parti-coloured smoke arising from them by day. The white walls are barred with black bands where the fire has rushed out of the window-frames. These store-houses belonged to Russians, and were full of corn—these magazines were the enemy's—these mansions belonged to their nobles and governors—and these palaces were the residences of their princes and rulers; and so far we have carried on war with all the privileges of war, and have used all the consequences of conquest. In the whole lengthened front facing the sea, and the wide quay which borders it, there is not an edifice untouched but one. This is a fine mansion, with a grand semicircular front, ornamented with rich entablatures and a few Grecian pillars. The windows permit one to see massive mirrors and the framework of pictures and the glitter of brasswork. Inside the open door an old man in an armchair receives everybody. How deferential he is! how he bows! how graceful, deprecatory, and soothing the modulation of his trunk and arms! But these are nothing to his smile. His face seems a kind of laughing-clock, wound up to act for so many hours. When the machinery is feeble, towards evening, the laugh degenerates into a grin, but he has managed hitherto with nods, and cheeks wreathed in smiles, and a little bad German and French, which enable him to inform all comers that this house is specially under English and French protection, to save it from plunder and pillage. The house belongs, *on dit*, to Prince Woronzoff, and the guardian angel is an aged servitor of the Prince, who, being paralytic, was left behind; and has done good service in his armchair. Prince Woronzoff's house is said to be under the protection of the English and French. Is he protected because he is a Prince, or merely because he is supposed to be friendly to Englishmen, and

is known to be connected with some English families? Sir George Brown assuredly has no natural sympathy with pure aristocracy or with anything but pure democratic soldiery and military good fortune. It may be—nay, it is—right to save Prince Woronzoff's house, but would it not be equally proper to protect the stock in trade of some miserable Russian mechanic who remained in the town trusting to our clemency, and who was ruined by a few brutal sailors? Prince Woronzoff has many palaces. His friendly feelings towards England are at best known to but few, and are certainly of no weight with Frenchmen, because those sentiments, if they exist at all, date from a period antecedent to the true *entente cordiale*, and are suggestive of anything but good liking towards Frenchmen. However, the house is so far safe, and if we are sorry that the museum is sacked, we may be proud that the palace is spared. The marks of useless destruction and of wanton violence and outrage are too numerous and too distressing to let us rest long on the spectacle of this virgin palace.

The silence and desolation of places which a few days before were full of people were exceedingly painful and distressing. They were found in every street, almost in every house, except when the noise of gentlemen playing on pianos with their boot-heels or breaking up furniture was heard within the houses or the flames crackled within the walls. In some instances the people had hoisted the French or Sardinian flag to protect their houses. That poor device was soon detected and frustrated. It was astonishing to find that the humblest dwellings had not escaped. They must have been invaded for the mere purpose of outrage and from the love of mischief, for the most miserable of men could have but little hope of discovering within them booty worthy of his notice.

June 14.

The French fleet has returned to Kamiesch, with the exception of a few small vessels left at Yenikale and Kertch. The English fleet remains at Ambalaki. The "Arrow" (Lieutenant Joliffe) and the "Recruit" are on guard in Kertch-bay; the "Furious," "Sidon," "Gladiator," and "Valorous" were, up to last night, anchored at the entrance to the bay, and the "Sphinx" was stationed at Yenikale. As Ak-Bournou and Pavlovskaya are such commanding positions, it is intended to renew the intrenchments of the Russians, and to form new lines in addition to them. Half of the 71st Regiment, a battalion of French infantry, and 3000 Turks will be marched round from Yenikale to execute these works, and when they are completed they will be garrisoned by 2000 men. This position will to a great extent command Kertch, and will be perfectly secure so long as the sea is open. It will, in fact, form the left of the allied position—the centre being represented by the fleet, and the right by the works at Yenikale.

THE THIRD BOMBARDMENT.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Languor of the siege—Contumacious Croats—Victories of the expeditionary force—The batteries open fire—French attack on the Mamelon—Sanguinary conflict—English rush at the Quarries—Gallant attempt to get into the Round Tower—The allies triumphant.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 2.*

DURING the last few days there has been neither event nor casualty of serious import in the siege works. There are intervals in the day when you might suppose that "villanous saltpetre" had no more to do with a modern siege than an ancient one, and that all this demonstration of a state of conflict was merely an amicable suit upon an extensive scale. There are times at night when angry and sudden explosions spring up as if by some unaccountable impulse or conjuration, and continue with an impetuosity which seems as if it intended to finish the whole business in a moment. There are times when the red fusees turn and tumble the air like hot coals belched out of a volcano, and dance successive hornpipes upon nothing; then the chatter of small arms breaks upon the ear in distant imitation of the heavy artillery, like a little dog yelping in gratuitous rivalry of a big one. The fighting is done by jerks and starts, and the combatants, like Homer's heroes, stand at ease the best part of the time, and take it coolly, meaning deadly mischief all the while. The sharpest onset is generally on the side of our allies, about the Flagstaff or the Quarantine Battery, where they are still sedulously advancing their endless mileage of trench and parallel, and promising themselves a result before long. There has been an unusual languor on the side of the Russians, due, as one will have it, to pestilence raging in Sebastopol; as another speculates, to the desire of economizing ammunition; as a third proposes, on the authority of a live deserter, to the detachment of a large body of men to strengthen the outlying force on the other bank of the Tchernaya, and keep Bosquet in check. Shall we say that the warmth of the weather has dulled their energies, and a freer "*transpiration*" reduced the virus of hostility below its average level? We know, at any rate, that

* The regular order of the letters, according to their dates, has been slightly departed from, so that the narrative of the operations in the Sea of Azoff might appear in an unbroken form. During the absence of Mr. Russell with the expeditionary force, the letters from the camp before Sebastopol, describing the third bombardment and the capture of the Mamelon and the Quarries, were written by Mr. Stowe, who has since fallen a victim to the cholera.

there are frequent trans-shipments of the useless and incapable hands from the southern to the northern side, and, *per contra*, as frequent introductions of newer and better blood. We also know, for we can see it, that they are working away to strengthen and provision the fortress on the north side.

If the rumour of Miss Nightingale's serious illness has already reached England, it is due to what will have been a national anxiety to state the fact of her convalescence and departure for Scutari. She left Balaklava to-day (Saturday), Lord Ward placing his steam yacht at her disposal. By the same opportunity M. Soyer returned to Constantinople, after a preliminary sojourn of three weeks in the Crimea, during which he made himself acquainted with the various hopes and difficulties which lie in his path as a "regenerator" of the camp *cuisine*, and introduced to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief his ideas and experiments of simplification. He hopes to institute a system of cooking by companies, the company in the English regiment appearing the easiest aggregate which can be selected as the unit for a common plan of messing. He has further turned his attention to the as yet unsurmounted obstacles which attend the preparation of a wholesome farinaceous food, and has devised a form of bread analogous in some of its characters—*i.e.*, in its durability and portability—to biscuit, but in its real qualities as a staple of subsistence only differing from the bread of the baker in the mode of its preparation. A very general and very pleasant excitement has to-day pervaded the camp, on its becoming known that intelligence had arrived of unexpected successes in the Sea of Azoff, which have deducted 140 vessels from the transport of the Russians, and cut them out of an enormous supply of grain.

June 3.

Unhappily, as is wont to happen at unlucky moments, those contumacious Croats who get 3*s.* per diem, and have accumulated more money this spring than they ever caught themselves dreaming of, struck work yesterday, and to-day continue in that insubordination. *Ad interim*, while it is being duly considered how they shall be brought to reason with money jingling in their pockets, fatigue parties of the Guards are set to do their work for them gratis, and are working with good will enough, but to a dead loss of muscle, and in numbers insufficient for the pressure of the case.

June 4.

We did ourselves some mischief last night. Several carcasses, destined for the Russian store buildings, turned out too antiquated to be trusted, and persisted in knocking our own men over in preference; they fell short, and exploded in our advanced trenches. Rumour asserts that they are of fabulous and incredible date, going back to the beginning of the century; and, the cases being actually rotten from age, it may be presumed that they had no business to be here at all. Some men were killed and injured by their default, and Colonel Munday, of the 33rd, was one of the sufferers, but his wounds are said not to be dangerous.

Since nightfall there has been some heavy firing, both on the right and left, and a great deal of musketry on both sides.

June 5.

There were some slight losses in the trenches, it seems,—no great wonder, considering the proximity of the combatants. Some of the Russian muskets were loaded with slugs. Last night, too, as if to crown the tragedy of Captain Christie's sudden end, and close the lips of too hasty censors, Admiral Boxer expired in the harbour of cholera, after a short illness. He had been very much depressed by the death of a nephew bearing his name and attached to his person, which took place from the same cause three days previously on board ship, and had given only too painful tokens of those feelings which have been so often denied existence.

The following extract from a "General After Order," which came out last night, gives a summary of the operations effected by our expeditionary force:—

"Berdiansk has been destroyed, with four war steamers.

"Arabat, a fortress mounting thirty guns, after resisting an hour and a half, had its magazine blown up by the fire of our ships.

"Genitchi refused to capitulate, and was set fire to by shells. Ninety ships in its harbour were destroyed, with corn and stores to the amount of 100,000*l*.

"In these operations the loss to the enemy during four days has amounted to four war steamers, 246 merchant vessels, and corn and magazines to the amount of 150,000*l*. Upwards of 100 guns have been taken. It is estimated that four months' rations for 100,000 men of the Russian army have been destroyed.

"On the Circassian coast the enemy evacuated Soudjak Kaleh on the 28th of May, after destroying all the principal buildings and sixty guns and six mortars.

"The fort on the road between Soudjak Kaleh and Anapa is also evacuated."

June 6.

An end has been put once more to the long days of expectation and the wearisome indolence or sameness of our camp life. For the third time our fire has opened along the whole range of positions. At half-past two o'clock to-day 157 guns and mortars on our side, and above 300 on that of the French, awoke from silence to tumult.

The two armies—one should say the four armies, but that the Turks and Sardinians will hardly take a very prominent part in the trench work and assault—are now in strength equal to any achievement, and in spirits ever chiding the delay, and urging that one touch of the bayonet which makes all the world scamper. If the strategic necessity points to some more decisive action this time, so, on the other hand, the intention of going beyond a vain cannonade is tolerably plain, and I think with some stout defiance of the risks. Yesterday the late general order announcing the victories of the fleet was read before the brigades, and to-night Lord Raglan and General Pelissier have ridden through the camps amidst the hurrahs and acclamations of both their armies. There cannot be any doubt as to the zeal of those whom they command. Our fire was kept up for the first three hours with excessive

rapidity, the Russians answering by no means on an equal scale, though with considerable warmth. On our side the predominance of shells was very manifest, and distinguished the present cannonade in some degree even from the last. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before nightfall, especially in the Redan, which was under the especial attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians displayed, however, plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Light Division and on to the Picquet-house-hill. After dark the animosity on both sides gave signs of relaxing, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery. It was a sultry day, with the dull mist of extreme heat closing down upon the valleys, and with no air to rend away the curtain of smoke which swayed between the town and our batteries; and at night flashes of lightning in the north-east made a counter-illumination on the rear of our position.

June 7.

At four o'clock this morning a still and sluggish atmosphere, half mist, half the result of gunpowder, hung about the town, and, the sun enfilading, as it were, all the points of view from his low level in the horizon, telescopes were put out of joint for the moment. The Redan, however, which stands up boldly in front of the hills that slope from Cathcart's Mound, gave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasures gaping, and its fire being irregular and interrupted. Captain Peel came by, on his way up from the trenches, about five, very dusty and powdery. His reckless and dauntless seamen had been making beautiful practice, and had met with what must for them be considered a very moderate proportion of loss, having to record two deaths only and fourteen wounds during the fifteen hours, and, with one exception, the last were not very serious.

At nine a cool breeze, much stronger than usual, sprang up, and continued throughout the day, blowing the wreaths of smoke out of the batteries, and carrying off the solid little round nebulæ extemporized by bursting shells, which can only be compared in their expansion to the genie who, in the *Arabian Nights*, comes out of the iron pot sealed with Solomon's seal. The whole range of fire from right to left became visible in a bright sun, that for once was not a scorching one. On the extreme left, towards the Quarantine, there was very slight firing from the French. The perpetual hiss and crack of shells was still the chief point of contrast with the last bombardment in April. The enemy either could not or would not keep up a very vigorous reply. All the early part of the day we had the work very much to ourselves, but, since it has been very much the habit of the Russians to knock off work in the hotter part of the twenty-four hours, no very important disclosure was contained in this fact.

About eleven o'clock a shell from the Russians exploded a magazine in our eight-gun battery, and a yell of applause followed the report. Very slight harm happily resulted from the explosion

—one man was killed, one wounded, and a few scorched a little. As the day wore on, it leaked out that something of import was undoubtedly to take place before its close, and that the double attack would probably commence at five or six p.m. An immense concourse of officers and men were gathered all the afternoon round the flagstaff on Cathcart's Hill, and streamed along the spines of the three heights which wind towards Sebastopol from the English encampment. The fire on our side, which had continued since daybreak quietly and soberly, assumed a sudden fury about three o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity. The affair itself came off but little after the anticipated time. Between five and six Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill below the Limekiln, where it commands very plainly our four-gun battery, and looks straight into the teeth of the Redan. A flagstaff was erected with threatening ostentation shortly before he came down, and a little angle of rude wall was as hastily thrown up as a breastwork. The man with the signal-rockets was in attendance, but there was a pause yet for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to place himself on the next summit, still nearer to the enemy, "commonly called," to use a legal phrase, the Green-hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past six when the head of the French attacking column came into view from these two spots, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket was instantly thrown up as the signal of our diversion, and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honour made a rush at the quarries. After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and, turning round the gabions, commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict.

The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declining daylight did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dun barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfailingly—were seen running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishers up the slopes on to the body of the work, amid a plunging fire from the guns, which, owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as a rallying-point and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, here with the musket, there with the

bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest, and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure against them, than there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out, spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice they were forced back by the onsweeping flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open. The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the arena grew larger. It was apparent by the space over which the battle spread, that the Russians had been reinforced. When the higher ground again became the seat of action,—when there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream,—when rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. There was even a dispute for some time as to whether our allies were going in or out of the work, and the staff themselves were by no means clear as to what was going on. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and babble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A shapeless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon, was an extinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call it again into action. Then, at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it, they're all right," says another. And they were, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night, and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life.

As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green-hill made very pretty practice and pretty spectacle, by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the misshapen outline of

the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illumination on a windy night; the attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pushed, the Russians pouring in a most terrific discharge of musketry, which caused us no small loss, and as it came up the gorge, contending with the fresh wind, sounded in the distance like water gulped simultaneously from a thousand bottles. Meanwhile the fall of the Mamelon and the pursuit of the flying foe did not by any means bring the combat to an end on the side of our allies. The Zouaves, emboldened by their success, and enraged by their losses, carried their prowess a step too far, and dreamt of getting into the Round Tower by a *coup de main*. A new crop of battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots plashed and leaped all over the broad hill-side. The combatants were not enough for victory there too, but they were enough for a sanguinary and prolonged contest, a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it. The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardour and rapidity. The fire of its musketry was like one shelf of flame, rolling backwards and forwards with a dancing movement, and, dwarfed as it was by the distance, and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to anything, small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid tune. Our gunners, observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and flung their shells into the Round Tower with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark now, and every one of them came out against the heavens as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's Battery and the Second Parallel they streamed and plunged one after another into the enceinte up to which the Zouaves had won their way unsupported, heralded every now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences, crumbled away before this tremendous fire, but, on the other hand, the attack not being fed, as it was not designed, began to languish, and died gradually away.

12 P.M.

It is now blowing great guns. There was a heavy thunderstorm to-day, visible over to the south-east; and to-night, as last night, there has been a rival display of heaven's artillery. The French are putting the new front of their position in a state of defence, and employing an immense number of hands There was but one embrasure left in a comfortable state in the Redan at the end of the evening, and the Quarries are too close under it for heavy guns to be brought to bear.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

The Allies keep possession of the Mamelon and the Quarries—Murderous sortie—Losses on the side of the Allies—Scenes on the battle-ground—Illustrations of character—Armistice to bury the dead—The Russians repair their works—Movements in the harbour of Sebastopol—The bombardment ceases.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 8.

DURING the night repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the Quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1000, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand-to-hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about three in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot was thrown in from the Strand Battery and every other spot within range. With a larger body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This is asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter express their opinion in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within it. Generally speaking, the Russian gunners were not very active through the night; indeed, there was little for them to do, and they are evidently shy of throwing away ammunition. On the other hand, their fatigue parties were as busy as bees, repairing and strengthening their shaken defences, and the sentinels outside our advanced works were near enough to hear the sound of their tools, and see the light of their tobacco-pipes. The French, on the other hand, were losing no time in the Mamelon, in which, by the by, they found only seven guns, five of them spiked. When morning dawned, with the wind blowing even stronger than yesterday, the position held by both parties was one of expectation. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two out of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Sapoune-hill. Their dead were seen lying mixed with Russians upon the broken ground outside the Malakoff Tower, and were being carried up to camp in no slack succession. In the rear of the Mamelon their efforts to intrench themselves were being occasionally interrupted by shells from the ships in the harbour and from a battery not hitherto known to exist further down the hill, while, on their left front, the Round Tower, showing still its formidable platforms of defence and its ragged embrasures above, fired upon their working parties in the western face, and upon their reserves in the background. The morning brought out on every side, along with the perception of

advantage gained, and a prey lying at our feet, all the haste and circumstance of the scene, with its painful admixture of death and suffering. On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double the number of officers, and a total of not less than 1500 men, probably more. It has been stated as high as 3700. The ammunition wagons, the ambulance carts, the French mules, with their panniers full freighted, thronged the ravine below our Light Division, which is the straight or rather the crooked road down to the attack on the right. Troops of wounded men came slowly up, some English, the greater portion French, begrimed with the soil of battle. On the left a party of Zouaves had stopped a while to rest their burden, it being the dead bodies of three of their officers. A little lower an English soldier was down on the grass, exhausted and well nigh unconscious from some sudden seizure. A party of French were gathered round him, supporting him on the bank, and offering water from their canteens, which he wildly motioned aside. On the right, lining a deep bay in the gorge, was dotted over half a mile of ground a French reserve, with their muskets piled, attending the signal to move forward. They were partially within view of the Malakoff, and the round shot and shell came plumping down into the hollow, producing every minute or so little commotions of the *sauve qui peut* order, replaced the next moment by the accustomed nonchalance, and the crack of stale charges, fired off by way of precaution. A lively and even pretty vivandiere came striding up the ascent, without a symptom of acknowledgment to the racing masses of iron, and smiling as if the honour of her corps had been properly maintained. At ten o'clock the little incidents of the halting war perceptible through the telescope from the crown of the hill below the Picquet-house were these:—At the head of the harbour the Russians were busily engaged burying their dead; outside the abattis of the Round Tower several corpses of Zouaves were to be distinguished; about the Mamelon the French troops were hard at work, some of them stripped for coolness to their drawers, and were seen creeping down the declivity on the side towards the Malakoff, and making themselves a deep shelter from its fire. Our people meanwhile on the right attack were calmly shelling the Malakoff in a cool matter-of-business sort of way, but the eternal gun on its right, which has been endowed with nine months of strange vitality, launched an indirect response into the Mamelon. From and after eleven o'clock the Russians, as usual, slackened fire, nor was there any duel of artillery on a great scale until after dark. Lord Raglan in the afternoon went round the hospitals, and in the afternoon many a procession crossed the plain bearing some officer's body to its resting-place. Our loss in officers killed has been great. The 88th have been the severest sufferers, having three officers killed, one missing and conjectured to be killed, and four wounded—all indeed who were engaged. The four senior officers of the 62nd were put *hors de combat*.

Midnight.

To-night the Second Division has received orders to hold itself in readiness as a reserve, in the event of the enemy making any signal demonstration, and about eight o'clock 100 Croats were sent for; probably to render assistance in carrying up wounded men. News has arrived to-night of further successes at sea, of the capture of Taganrog, Marioupol, and Gheisk, with great destruction of Russian shipping.

June 9.

The morning is again bright, clear, and cool—in fact, three days in an English June might well have been more oppressive. The French are getting well on with their batteries on the Mamelon, and have been able to throw a few shot at the enemy by way of notification.

12 o'Clock.

Among other illustrations of character which came out during the recent struggle, it may be told that one of our sailor artillerymen being desired to keep under cover, and not put his head out to tempt a rifle bullet, grumbled at the prohibition, saying to his comrades loud enough to be overheard, "I say, Jack, they won't let a fellow go and look where his own shot is: we ain't afraid, we ain't; that's what I call hard lines." It is due to Lance Corporal Quin, of the 47th, to make public the bravery which he last-night exhibited, and which has already brought him under the notice of General Pennefather. In one of the attacks made by the enemy on the Quarries after they were in our possession the Russians experienced some difficulty in bringing their men again to the scratch. At length one Russian officer succeeded in bringing on four men, which Corporal Quin perceiving he made a dash out of the work, and with the butt-end of his musket brained one, bayoneted a second, and the other two taking to their heels, he brought in the officer a prisoner, having administered to him a gentle prick by way of quickening his movements. After delivering him up he suggested to his comrades that there were plenty more to be had.

9th, evening.

My letter was scarcely despatched this morning when a white flag on the Round Tower and another on the left announced that the Russians had a petition to make. It was a grave one to make in the middle of a fierce bombardment with events hanging in the balance, and success, perhaps, depending upon the passing moments; but made it was, and granted. From one o'clock until six in the evening no shot was fired on either side, while the dead bodies which strewed the hill between the Mamelon and the Round Tower, or remained in front of the Quarries, were removed from the field of slaughter. Both of the French and of the Russians there were large numbers scattered over the ground of the chief conflict; among the former a large proportion were swarthy *indigenes* of Arab blood, or, as they are popularly termed by the French soldiers, Turcos, and to their contingent of the killed some were added from the very inside of the Malakoff, showing how

near the impromptu attack was delivering the place into our hands. Of the Russians there lay still upon the spot some 200 corpses, a sufficient testimony to the severity of their losses in the struggle. The third battery on the Sapoune-hill was abandoned last night, and its guns either withdrawn or tumbled down the hill.

Apart from the military question, and the further one as to where the true humanity lay, the interval afforded another opportunity, rapidly taken advantage of, of getting a nearer look at Sebastopol, and the Mamelon, as the most important of our late acquisitions, was the attractive spot, whither every one who had the time and chance hastened. The French working parties had broken ground on the ascent, and were connecting their lines, distant some 200 yards, with the fort by new parallels, and were also reversing the Russian trenches outside, facing towards our advanced works. The rugged, channelled, and shot-bruised outline of the fortress grew larger and more real as you wound up to it; but the interior, altogether unknown till that moment, excited a more vivid feeling, and alike outside and inside attested the fierceness of the struggle and the pluck of the assailants. The surface of the ground within was cut into holes and pits—here like an old stone quarry, there like a bit of Crimean vineyard; some of these were the effect of bursting shells with well-timed fuses, some the cunning apparatus of the hardy and prolonged defence. The corpses which cumbered the earth and were in process of removal gave out faint tokens of coming putrefaction, fragments of bodies and marks of carnage were interspersed with ruined gabions and broken firelocks; Russian guns, dismounted and dented with shotmarks, lay tumbled below their embrasures; fifty or so were concealed beneath the *débris*, and some quantity of hidden powder was also rooted out of the subterranean recesses which abounded in the rock. These nests, excavated in the inner faces of the intrenchments, were left warm by their previous occupants—food and implements of labour were found in them, and, among other things, a bit of fishing-net in course of construction. The nearer view alone revealed the stupendous character of the earthworks, and, if astonishment were not now a stale sentiment, the eyewitnesses would have been simply astonished at the amount of labour lavished on them.

In the early part of the day there had been a popular impulse to believe that an end of the affair would be made to-night by a combined assault on the Malakoff and the Redan. That both were within scope of capture was considered in camp as proved to demonstration. But the news of the suspension of arms dissipated the hope, and when the divisions got their orders for the night, it was no longer thought that aggression was likely, though defence might be. The enemy, with their wonted perseverance, had been making very comfortable use of their time, and when the firing recommenced, which it did instantly on the flags being lowered, a few minutes before six o'clock, it was plain that the Malakoff and Redan had both received a reinforcement of guns. Six and

eleven are the asserted, if not the ascertained numbers of remounted *bouches de feu*—exactness in such a calculation is not easy, for the Russians are laboriously artful in disguising the strength of their artillery, and frequently by moving guns from one embrasure to another make a single one play dummy for two or three; but I am tolerably near the mark. From six until nine o'clock the duel continued without special incidents; then there came a sudden splash of musketry, which lasted some few minutes, and died away as unexpectedly. Another trifling musketry diversion took place about three in the morning, to relieve the monotony of the great artillery, which kept up its savagery throughout the night—ten guns for one of the enemy's—but slacked a little towards morning. We had a great number of casualties during the night in our new position on the left, into which the Russians kept firing grape and canister from the batteries which protect the rear of the Redan. They also occupied the dismantled houses above the ravine, and leisurely took shots at our people from the windows. Not unnaturally, it is a subject of the bitterest anger and complaint among the soldiers that they have to stand still and be riddled, losing day by day a number which is swollen in a week to the dimensions of a battle-roll of killed and wounded.

June 10.

A breezy day, but with signs of returning heat, and an occasional drift of shower. The French, in immense numbers, are at work on the approaches to the Mamelon, in the hope of speedily getting up some heavy metal. The Round Tower and the Redan are just giving now and then sullen assertion of unexhausted purpose, but with so little vigour that the shells which drop and bluster about their ears, throwing up the dry dust in columns, look almost like a useless persecution. Five Russian vessels-of-war are in full sight out in harbour, having betaken themselves out of the way of inconvenient missiles from the Mamelon. The white banner of St. Andrew flies from their mizen, and floats also in honour of Sunday on Fort Constantine. The "Twelve Apostles" lies just ahead of the arsenal, with her broadside towards her new danger, but encounters another foe, for the "express train" is cutting up the water near her, and apparently flashing the spray right over her. At midday, the small steamer which does the chief traffic in harbour was observable in the Dockyard Creek getting up her steam, and surrounded by quite a flotilla of boats, which were most probably carrying wounded on board of her The arsenal building, or *soi-disant* hospital, which stands on the western side, showed all torn and riddled with shot, its windows reduced to shapeless apertures, and its roof ragged and pierced from end to end, the whole being evidently untenable. The steamer was presently full freighted, and moved off, towing the boats alongside, to return in the evening with provisions or munitions of war—a long string of men with carts and animals were toiling up the steep on the north side leading towards Inkermann. There might have been from 1500 to 2000 of them. Steady firing

has been going on all the afternoon, but with abated force in the evening.

12 *o'Clock*..

There is a very sharp skirmish going on, quite in the old fashion, between the French and Russians on the left, and a very pretty interchange of shells, which are in the air in showers. The enemy are throwing carcases to direct their gunners, and grenades. From our batteries there is but little firing, one of the Lancaster guns making the principal figure, and astounding the ear of night with its resolute whistle.

June 11.

To-day things are very quiet before the town, for the sufficient reason that our ammunition is not up in sufficient quantity. Most of our artillery transport is gone down to Kamiesch to fetch up shells for our allies. We had yesterday a little accident in that department, water interfering with the perquisites of fire. A lighter coming up to the Ordnance wharf at Balaklava canted over, and deposited her cargo of something like 1000 shells in deep water. But for the diving-bell on the spot they would have become a permanent puzzle to the fishes, who would have taken, no doubt, quarters in them according to precedence. By the aid of the divers they are coming up again, and, having been rescued from drowning, will end, it is thought, by being shot. One may almost say that the bombardment has ceased, and that "the state of siege" is restored once more. The losses sustained in the Mamelon are heavy, and yesterday reached 200. Our official returns will also make the 10th of June look a black day when they are published.

The cholera has been prevalent, especially in and near Balaklava, and there is a good deal of the moderate form of it in camp. Colonel La Marmora, the brother of the Sardinian General, has fallen a victim, and the Piedmontese army has suffered very generally.

ASSAULT ON THE MALAKOFF AND REDAN.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Advantages gained by the Allies—Silence of the batteries—Projected attack on the Malakoff and Redan—Preliminary cannonade—Assault led by the 34th Regiment—Confusion in crossing the trench—A deadly *mitraille*—Colonel Yea killed—The French enter the Malakoff, but are driven out—The 18th Royal Irish get possession of the Cemetery—Gallant exploit of Captain Esmond's little band.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 12.

WE have again for the moment relapsed into a state of comparative silence and repose, but it is not that kind of pause which

proceeds from exhaustion, and which leaves it uncertain when operations can be again renewed; it is only the time necessary to turn to the best advantage the ground obtained by the successes of last week.

Through the occupation and arming of the White Batteries, situated on the edge of the ridge of Mount Sapoune, the head of the harbour is more or less in our power. The Russians themselves seem to acknowledge this by taking outside the boom the vessels which hitherto had been lying in that direction, and would have been commanded from the works which the French are constructing on the site of the White Batteries of the Russians. But this is not all. These new works will likewise be able to act against the two strand batteries which the Russians have behind the Mamelon, and which, not being much commanded by any of our works, could hitherto do a good deal of harmwithout being exposed to much danger. The construction of French works on the Mamelon brings us to about 500 yards from the Malakoff works; it gives us a footing on the plateau on which these works lie; it furnishes us with the means of approaching the rear of them, and at the same time of operating successfully on the annoying batteries in the rear of the Mamelon, which, taken thus in a cross fire, cannot long resist. The Quarry is scarcely more than 200 yards from the Redan. The battery which it contains already will work successfully on the six-gun battery in the rear between the Redan and the Malakoff Tower works; and from the advanced posts our riflemen will be able to prevent a good number of the guns in in the Redan from working. Several of them seem already abandoned; at least, no shot is fired from them. Besides, in other embrasures the guns cannot be sufficiently depressed to do much harm in the Quarry.

But, for all this, the keeping of the Quarry was, especially in the beginning, not at all an easy thing; not so much, perhaps, from the attempts of the Russians to retake a point of such vital importance to them, but rather on account of the fire to which it was exposed from other Russian batteries besides the Redan. The Garden Battery on our flank, the 6-gun battery in the rear, and the Malakoff works could touch it on nearly all sides. Moreover, the work when it was taken being directed against us, offered very little protection against the riflemen of the Redan, until its face could be converted. Now that this is done the danger has considerably decreased, and the casualties have very much diminished.

The French in the Mamelon had to maintain themselves under a not less heavy fire than the English had in the Quarries. Some parts of the Malakoff works, the shipping, the strand batteries behind, and even some of the Inkermann batteries, can bear upon them, and they suffered considerable loss in the first days after their instalment there.

Yesterday General Lavarande and several other French officers who fell in the affair of the 7th, were buried.

June 13.

To-day a boat with a flag of truce came out of the harbour, its object, I hear, was to request the allied commanders not to fire on some of the vessels in the harbour, as they had been converted into hospitals. The impression is, that the Russians would not scruple at all to employ a little *ruse* to save their ships.

If possible, the fire on both sides was even slacker to-day than yesterday, principally in the forenoon; sometimes half an hour and more passed without a single shot from either side. But if there is slackness in the firing, there is activity enough in the works. Not only in regard to men, but likewise in regard to material, our loss during the last bombardment was very small indeed, especially in the right attack, which suffered much during the bombardment in April, only one gun has been dismounted; the left attack was not less fortunate.

June 14.

To-day the Turkish troops, who have been since the attack of the 7th in front, have been withdrawn, and, with the exception of some battalions which as before remain about Omar Pasha's head-quarters, all the rest have taken up their old position on the heights towards the Tchernaya.

There is nothing new in front: the fire is as slack as yesterday, and the activity in the works greater than ever. The Russians, as you may easily imagine, are by no means behind us in strengthening their position. Our late successes seem not to have discouraged them, and everything shows their determination not to give way except step by step, and to sell every advantage as dearly as possible.

This afternoon a large body of Russians, about 10,000 men, were observed from the Mamelon going into the Redan.

Most of the English and French troops have returned from Kertch. The Highland Brigade has taken up its old place on the heights, and the other regiments have gone up to the front. The Turks and some few English and French troops have alone remained there, besides a part of the steamers.

June 15.

No change has taken place; the same stillness prevailed during the whole day. Cathcart's Hill has lost again for the moment the attractions which it possessed, while the bombardment was going on, as one of the best points for observation. The order for the re-opening of the fire is every moment expected.

June 16, *Morning.*

The night passed silently, and the morning too, at least up to ten o'clock.

June 20.

In my former letter,* written hastily and under the depression of our ill success, I could not do more than give a very meagre sketch of the failure of the attack of the allies on the principal

* A previous letter, communicating the failure of the attack upon the Malakoff and Redan, was not received. The present letter, however, contains full particulars of the assault.

points of the Russian defences, and I am not now able to entirely amend my defects. The plan of attack originally proposed was that the allies were to open a cannonade for three hours on the Malakoff and Redan after dawn on the morning of the 18th; that the French were to assault the Malakoff, and that when they had gained possession of it we were to attack the Redan. As the latter work is commanded by the former, it would not be possible to carry or to hold it till the Malakoff was taken.

The fire which we opened on Sunday morning (the 17th) preliminary to the assault was marked by great energy, weight, and destructiveness. In the first relief the Quarry Battery, commanded by Major Strange, threw no less than 300 8-inch shells into the Redan, which is only 400 yards distant, and the place must have been nearly cleared by the incessant storm of iron splinters which flew through it. Throughout Sunday our artillery fired 12,000 rounds of the heaviest ordnance into the enemy's lines, and on the following day we fired 11,946 rounds of shot and shell. The Russian fire was weak and wild. Had the three hours' cannonade and bombardment which Lord Raglan decided on administering to the Russian batteries before we assaulted been delivered to them, it is very probable that we should have found but a small body of troops prepared to receive us at the parapets; and it must be esteemed a very unfortunate circumstance that his Lordship was induced to abandon his intention in deference to the wishes of General Pelissier. General Pelissier, in requesting the English General to change the original plan of attack and to forestall the hour which was at first agreed upon, is not stated to have assigned any specific reason for the alteration, but it is reported that he wished to anticipate the enemy, who were about, as he was informed, to make an assault on the Mamelon. He felt, too, that the masses of French whom he had prepared could not be concealed from the Russians for any length of time, and that they would soon be revealed by the noise which always attends the movements of large bodies of men.

As the 34th Regiment advanced, the supports, by some means or another, got mixed together with them, and some confusion arose in consequence. On crossing the trench our men, instead of coming upon the open in a firm body, were broken into twos and threes. This arose from the want of a temporary step above the berm, which would have enabled the troops to cross the parapet with regularity; instead of which they had to scramble over it as well as they could; and, as the top of the trench is of unequal height and form, their line was quite broken. The moment they came out from the trench the enemy began to direct on their whole front a deliberate and well-aimed *mitraille*, which increased the want of order and unsteadiness caused by the mode of their advance. Poor Colonel Yea saw the consequences too clearly. Having in vain tried to obviate the evil caused by the broken formation and confusion of his men, who were falling fast around him, he exclaimed, "This will never do! Where's the bugler to call them back?" But, alas! at that critical moment no bugler

was to be found. The gallant old soldier, by voice and gesture, tried to form and compose his men, but the thunder of the enemy's guns close at hand and the gloom of early dawn frustrated his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops, endeavouring to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, a charge of the deadly missile passed, and the noble soldier fell dead in advance of his men, struck at once in head and stomach by grape shot. A gallant and fine young soldier, poor Hobson, the adjutant of the 7th, fell along with his chief, mortally wounded, and is since dead, after amputation of his right thigh. The signal for our assault was to be given by the discharge of two service rockets, which were to have been fired when the French got into the Malakoff, and the latter were to have hoisted a flag as a signal of their success.

It is certain that the French did for a short time establish themselves in the Malakoff, but they were soon expelled with loss, and I saw with my own eyes a large triangular blue and black flag waving from the Malakoff all during the fight. The moment the rockets were fired the Light Division rushed out of cover; in a quarter of an hour this infantry Balaklava was over, so far as any chance of success was concerned. The Second Division, seeing that the flank attacks had failed, wisely kept under cover, and suffered but a trifling loss. Had they foolishly advanced, we should have to deplore greater and more useless slaughter. The Fourth Division were guided down by their active Quartermaster-General, Colonel Wyndham, and took ground in the trench to the left, but it would seem as if they attacked a little too near the apex of the Redan. Poor Sir John Campbell seems to have displayed a courage amounting to rashness. He sent away Captain Hume and Captain Snodgrass, his aid-de-camp, just before he rushed out of the trench, as if averse to bring them into the danger he meditated, and fell in the act of cheering on his men. The losses of the Fourth Division were very great. The 57th, out of 400 men, had more than a third killed and wounded.

The brigade under Major-General Eyre, which was destined to occupy the Cemetery and to carry the Barrack Batteries, consisted of the 9th Regiment, 18th Regiment, 28th Regiment, 38th Regiment, and 44th Regiment. Four volunteers from each company were selected to form an advanced party, under Major Fielden, of the 44th Regiment, to feel the way and cover the advance. The 18th Royal Irish followed as the storming regiment. The brigade was turned out at twelve o'clock, and proceeded to march down the road on the left of the Greenhill battery to the Cemetery, and halted under cover while the necessary dispositions were being made for the attack. General Eyre, addressing the 18th, said, "I hope, my men, that this morning you will do something that will make every cabin in Ireland ring again!" The reply was a loud cheer, which instantly drew on the men a shower of grape. The skirmishers advanced just as the general attack began, and, with some French on their left, rushed at the Cemetery, which was very feebly defended. They got possession of the place after a slight

resistance, with small loss, and took some prisoners, but the moment the enemy retreated their batteries opened a heavy fire on the place from the left of the Redan and from the Barrack Battery. Four companies of the 18th at once rushed on out of the Cemetery towards the town, and actually succeeded in getting possession of the suburb. Captain Hayman was gallantly leading on his company when he was shot through the knee. Captain Esmonde followed, and the men, once established, prepared to defend the houses they occupied. As they drove the Russians out, they were pelted with large stones by the latter on their way up to the battery, which quite overhangs the suburb. The Russians could not depress their guns sufficiently to fire down on our men, but they directed a severe flanking fire on them from an angle of the Redan works. There was nothing for it but to keep up a vigorous fire from the houses, and to delude the enemy into the belief that the occupiers were more numerous than they were. Meantime the Russians did their utmost to blow down the houses with shell and shot, and fired grape incessantly, but the soldiers kept close, though they lost men occasionally, and they were most materially aided by the fire of the regiments in the Cemetery behind them, which was directed at the Russian embrasures; so that the enemy could not get out to fire down on the houses below. Some of the houses were comfortably furnished. One of them was as well fitted up as most English mansions, the rooms full of fine furniture, a piano in the drawing-room, and articles of luxury and taste not deficient. The troops entered the place about four o'clock in the morning, and could not leave it till nine o'clock in the evening. The Russians blew up many of the houses and set fire to others, and when our men retired the flames were spreading along the street. The 18th Regiment lost 250 men. The 9th Regiment succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the houses in two or three different places, and held their position as well as the 18th. A sergeant and a handful of men actually got possession of the little Wasp Battery, in which there were only twelve or fourteen Russian artillerymen. They fled at the approach of our men, but when the latter turned round they discovered they were quite unsupported; and the Russians, seeing that the poor fellows were left alone, came down on them and drove them out of the battery. An officer and half-a-dozen men of the same regiment got up close to a part of the Flagstaff Battery, and were advancing into it when they, too, saw that they were by themselves, and, as it was futile to attempt holding their ground, they retreated. About fifteen French soldiers on their left aided them, but as they were likewise unsupported they had to retire. Another officer with only twelve men took one of the Russian Rifle Pits, bayonetted those they found in it, and held possession of it throughout the day. Meantime, while these portions of the 5th and 18th, and parties of the 44th and 28th were in the houses, the detachments of the same regiments and of the 38th kept up a hot fire from the Cemetery on the Russians in the battery and on the sharpshooters, all the time being exposed to a tremendous shower

of bullets, grape, round shot, and shell. The loss of the brigade, under such circumstances, could not but be extremely severe. One part of it, separated from the other, was exposed to a destructive fire in houses, the upper portion of which crumbled into pieces or fell in under fire, and it was only by keeping in the lower story, which was vaulted and well built, that they were enabled to hold their own. The other parts of it, far advanced from our batteries, were almost unprotected, and were under a constant *mitraille* and bombardment from guns which our batteries had failed to touch. The 89th Regiment was in the trenches, and had a few men wounded. The total number of killed and wounded in the Brigade was, up to the last returns I could see, 107 killed, 552 wounded,—total, 659.

Some of the officers got away in the great storm which arose about eleven o'clock, and blew with great violence for several hours.

The detachments from the hard-working and little noticed Naval Brigade consisted of four parties of sixty men each, one for each column, but only two of them went out, the other two being kept in reserve; they were told off to carry scaling ladders and wool-bags, and to place them for our storming parties. It is not to be wondered at if they suffered severely. On that eventful day, fourteen men were killed, and forty-seven men were wounded. Two men were killed, and several others were wounded by the bursting of one of our 68-pounders, in the left attack. Among the latter was Major Stuart Wortley, who was injured by the explosion. As soon as the two storming columns got out of the parallel the sailors suffered severely. When the men retreated, overwhelmed by the storm from the enemy's battery, several officers and men were left behind wounded, and endured fearful agonies for hours, without a cup of water or a cheering voice to comfort them. Lieutenant Kidd got into the trench all safe, and was receiving the congratulations of a brother officer, when he saw a wounded soldier lying out in the open. He at once exclaimed—"We must go and save him!" and leaped over the parapet in order to do so. He had scarcely gone a yard when he was shot through the breast and died in an hour after. Only three officers came out of action untouched. Captain Peel, who commanded the detachment, was shot through the arm.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

An armistice demanded by the allies—Tacit suspension of hostilities—Agonies of the wounded—The middle picquet ravine—Resting-places of the dead and the living—Approach to the Mamelon—Network of zigzags and parallels—The white flag hoisted—Burying and searching parties—Remains of our heroes.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 19.

THE natural consequence, in civilized warfare, of such a contest as that which took place yesterday, is an armistice to bury the

dead. It was our sad duty to demand it, for our dead lay outside our lines, and there were no Russian corpses in front of the Redan or Malakoff. Somehow or other, the rumour got abroad that there would be an armistice early in the day, and we hoisted a white flag in the forenoon, but there was no such emblem of a temporary peace displayed by the Russians.

Our batteries and riflemen ceased firing, and the Russians crowded the tops of the parapets of the Redan and of the Round Tower (Malakoff) batteries, and did not harass us by any fire, but of course it was dangerous to go out in front of the lines till they hoisted the white flag also. The advanced trenches were filled with officers and soldiers eager to find the bodies of their poor comrades; but they could not stir out of the parallels. They waited patiently and sadly for the moment when friendship's last melancholy office could be performed. Boats were at last seen to leave the roads of Sebastopol, and to meet boats from the fleet at the entrance, and it became known that the Russians had acceded to an armistice, and that it was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon. To pass the weary time away, there was nothing to do but to watch the Russians at work repairing their batteries —labours which they continued during the armistice subsequently —and to make out the bodies which lay scattered about in front of the Redan and Malakoff. It was agonising to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever, and agonised with pain—to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for thirty hours—oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness! An officer told me that one soldier who was close to the abattis, when he saw a few men come out of an embrasure, raised himself on his elbow, and, fearing he should be unnoticed and passed by, raised his cap on a stick and waved it till he fell back exhausted. Again he rose, and managed to tear off his shirt, which he agitated in the air till his strength failed him. His face could be seen through a glass; and my friend said he never could forget the expression of resignation and despair with which the poor fellow at last abandoned his useless efforts, and folded his shirt under his head to await the mercy of Heaven. Whether he was alive or not when our men went out I cannot say; but five hours of thirst, fever, and pain, under a fierce sun would make awful odds against him. The redcoats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abattis of the Redan, and blue and grey coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the raincourses before the Malakoff. I could see, too, that the white port streaks of the Russian vessels were blackened by their broadsides on the morning of the 18th. About three o'clock, I rode down with some companions past the old 13-inch mortar battery in advance of our Picquet-house into the Middle Picquet Ravine, at the end of which begin the French approaches to their old

parallel, which is now extended up to their recent conquest, the Mamelon. A body of the 12th Lancers and of some light cavalry moved down the Woronzoff-road about the same time or a little later, and began extending their files right and left in a complete line across the whole of our front, with the evident object of preventing any officers and men, except those who were required on duty, getting down to the neutral ground. However, my companions and myself were beforehand, and had got down into the ravine before the cavalry halted just behind the Picquet-house. As we advance, this ravine is almost paved with shot and shell. They stud its sides, or lie in artificial piles out of the path at the bottom. The earth gleams here and there with bullets and fragments of lead. In one place there is a French picquet posted in a bend of the ravine, sleeping under their greatcoats raised on twigs to protect them from the sun, or keeping watch over the eternal *pot-au-feu*, making delicious coffee with the rudest apparatus, smoking or talking gravely. Yes, for a wonder, the men are grave, and look almost sullen, but they are merely thoughtful, and thinking of the comrades whose bodies they will soon have to inter, for you will find them courteous and prompt to give you a drink of muddy water, or a light for a cigar, or any information they can afford. By the side of this ravine—your horse must needs tread on them, if you are not careful in guiding him—is many an humble mound, some marking the resting-place of individual soldiers, others piled over one of those deep pits where rank and file lie in their common glory covered with lime, and marked now and then with a simple wooden cross. Our Protestant feelings need not be outraged by the fact that this emblem of the old Christian world is not confined to the graves of Roman Catholics, but that the desire to secure for the remains of their comrades repose in their resting-places hereafter has induced many soldiers to erect the cross above those melancholy mounds, knowing that the Russians will respect it. In other turns in the ravine you will find mules with litters for the wounded, and ambulances, and the horses of the Land Transport Corps waiting for their burden. English and French are mixed together. I saw in one place two of our men, apart from the rest, with melancholy faces. "What are you waiting here for?" said I. "To go out for the Colonel, Sir," was the reply. "What Colonel?" "Why, Colonel Yea, to be sure, Sir," said the good fellow, who was evidently surprised at my thinking there could be any other colonel in the world. And indeed the Light Division will feel his loss. Under occasional brusqueness of manner he concealed a most kind heart, and a more thorough soldier, one more devoted to his men, to the service, and to his country, never fell in battle than Lacy Yea. I have reason to know that he felt his great services and his arduous exertions had not been rewarded as he had a right to expect. At the Alma he never went back a step, and there were tears in his eyes on that eventful afternoon as he exclaimed to me, when the men had formed on the slope of the hill after the retreat of the enemy, "There! look there! that's all that remains of my poor

Fusileers! A colour's missing, but, thank God, no Russians have it!" Throughout the winter his attention to his regiment was exemplary. They were the first who had hospital huts. When other regiments were in need of every comfort, and almost of every necessary, the Fusileers, by the care of their colonel, had everything that could be procured by exertion and foresight. He never missed a turn of duty in the trenches, except for a short time, when his medical attendant had to use every effort to induce him to go on board ship to save his life. At Inkermann his gallantry was conspicuous. What did he get for it all? He and Colonel Egerton are now gone, and there remains in the Light Division but one other officer of the same rank who stands in the same case as they did. Is there nothing to be done for the colonels? No recognition of their services? No decorations? No order of merit? Just as one is thinking of these things, a French officer passes by with two orderlies after him. He is about thirty-five years of age, and yet his embroidered sleeves and his cap show he is Colonel of a regiment, and his breast is covered with riband, and star and cross. Our colonels had entered the service ere this young man, who has won nearly all his honours in campaigns against Ben Something-or-other in Africa, was born. Let us get on, for the subject is unpleasant. You are now close to the Mamelon, and the frequent reports of rifles and the pinging of the balls close to you prove that the flag of truce has not yet been hoisted by the enemy. Here come two Voltigeurs, with a young English naval officer between them. They are taking him off as a spy, and he cannot explain his position to his captors. He tells us he is an officer of the "Viper," that he walked up to see some friends in the Naval Brigade, got into the Mamelon, and was taken prisoner. The matter is explained to the allies; they point out that the Naval Brigade is not employed on the Mamelon, that spies are abundant and clever, are at last satisfied, and let their capture go with the best grace in the world. We are now in the zigzag, a ditch about six feet broad and six feet deep, with the earth knocked about by shot at the sides, and we meet Frenchmen laden with water canteens or carrying large tin cans full of coffee, and tins of meat and soup, ready cooked, up to the Mamelon. They are cooked in the ravine close at hand, and taken up in messes to the men on duty. The Mamelon rises before us, a great quadrangular work on the top of a mound or hill opposite Malakoff, which is about five hundred yards nearer to Sebastopol. The sides are formed of enormous parapets with a steep slope, and they bear many traces of our tremendous fire on them before the Mamelon was taken.

The parapets are high inside the work, and are of a prodigious thickness. It is evident the Mamelon was overdone by the Russians. It was filled with huge traverses, and covers, and excavations inside, so that it was impossible to put a large body of men into it, or to get them into order in case of an assault. The interior is like a quarry, so torn is it and blown up with shells. The stench is fearful. It arises from the dead Russians, who were

buried as they fell, and bones, and arms, and legs stick out from the piles of rubbish on which you are treading. Many guns also were buried here when they were disabled by our fire, but they do not decompose so rapidly as poor mortality. I was shown here one of those extraordinary fougasses, or small mines, which are exploded on the touch of the foot, and which the Russians planted thickly about their advanced works. A strong case containing powder is sunk in the ground, and to it is attached a thin tube of tin or lead, several feet in length; in the upper end of the tube there is enclosed a thin glass tube containing sulphuric or nitric acid. This portion of the tube is just laid above the earth, where it can be readily hid by a few blades of grass or a stone. If a person steps on it he bends the tin tube, and breaks the glass tube inside. The acid immediately escapes and runs down the tin tube till it arrives close to its insertion into the case, and there meets a few grains of chlorate of potash. Combustion instantly takes place, the mine explodes, and not only destroys everything near it, but throws out a quantity of bitumen, with which it is coated, in a state of ignition, so as to burn whatever it rests upon. Later in the day I very nearly had a practical experience of the working of these mines, for an English sentry, who kindly warned me off, did not indicate the exact direction till he found he was in danger of my firing it, when he became very communicative on the subject. One of them blew up during the armistice, but I don't know what damage it did. We have lost several men by them. While the ground is occupied by the Russians they mark them by small flags, which are removed when the enemy advance. It makes it disagreeable walking in the space between the works.

The white flag was hoisted from the Redan just as I turned into the second English parallel on my left, where it joins the left of the French right. What a network of zigzags, and parallels, and traverses, one has to pass by and through before he can reach the front! You can see how easy it is for men to be confused at night—how easy to mistake, when the ground is not familiar. Thus it was that the Fourth Division, who were accustomed to man one attack, did not know where they were in passing through the works of another, and thus, no doubt, did the error arise owing to which Sir John Campbell attacked near the apex of the Redan instead of at the flank. The Russians threw out a long line of sentries along their works in front of the abattis which guards them, and at the same time we advanced another line of sentries opposite the Redan, and the French a similar cordon before the Mamelon. The officers on duty hastened to the intermediate space, and the burying and searching parties came out on their sad duty. The quartermaster-general and his staff were on the spot, and every precaution was taken to keep officers and men from crowding about. The men in the trenches were enjoined not to get up on the parapets or into the embrasures, or to look over. All officers and men not on duty were stopped by the cavalry a mile behind or at the boyaux in the trenches. The Russians seemed to be under restraint also, but they crowded on the top of

the Redan and of the Malakoff parapets, and watched the proceedings with great interest. I walked out of the trench unmolested on the right and rear of the Quarries, under the Redan, in which we have now established a heavy battery at the distance of 400 yards from the enemy's embrasures. The ground slopes down from our attack for some few hundred yards, and then rises again to the Redan. It is covered with long rank grass and weeds, with large stones, with tumuli, alas! of recent formation, and with holes ranging in depth from three feet and a half or four feet, to a foot, and in diameter from five feet to seven or eight feet, where shells have fallen and exploded. It is impossible to give a notion of the manner in which the earth is scarred by these explosions, and by the passage of shot. The grass, too, is seamed in all directions by grape-shot, and furrowed by larger missiles, as if ploughs, large and small, had been constantly drawn over it. Sometimes it is difficult to get over the inequalities in the ground, which is naturally of a broken and uneven surface.

There is a red jacket in the grass—a private of the 34th is lying on his face as if he were fast asleep; his rifle, with the barrel curved quite round, and bent nearly in two by the grape-shot which afterwards passed through the soldier's body, is under him, and the right hand, which protrudes from under his chest, still clutches the stock. It was the first body I saw, and the nearest to our lines, but as we advanced and passed the sentries they lay thick enough around and before him. The litter-bearers were already busy. Most of our dead seemed to lie close to the abattis of the Redan, and many, no doubt, had been dragged up to it at night for plunder's sake. Colonel Yea's body was found near the abattis on the right of the Redan; his boots and epaulettes were gone, but otherwise his clothing was untouched. His head was greatly swollen, and his features, and a fine manly face it had been, were nearly undistinguishable. Colonel Shadforth's remains were discovered in a similar state. The shattered frame of Sir John Campbell lay close up to the abattis. His sword and boots were taken, but the former is said to be in the Light Division camp. It is likely he was carried away from the spot where he fell up to the ditch of the abattis for the facility of searching the body, as he could not have got so far in advance as the place where he lay. Already his remains were decomposing fast, and his face was much disfigured. Captain Hume, his attached aid-de-camp, had the body removed, and this evening it was interred on Cathcart's Hill—*his* favourite resort, where every one was sure of a kind word and a cheerful saying from the gallant Brigadier. It was but the very evening before his death that I saw him standing within a few feet of his own grave. He had come to the ground in order to attend the funeral of Captain Vaughan, an officer of his own regiment (the 38th), who died of wounds received two days previously in the trenches, and he laughingly invited one who was talking to him to come and lunch with him next day at the Clubhouse of Sebastopol. I must close here for the present.

Although the army has been disappointed by the result of the

attack on the Redan and Malakoff, it has not despaired—it does not despair of the result of this weary siege. I venture to say that the expectation of nearly every officer and soldier in the camp on the day of the 18th of June was, that the assault would be renewed that evening or on the following morning, but we are now, it is said, going to attack the Redan and Malakoff by sap; we are about to undergo the tedious process of mines and countermines, globes of compression, entonnoirs, fougasses, and all the apparatus of scientific engineering, in which the Russians are at least our equals. It is not too much to say that General Jones, our chief engineer, expects nothing of importance to be achieved for several, many, weeks to come—that Sir George Brown is wiser and more discreet, and Lord Raglan less sanguine and more perturbed than they have been for some time past. Cries of "Murder" from the lips of expiring officers have been echoed through the camp, but they have now died away in silence or in the noise of active argument and discussion. Oppressed by the news of death's doings among many dear friends, and by the intelligence of the loss of one who was valued by all who knew how to appreciate rare scholarship, a quaint humour, a pure heart, and a lively fancy, I can scarcely be supposed competent to view our position in its natural aspect, or to escape the influence of the gloomy atmosphere with which I am just now surrounded. Lord Raglan's amiable disposition is acutely touched by the loss of so many gallant men.

DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Close of the sad history—The ditch of the abattis—Russian officers appear in *grande tenue*—An advantage nearly lost—The Cemetery retained by the promptitude and energy of an officer—Death of General Estcourt—Temporary failure of the railway—Serious losses of the Transport Corps—Indisposition and death of Lord Raglan—Ceremony of removing the body on board the "Caradoc."

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June* 26.

THE sad history of the 19th, which I was obliged to interrupt on the departure of the mail, is soon finished. The bodies of many a brave officer whom I knew in old times—old times of the war for men's lives are short here, and the events of a life are compressed into a few hours—were borne past us in silence, and now and then, wonderful to relate, men with severe wounds were found still living and able to give expression to their sufferings by moans and sighs of pain. The spirit of some of these noble fellows triumphed over all their bodily agonies. "General!" exclaimed a sergeant of the 18th Royal Irish to Brigadier Eyre, as he came near the place in the Cemetery where the poor fellow lay with both

his legs broken by a round shot, "thank God, *we* did *our* work any way. Had I another pair of legs, the country and you would be welcome to them!" Many men in hospital, after losing leg or arm, said they "would not have cared if they had only beaten the Russians." The tortures endured by the wounded were very great; they lay in holes made by shells, and were frequently fired at by the Russian riflemen when they rolled about in their misery. Some of our men, however, report that the enemy treated them kindly, and even brought them water out of the embrasures. They pulled all the bodies of our officers which lay within reach up to the abattis, and took off their epaulettes, when they had any, and their boots, but did not strip them. It was observed that the ditch of the abattis was in excellent order—that the chevaux-de-frise had been repaired, and were very strong, and that every effort had been used up to the moment before we assaulted to render it, as it was, a formidable obstacle to our advance. It is said that the bottom of the ditch was filled with bayonets, fixed firmly in the earth; and there is a report that the Russians were employed during the night of the 17th in repairing the abattis itself, where it was injured by our cannon. I have already tried to describe the nature of the ground in the front of the abattis. It was in itself a considerable impediment to regularity of formation. A line of sentries was formed by the Russians as our burying parties came out, and they advanced so far in front of the abattis, that General Airey was obliged to remonstrate with an aid-de-camp of General Osten-Sacken, who ordered them to retire nearer to the abattis. It was observed that these men were remarkably fine, tall, muscular, and soldier-like fellows, and one could not but contrast them with some of the poor weakly-looking boys who were acting as privates in our regiments, or with the small undergrown men of the French line. They were unusually well dressed, in clean new uniforms, and were no doubt picked out to impose upon us. Many of them wore medals, and seemed veteran soldiers. Their officers had also turned out with unusual care, and wore white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and white linen. The mass of the Russians were gathered on the towering parapets of the Redan and Malakoff, and were not permitted to come to the front. Their working parties brought out all our dead, and laid them in front of their line of sentries, whence our people carried them away.

The precautions which had been taken to prevent officers and men getting through the lines sufficed to keep any great crowd away; but the officers on duty, and the lucky men, and some amateurs, who managed to get through the lines, formed groups in front of the Redan, and entered into conversation with a few of the Russian officers. There was, however, more reserve and gravity in the interview than has been the case on former occasions of the kind. One stout elderly Russian of rank asked one of our officers, "How are you off for food?" "Oh! we get everything we want; our fleet secures that." "Yes," remarked the Russian, with a knowing wink, "yes; but there's one thing you're

not so well off for, and your fleet can't supply you, and that's sleep." "We're at least as well off for that as you are," was the rejoinder. Another officer, in the course of conversation, asked if we really thought, after our experience of the defence they could make, that we could take Sebastopol. "We must; France and England are determined to take it." "Ah! well," said the other, "Russia is determined France and England shall not have it; and we'll see who has the strongest will, and can lose most men." In the midst of these brief interviews, beginning and ending with bows and salutes, and inaugurated by the concession of favours relating to cigars and lights, the soldiers bore dead bodies by, consigning the privates to the burial-grounds near the trenches, and carrying off the wounded and the bodies of the officers to the camp. Poor Forman's body was one of the first found; it was far in advance of where he came out of the trench with his company of the Rifle Brigade, and it was terribly torn with shot. It was generally observed by some of the surgeons, however, that the wounds were cleaner than they have been in previous engagements. This is somewhat remarkable, for the Russians fired all kinds of missiles,—bags of nails and fragments of bullets, shells, and balls, as well as grape and canister. They were seen as we advanced "shovelling" the shot into the muzzles of the guns. No one can deny many of their officers the praise of extreme bravery and devotion. In the midst of our fire they got up on the top and on the outside of the parapets, and directed the fire of their men upon us. Several of them were knocked over by round shot, shell, and rifle balls, while exposing themselves in this manner; but it scarcely speaks well for their soldiers, that they felt it necessary to set them such examples. Colonel Dickson succeeded in obtaining Lord Raglan's permission to open on the Russians from the 21-gun battery, and swept them away in numbers as they crowded out to fire on our broken columns and on our wounded men and fugitives.

The armistice lasted for upwards of two hours, and when it was over we retired from the spot so moistened with our blood. All the advantage we gained by the assault was the capture of the Cemetery, and even that we had nearly abandoned, owing to the timidity of one of our Generals. As you have already learnt, the men in the Cemetery and houses suffered severely during the 18th from the enemy's fire, and the soldiers in the latter were not able to withdraw till nightfall. It was left to one of the Generals of Division to say what should be done with the Cemetery, and he gave orders to abandon it. On the following morning an officer of Engineers, Lieutenant Donnelly, heard to his extreme surprise that the position for which we had paid so dearly was not in our possession. He appreciated its value—he saw that the Russians had not yet advanced to re-occupy it. With the utmost zeal and energy he set to work among the officers in the trenches, and begged and borrowed some thirty men, with whom he crept down into the Cemetery, just before the flag of truce was hoisted. As soon as the armistice began the Russians flocked down to the

Cemetery, which they supposed to be undefended, but to their great surprise they found our thirty men posted there as sentries, who warned them back, and in the evening the party was strengthened, and we are now constructing most valuable works and batteries there, in spite of a heavy fire, which occasions us considerable loss. Such is the story that is going the round of the camp. Lord Raglan is said to have found fault with General Eyre for losing so many men, but the latter observed, that "he had done what he was ordered, and that he *had* taken the Cemetery." There can be no doubt but that our troops could have got into the town in the rear of the Redan from the houses on the 18th, had they been strong enough to advance from the Cemetery. Whether they could have maintained themselves there under the fire of forts, ships, and batteries is another question. It is now shrewdly suspected that inside the Redan, behind those outward and visible walls of earth, there is another very strong work—a kind of star fort of earth with sunken batteries—and it is certain that inside the Malakoff works there are several lines of battery which have never been unmasked. The enemy have probably constructed large funnel-shaped pits behind these works, into which shells roll and burst, as such a "dodge" was found in the Mamelon. Inside the latter work were splendid bombproofs for the men to retire into when our fire became hot. They were large pits with ten feet of earth, and beams of wood across them, and were capable of holding a strong body of men. In one some new sacks marked with the broad arrow and B. O. were found, in which were packets of cartridges ready for use. Where did these sacks come from? It is almost as strange as the English bread found at Tchorgoun. There is talk of a spy being taken, or rather discovered, in a sub-interpreter to the commissariat, who confesses he has been in communication with the Russians, and revealed our attack to them. He will be shot if this be true.

June 23.

There is no symptom of any activity on our part or on that of the enemy. They can, however, work without our seeing them. At eight o'clock this evening a thunderstorm, advancing from the mountain ranges over Balaklava and Mackenzie's-farm, burst on the valley of the Tchernaya and on the southern portion of the camp. I never beheld such incessant lightning. For two hours the sky was a blaze of fire. The rain fell like a great wall of water behind us. Not a drop descended over the camp in front, but we could see it in a steep glistening cascade, illuminated by the lightning, falling all across the camp from sea to land, just in front of Lord Raglan's, and nearly in a straight line, as if marked out by a ruler. The rain is a great relief to our parched reservoirs.

June 24.

General Estcourt, Adjutant-General of the Army, died this morning at half-past nine o'clock, after three days' illness. His death has produced a profound impression of regret on all who knew him, for a kinder or more amiable man did not exist. He

was unremitting in the discharge of his duties, and no officer ever applied himself to the labours of the desk, which constitute so large a portion of the business of the department over which he presided, with more assiduity and devotion. General Estcourt was taken ill with diarrhœa six days before he died, and at the end of the third day was attacked with cholera, which his strength of constitution and powerful frame enabled him to resist for three days more; but on Saturday night a crisis came on, a dangerous change supervened, and he expired in the morning, soothed by the presence of his wife and of a near female relative. Every care and attention were paid to him.

June 25.

The storm which burst over the south-eastern portion of the Chersonese on Saturday night has done more damage than we could have anticipated. Men were drowned in ravines converted by the tornado into angry watercourses, were carried off roads by mountain torrents, and dashed against hill sides; beasts were swept away into the harbour and borne to sea; huts were broken up and floated out into the ocean; the burial-grounds near Balaklava were swept bare, and disclosed their grim army of the dead in ghastly resurrection, washed into strange shapes from out their shallow graves; and, greatest calamity of all, the railway was in various places decomposed, ripped up and broken down so as to be unserviceable at our greatest need. Orders have been sent down to urge on the necessary repairs, for the demands of the batteries for shot and shell are pressing, and the electric telegraph has been repeatedly in use to-day to force on the attention of the authorities at Balaklava the necessity there is for their promptest exertions, and to order them to send up supplies of *matériel* for our fifth bombardment as speedily as possible. The French say they are quite ready, and they have received from us 1500 32-pound shot for their guns to-day. The railway fails at a critical period, but even if it were in its usual state we could not hope to be in a condition to begin a heavy fire for some time to come, and I believe it will be fully a fortnight or three weeks before the necessary supplies will be brought up to the front. The repairs to the railway will be effected in ten days. Mr. Beatty and Mr. Campbell are away at Heraclea surveying the coal district, but their representatives are men of energy, and the only obstructions to be dreaded will arise from the "navvies," some of whom have been behaving very badly lately. They nearly all "struck work" a short time back, on the plea that they were not properly rationed or paid, or that, in other words, they were starved and cheated; but the Provost-Marshal brought some of them to a sense of their situation, and, indeed, the office of that active and worthy person and of his myrmidon sergeants has been by no means a sinecure between "navvies," Greeks, and scoundrels of all sorts. The Croat insurrection is suppressed, but the Croat idleness has not been by any means stimulated into usefulness. How England is squandering her money broadcast all over this part of the world! The Eupatorians with their 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* a-day, and the Croat

with the same stipend, are indeed "beggars set on horseback," and they fulfil the rest of the proverb. The poor Turkish soldiers, who get scant pay, say that it would be much better for them to be those dogs of Croats, who receive as much as their own bimbashis, or majors, than to march in the armies of the Sultan; but Lord Stratford's hard bargain for us must be accomplished; and it was he who was the benevolent genius who deluged Croatian and Tartar hordes with this flood of wealth. No wonder Colonel M'Murdo finds it difficult to get men for the Land Transport Corps, although even he is obliged to pay 2*s*. 6*d*. and 3*s*. a-day to native suridjees, so completely have we ruined the market.

The losses in the Land Transport Corps by death would be extraordinary did we not find a parallel to them in the Sardinian army of Tchorgoun, which has lost in three weeks nearly 1000 men by cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa. The Turks and French encamped in the valley suffer somewhat from the same diseases, but it is observable that the men who die are recruits and old men who are mostly unacclimatized. At Yenikale the detachment of Land Transport Corps lost in a fortnight fifty men, of whom twenty-five were English and twenty-five native drivers. In its present state it cannot supply all the wants of our army. We could not advance any body of troops without running risks of starvation, and even the 10th Hussars are said to have been unable to keep their horses so far from Balaklava, owing to the want of forage, and their retreat from their advanced position is attributed to that cause, rather than to the field-pieces which the Russians brought to bear upon them from an adjoining height. To understand the difficulties in the way of what is called at home "taking the field" one must come out and stay out here. It would be much easier to take Sebastopol than to take the field. There are only three accessible passes, up the precipitous wall of rock which rises on the north side of the Tchernaya, to the plateau on which the Russians are encamped, and the precipice runs round to the Belbek. These passes are so steep that an army would have some difficulty in ascending them at its leisure, without resistance from any enemy. But they are occupied wherever engineering eyes detect the smallest weakness—they are commanded by batteries, intersected by positions threatened by overhanging cliffs all ready for the lever. March round and turn them! Where, and how? We have no transport even if we could march, and we cannot march, because Napoleon himself would never lead an army into such defiles as guard the Russian position. Whether we are not strong enough to detach a great corps of 40,000 or 50,000 men to operate against the Russians north of Sebastopol is not for me to say; but it is certain that the base of operation for any such corps must be the sea, till ample transport is provided. The Crimea is to all intents and purports a desert—a Sahara, waterless and foodless before an invading army. There is no news of importance to-day.

The mail is closing. There is no firing or anything of consequence in the front.

June 29.

Among the general orders promulgated yesterday afternoon was the following:—

"The Field-Marshal has the satisfaction of publishing to the army the following extract from a telegraphic despatch from Lord Panmure, dated the 22nd of June.

"'I have Her Majesty's commands to express her grief that so much bravery should not have been rewarded with merited success, and to assure her brave troops that Her Majesty's confidence in them is entire.'"

Within a very few hours after this order had appeared, the electric telegraph brought the melancholy and startling intelligence from head-quarters to the various divisions that the Field-Marshal was dead. The cause of his death is stated to have been diarrhœa terminating in cholera. It would appear that he has lately—no doubt from the constant strain on his mental and bodily energies—been far from well, and the death of General Estcourt, to whom he was much attached, the unsatisfactory result of the attack on the 18th inst., and the unhealthy weather since, broke down a constitution already enfeebled by age and long service. The following tells its own melancholy story:—

"MORNING GENERAL ORDERS.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, June 29.

"No. 1. It becomes my most painful duty to announce to the army the death of its beloved commander, Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., which melancholy event took place last night about nine o'clock.

"No. 2. In the absence of Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, the command of the troops devolves on me, as the next senior officer present, until further orders are received from England.

"No. 3. Generals of Divisions and heads of departments will be pleased to conduct their respective duties as heretofore.

"J. SIMPSON, Lieutenant-General."

There is great feeling of regret evinced throughout the camp at the loss of Lord Raglan. His death appears to have at once stilled every other feeling but that of respect for his memory and remembrance of the many long years he faithfully and untiringly served his country.

THE FUNERAL.

The following extract from a Supplement to the *London Gazette* of July 18th, describes the melancholy ceremonial observed on the removal of the remains of the late Commander-in-Chief, on board the "Caradoc," in Kazatch Bay.

WAR DEPARTMENT, *July* 1.

Lord Panmure has this day received a despatch and its enclosures, of which the following are copies, addressed to his Lordship by Lieutenant-General Simpson, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in the East:—

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *July* 7.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that the remains of our late lamented Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, were removed from head-quarters to Kazatch Bay on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., and placed on board Her Majesty's ship "Caradoc," which departed for England that same evening.

Nothing could be more imposing than the whole line of this melancholy procession. The day was fine, and the appearance of the allied troops splendid. As many as could be spared from duty in the trenches, and with safety to their camp, were collected, and the procession moved from the door of this house exactly at four o'clock p.m., in the following order:—

In the court-yard of the house was stationed a guard of honour of 100 men of the Grenadier Guards, with their drums and regimental colours; fifty men, with one field officer, one captain, and one subaltern, from the Royal Sappers and Miners and from each regiment, lined the road from the British to the French head-quarters—a distance of about a mile; a squadron of cavalry was stationed on the right of the line, two batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry on the left of it; the infantry were commanded by Major-General Eyre, C.B.

The road from the French head-quarters to Kazatch Bay was lined throughout the whole way by the infantry of the French Imperial Guard and of the 1st Corps; bands were stationed at intervals and played as the procession passed, and field batteries (French) at intervals, on the high grounds right and left of the road, fired minute guns.

The procession to escort the body was as follows:—

Two squadrons of British Cavalry (12th Lancers).

Two squadrons of Piedmontese Light Cavalry.

Four squadrons of French Chasseurs d'Afrique (1st and 4th Regiments).

Four squadrons of French Cuirassiers (2nd and 9th Regiments).
Two troops of French Horse Artillery.
Major Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery.

The coffin, covered with a black pall, fringed with white silk, and the union jack, and surmounted by the late Field-Marshal's cocked-hat and sword, and a garland of "Immortels," placed there by General Pelissier, was carried on a platform, fixed upon a nine-pounder gun, drawn by horses of Captain Thomas's troop Royal Horse Artillery.

At the wheels of the gun-carriage rode General Pelissier, Commander-in-Chief of the French army; his Highness Omar Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman army; General Della Marmora, Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian army; and Lieutenant-General Simpson, Commander-in-Chief of the English army.

Charger of the late Field-Marshal, led by two mounted orderlies.
Relations and personal Staff of the late Field-Marshal.
Generals and other officers of the French, Sardinian, and Turkish armies, a large number of whom attended.
British Commissioners to foreign armies.
British General Officers and their Staffs.
Staff of Head-quarters.

One officer of each regiment of Cavalry and Infantry, Royal Sappers and Miners, and Land Transport Corps; two from the Naval Brigade, Royal Marines, Medical and Commissariat Staff; and three from the Royal Artillery.

Personal escorts of the allied Commanders-in-Chief.
The personal escort of the late Field-Marshal (Captain Chetwode's troop of the 8th Hussars).
A field battery of the Royal Artillery.
Two squadrons of British Cavalry (4th Dragoon Guards).
Detachment of Mounted Staff Corps.

The escort was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dupuis, Royal Horse Artillery.

Two field batteries of the Royal Artillery, stationed on the hill opposite the house, fired a salute of nineteen guns when the procession moved off.

The united bands of the 3rd, 9th, and 62nd Regiments, stationed in the vineyard that surrounds the house, played the "Dead March."

The band of the Sardinian Grenadiers was stationed half way to the French head-quarters, and the band of the 10th Hussars on the left of the line.

The approach to the wharf at Kazatch Bay was lined by detachments of the Royal Marines and sailors.

The body was received on the wharf by Admiral Bruat and Rear-Admiral Stewart, C.B., and a large number of officers of the combined fleets. The launch of the British flagship, towed by men-of-war boats, conveyed the coffin to the "Caradoc," the boats of the combined fleets forming an escort; and the troop and battery of the Royal Artillery included in the escort formed upon the

rising ground above the bay, and fired a salute of nineteen guns as the coffin left the shore.

Everything was well conducted, and no accident occurred.

Thus terminated the last honours that could be paid by his troops to their beloved commander. His loss to us here is inexpressible, and will, I am sure, be equally felt by his country at home. The sympathy of our allies is universal and sincere. His name and memory are all that remain to animate us in the difficulties and dangers to which we may be called.

I have, &c.,
JAMES SIMPSON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

THE END.

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